

# Kill La Kill: Satsuki Matoi

**By: TheOneMoiderah**

Scraped from here.

From across the wastes, Satsuki Matoi walked. Her uniform was a white boy's...

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-02-18

Updated: 2014-04-17

Words: 63326

Chapters: 74

Original source: <https://forums.sufficientvelocity.com/threads/1437>

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# Kill La Kill: Satsuki Matoi

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# 1

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From across the wastes, Satsuki Matoi walked. Her uniform was a white boy's uniform, stolen from some poor sap's school in the midst of the wasteland. Her long, black hair was messy, with one strange, out-of-place lock of blue hair hanging from her bangs. She stepped into Honnouji city, and took in the sights.

## **[TRANSFER STUDENT: SATSUKI MATOI]**

### **[AKA: The Kanto Drifter]**

It was a gorgeous town, one decked out with black and red. It seemed to spiral upwards, as though the very city itself were a corkscrew. She just sighed once to herself, before she walked inside. "What a strange place." She said. "Still, I should be able to get *some* answers." She smirked. "Who knows." She walked through the slums, and took a bite out of an apple as she walked up. It was then that a young boy bumped into her.

"Sorry!" He said... but he didn't get very far before she grabbed him by the collar. "Eh!?" He shrieked a little, before she grabbed the apple in his hand and put it back in her mouth. She put him down without batting an eye. "The hell?!"

"It's rude to steal food, don't you know?" She said it flatly as she kept walking up through the city. Eventually, she just took a tram to the entrance of Honnouji, where she noticed someone.

It was a dead boy. One who was impaled through the stomach by a bamboo sword and made to hang there. Satsuki stood still. "Hm. Brutal." There was a sign hanging from his feet that read "THREATS TO HONNOUJI WILL BE ELIMINATED". "... Certainly pragmatic though, I'll give them that." She walked forwards, with guitar box hung over her shoulder and a heavy side-to-side sway.

[=]

"Satsuki Matoi?"

"Here." She leaned back in her chair, one foot on the ground and one on the desk. She was unseemly, and when the teacher started his lecture, she was even a bit bored... before her new mate opened her mouth.

**"HI!"** She shouted, and immediately, Satsuki turned her face and brought a flat hand to the girl's throat. When she realized that she was just introducing herself, she took a deep breath and sighed. "Oh. Good... that was startling."

The girl paused... until she put the hand down. "I'M MAKO MANKANSHOKU."

**[MAKO MANKANSHOKU]**

"This seat was conveniently empty." Satsuki said with a sigh. "I think it's related to the guy I saw hanging outside."

"Oh, yeah!" Mako nodded rapidly. "The student council killed him when they thought he stole a uniform." She paused, realizing that Satsuki would probably find that *horrifying*. "Don't worry, this stuff happens all the time!"

Satsuki, however, just shrugged. "I ran into a school that used Kobe beef as *armor*. A borderline militaristic school that kills students doesn't surprise me at this point."

"... Beef armor?" Mako stared. "Ooooooooooooooooooh that sounds *delicious!*"

Satsuki chuckled lightly. "It was. Believe me."

**[LUNCH]**

Several hours later, and Satsuki was taking the time to listen to Mako's fantastic song about being on campus, which was being sung into her fantastic bananomicrophone.... No she wasn't. In fact,

she was actively ignoring the girl. Just a few minutes ago, she was kind of endearing. Now, she was just growing *annoying*.

Even with all the patience that she had, it was starting to get a little grating... so she decided to interrupt it. "So, mind telling me who's running this show?" Satsuki finally asked.

"Oh, that would be-!" Mako suddenly froze, before she grabbed Satsuki by the neck. "Hold on, Satsuki! Bow! *Bow!*"

Satsuki did just that... and when she did, she saw a silhouette of a woman walking down some steps. Her gaze was cold, she wore a sneer, and when she walked, one could feel the air growing hotter with her rage. Her uniform was a black coat, with a series of red pins and buttons. It was all just black and red, without a hint of life fibers upon her.

**[STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT: RYUKO KIRYUIN]**

"Is that it?" Satsuki asked.

"Yeah! That's the student council president!" She said. "That's the top of the top! Even with the three-stars, she still dishes out the most punishments!"

"... Punishment?" Satsuki muttered.

"Yeah!" Mako nodded. "If a student breaks a rule, then usually they're dealt with by the Student Disciplinary Officer: Gamagoori. But if someone breaks a rule in *her* presence, she does it instead!" Her teeth start chattering. "And she's much *harsher!*"

"Huh. Any more explanations? Such as what you meant by three-stars?"

"Yes. *Tell us.*" Satsuki's eyes almost bugged out of her skull when she saw that the student council president standing right behind Mako, eyes fixed in a glare. "Also, mind explaining some more as to why you're *out of line?*"

Satsuki quickly regained her composure. "I was just askin' around for information." She said. "That's really it."

"Oh." Ryuko coughed into her hand. That's alright, then." Ryuko muttered. "Well, if you really want more, just ask one of us." She walked forwards again, and Mako turned.

"Thankfully, she's reasonable."

"I honestly thought she was going to punch somebody." Satsuki said, flatly.

"If I catch you again, then I *will* punch somebody!"

"Got it, little miss tough girl." Satsuki rolled her eyes. "Someone needs to calm down a bit."

[=]

Later, it was time to head home... when Ryuko Kiryuin felt a chill running down her back. She turned to see the same student from earlier right behind her, appearing much the same way she had in the courtyard. "Satsuki Matoi." She said.

Without batting an eye, Satsuki walked in with a confident stride. "Oh. You already knew my name?"

"I know every student." Ryuko said. "It's part of my job as, you know, *the president of the student council*."

Satsuki put on a smirk. "But I just joined today."

"Yes, but you were scheduled for enrollment for *quite* a while now." She crossed her arms, and Satsuki saw the flash of a sheath partially hidden by Ryuko's coat. "So, why are you here so late? I mean, there are plenty of clubs open now. Surely, you wouldn't mind joining one?" She said. "You even get a one-star uniform for it."

"I honestly don't care." Satsuki said. "I'm not here for some club. I'm here to figure something out." In one smooth motion, she pulled out



a blue scissor blade. She twirled it above her head, and her confident tone and swagger evaporated as soon as she took the blade out and pointed at Ryuko's face. "Such as why did I find this impaled in my *father*?"

Ryuko's eyes widened as soon as she saw the blade. "... You're related to Isshin, aren't you?"

Satsuki pressed forwards. "Good. Looks like we're on the same page." Her grin returned as she pressed forwards. There was no way in *hell* that Ryuko was going to back down now. She brought the sword to the President's throat slowly and deliberately. "And now... you're going to tell me everything you know about-!"

Suddenly, there was a loud *clang*. The room around them seemed to explode as the windows were blown out, the desks were tossed around and the door was blasted off of its hinges. Satsuki stared at the blade that hit her scissor for several seconds, before she turned, wide-eyed, at the wielder.

"Let me tell you something." Ryuko said it coldly. "One: Don't hold a sword to my face. Two: Don't you *dare* make a needless enemy out of me." She glared outside. "Did you see that corpse that we hung in front of the school? He's there because he made the mistake of directly threatening a student." Ryuko glared. "He brandished a knife and tried to kill our *head of discipline*. It's why I was walking through the campus today, looking for co-conspirators. It's why I'm thankful that my council members are competent enough to *deal with these kinds of **THREATS!***" Ryuko shouted, before she *slammed* her forehead against Satsuki's. There was a loud *thud*, but even with the new pain in her forehead, Satsuki didn't bat an eye.

She put on that grin again. "You're a hard woman to crack, Ryuko."

Ryuko just scowled. "That's assuming that you'd even be *able* to." She pressed the sword and brought Satsuki's to the roof. Immediately, several panels were knocked off and a lightbulb was

cracked into pieces. "If you threaten any of us again, then I *will* have somebody after you, and I *will* take that sword of yours!"

*That* riled Satsuki up. Without much warning, she broke the grip, and immediately came forwards with a fist ready. But even then, and without flinching, Ryuko turned, before she sheathed her sword and slapped Satsuki in the stomach with it. The girl gasped in pain, before she felt a *hard* elbow hit to the back of her neck. She hit the ground with a *thud*, gasping before Ryuko grabbed her by her collar. "I can *understand* that you want to find out more about who killed your dad. But you know what?!" Ryuko screamed. "You just *blew* your chances!" She threw the girl out of the open window, and with a shriek Satsuki was sent flying. She clenched her teeth before she hit the ground *hard* and rolled across, before she saw Ryuko *slamming* into the ground in front of her. The dirt cracked and dust was sent flying as she slowly stood up.

Satsuki gasped. "What... the... *fuck*."

"Perhaps I should be a bit clearer!" Ryuko shouted. "You *directly threatened ME!*" The girl was normally much shorter, but right now, Satsuki saw something enormous. "Right after I told you *not to do that!* Are you some kind of *idiot?* That doesn't tell me that you want some answers. That tells me you want a *fight!*"

Satsuki laughed a little. "Maybe! That or I'm just sick of you meander-!"

Before she finished, Ryuko pulled her red sword out, the blade seeming to glow with the full *hate* of its user. "You should know *better, SATSUKI MATOI!*" She plunged the blade into the ground, before she flicked it up, the blade barely missing Satsuki's face.

For several seconds, Satsuki stared at the sword above her face. Ryuko didn't even *bother* to try and hit her... but then the ground around her started to shift. Out of nowhere, there was a *blast* of wind. The ground exploded into shards as dust was sent into a billowing cloud. Satsuki was sent tumbling off of the campus through

the exit, and Ryuko just stood aside, sword in hand and a harsh scowl on her face.

"... Pathetic." She muttered. "Undeserving of the name 'Matoi'."

[=]

Satsuki tumbled head-over-heels outside of the school, rolling across the dirt path before she eventually slammed face-first into a nearby trolley. It paused for a second... before the unpowered thing started sliding down the tracks to the slums of Honnouji. It hit the bottom, exploding into a clusterfuck of parts and debris as she tumbled again and again into a nearby house.

Right in the middle of a family's dinner.

A woman shrieked as soon as she did so, before she knocked over a table and threw several pillows into the air. She kicked a man in the face with an unconscious foot, and hit the back wall *hard* before falling to the ground flat on her face... and then a pot shattered upon contact with her head.

When the dust finally settled, the family that saw her crash in just stared... before one of them noticed exactly *who* this character was. "Satsuki!" Mako shouted, before she pulled her up. "Oh... Oh man you look horrible!"

"Horrible? She looks... !" The little boy glared at her, before he slowly realized that this was the same girl that ruined his theft. "Hey! She's the one who stole back the apple!"

**[MATAROU MANKANSHOKU]**

"You tried stealing from her?" His mother kept a pleasant expression. "Didn't we already talk about this, Matarou?"

**[SUKUYO MANKANSHOKU]**

"I'll keep watch!" Mako's dad stood up. "She doesn't seem to be doin' too good!"

**[BARAZOU MANKANSHOKU]**

"Looks like it's time for... **MANKANSHOKU BACK-ALLEY CLINIC** to get to work!"

And, finally, their dog let out a harsh bark. **"GATSU!"**

**[GUTS]**

[=]

"Are you sure she can be trusted, Mikisugi?" A woman asked over a video conference call. "I'm having a hard time believing it, considering she tried stabbing me in the neck."

"I can't blame you, and to be completely honest, not really." Aikuro adjusted his uniform. "I've seen her briefly before. She wasn't one to pick a fight, just one to *retaliate*." He frowned. "That said, would you mind if I adjusted my attire? It doesn't work with me."

"I know how you work. Go ahead."

"Good." And so, Aikuro adjusted... dramatically. His shirt flowed in the wind with a ridiculous flair as suddenly a pair of purple lights started glowing on his chest. His calling partner groaned. "What? Don't you appreciate how we run things?"

"I don't appreciate the strip show, if that's what you're asking. Just talk."

"Well, we could try guiding her to the house. There's still something left there that Satsuki has yet to discover."

"The Kamui?"

"Exactly." Aikuro smiled. "You really haven't been pressing her as much as you probably should have."

"I just tossed her off-campus without a uniform. She should probably see some urge to get back to her old home and mourn some more."

"Hm. Perhaps run some kind of course?"

"Exactly. Rough her up. Tell her to face my clubs like some kind of demented tournament saga. That sort of thing." Ryuko Kiryuin sat back. "She could use the practice."

"Is Ragyo still buying the 'good girl act'?"

"Naturally." Ryuko clenched her teeth.

"... Is something wrong?"

"No. Nothing." Ryuko turned away. "I just want her gone." She cut off the call, leaving Aikuro far below Honnouji in a bunker.

"Well, I guess that's that. Looks like we have to do some guidework for Satsuki." He grinned. "NUDIST BEACH! ORGANIZE!"

**[NUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDISTO BEAAAAACH]**

[=]

After various activities involving BROB, quests and stuff or other, finally decided to try my hand at writing a fanfic based on that series involving fashion and fascism.

Constructive criticism is very much appreciated. I mean, fucking seriously. How can I improve if everyone tells me I'm great. It's a terrible mindset and part of why I'm not posting this on ff.net.

I'm totally not abusing the bbcode here nope what gave you that idea.

EDIT: Also, ~~sketch~~. Speedpaint.

[img:

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## 2

Satsuki woke up tired and scruffy. She let out a bit of a yawn, her hair was scraggly, and instead of her uniform, she was covered head-to-toe in bandages. She stared at herself, before she noticed a man standing close by, panting. Her eyes widened at his size... before she noticed him with the bandages in his hand. "You're the one who helped me out, aren't you?"

The man stopped his panting. "That's right, actually." He stepped forwards, and let himself be seen fully. He was dressed in a dirty, clearly-stolen-from-a-nearby-dumpster coat. It had a few bloodstains on it, and the gloves he wore were, thankfully, actually sterile.

Satsuki quirked an eyebrow up. "And you are...?"

"Barazou Mankanshoku!"

**[BARAZOU MANKANSHOKU:**

"Back Alley Doctor!"

**WANTED CRIMINAL]**

"Uh... huh." Satsuki pushed away the subtitles. "... Wait, you're related to that Mako character, aren't you?"

"That's my daughter!" He shouted. "Mako Mankanshoku!"

"Hm." She looked around. "How did I get here?"

"See that hole?" The man said.

Satsuki turned and, indeed, there was a gigantic hole in the side of the house.. "... Oh."

"A trolley crashed! You were pretty banged up, but not a problem! Just pay a few thousand and you'll be-!"

"Did you say *several thousand*?"



"Uh..." Barazou pointed to the wall. "It'll cost a hell of a lot to fix that thing."

*"I wasn't exactly planning on destroying the wall! You aren't going to have me pay for that!"* Satsuki shouted. "I have a hard time paying for my *lunch*, let alone the wall of some family that I *barely fucking know!*"

"Dad what're you-!" Mako gasped. "Oh! Satsuki you're awake! You should be glad today's a Sunday or you'd be late!"

"... Late? I'm wrapped in bandages. Honestly, school could wai-"

"Being late is bad! Because if you're too late then Gamagoori gets angry!"

"Gamagoori?" Satsuki blinked. "... Toad name. That's weird."

"Yeah! He's a real stickler for the rules!" Mako raised her hand. "He's like... *really tall*, and his *hair's long and stuff!*"

Satsuki raised an eyebrow. "... Really?"

"Yeah! Ryuko's harsh, but he's *strict!*"

"Sounds... uh... like a fun place." Satsuki stood up and cracked her back. "... Anyone got a shirt or pants I can borrow?"

"I do!" Mako shouted, before she pulled out a school uniform.

Satsuki stared at it for a good few seconds, before she sighed and looked outside. "... Actually, give me a second." She walked out, covered head-to-toe in bandages, before there was the sound of someone screaming, a series of hard punches, and a final shriek. Satsuki then walked back with a perfectly good, well-fitted uniform. "There. Better."

"Ooooooooooh!" Mako looked up and down her body. "Wait, you're wearing a boy's uniform!"

"Yeah." Satsuki said. "It's comfier this way."

"... Eh!? But... but you'll be punished-!"

Satsuki stared at the girl blankly. "I didn't even have the right uniform *yesterday*."

"But Gamagoori has rules about the uniform!"

"I honestly don't *care*." Satsuki grinned. "If he's so tough, he'll just have to *pry* this thing off of my rotting corpse."

[=]

Ryuko sent a jab to her sparring partner's abdomen, before he parried it and went for a killing blow. Immediately, she reflected that, before she tapped him once on his helmet. "She had a hard time listening to any kind of reason or thought. Seemed much more inclined to attack as soon as I even *mentioned* taking away her sword." She jabbed him once in the chest. "You lose again, Sanegayama."

"I think you're cheating, Kiryuin!" The man stood at his full height, and his green hair seemed to *poof* out as soon as his helmet was gone.

**[STUDENT COUNCIL HEAD OF SPORTS: UZU SANEGAYAMA]**

"What exactly do you mean?" Ryuko sent him a glare.

"I mean that you're shorter! Makes you a harder target!"

"Keep mocking my stature and I'll spar you again. And you *won't* be wearing armor."

"Someone's a hell of a kidder, Kiryuin!" He laughed... before he saw the dead serious expression on her face. "Uh... you... you were joking, right?"

**"I WOULDN'T TAKE THE WORDS OF LADY KIRYUIN AS A JOKE."** A much larger man, this one towering above Ryuko, stood

with his arms crossed. His long blonde hair stretched down to his shoulders, and his spiked uniform only added to his frame.

**[STUDENT COUNCIL HEAD OF DISCIPLINE: IRA GAMAGOORI]**

"The pervert is right." Ryuko took her helmet off, before she removed some more of the armor. "I wasn't joking."

Ira nearly fell over. "I respect you immensely, Kiryuin, but there wasn't a need to call me that."

Ryuko just sighed. "I call things as they are, Gamagoori."

He frowned deeply as another girl sat across from her. She was tiny, with pink hair and a large hat on her head. "Well, you're right, but you kind of need to cool down a bit." Nonon said. "You're acting pissy."

**[STUDENT COUNCIL HEAD OF CULTURE: NONON JAKAZURE]**

Ryuko glared once, before she took a deep breath to sigh. "Perhaps I am. As of right now, I'm annoyed by that new character." She turned to them. "Sorry for my behavior."

"No! It's fine!" Sanegayama said. "I mean, you aren't exactly causing things to go horribly wrong with a bit of ribbing!"

"I still do not appreciate being called a pervert."

A fourth member, one with a pair of blue glasses and a head of blue hair, typed on a computer as he spoke. His hands were a blur as he multitasked between talking and typing.

**[STUDENT COUNCIL HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY: HOUKA INUMUTA]**

"Correct." Ryuko said. "She's nothing like Isshin."

"She wasn't exactly *raised* by Isshin." Houka said. "Sent to a boarding school, forced to live basically on her own for a large chunk of her life."

"Maybe I was just tempering my expectations based on some old man that I just happened to respect." Ryuko sighed. "Did you sweep the place for bugs again?"

"Did so twice yesterday." Houka said. "There was a pair. One was from a rival in Osaka, another was from Kobe."

"So they were worthless. Understood." Ryuko nodded, before she turned to the others. "Alright. So as of right now, we are handling someone of importance. The daughter of Isshin Matoi."

"We know." Nonon said, flatly. "The name gave it away."

**"*THAT ASIDE-!*"** Ryuko glared at Nonon, immediately causing the smaller girl to take a step back. "Satsuki Matoi is crucial. Her Kamui can't be used by anyone else." Ryuko glared. "Any suggestions on how to guide her there?"

"I could throw one of my two-star students her way." Sanageyama said. "She *did* pose a direct threat to you yesterday."

"Actually, that is a particularly easy way to goad her into fighting. If she loses against one of your two-stars, then that means that she needs the extra power." Ryuko said. "And the two-star would just need to have his uniform replaced."

"Unless Satsuki kills him." Nonon added.

Ryuko blinked twice. "... That's a potential problem. Is she willing to kill?"

"Only when pressured." Inumuta said. "She almost did once, but that was an accident."

"Good." Ryuko said. "I don't see any problem with this."

[=]

**A/N: Then Mako dies.**

### 3

**A/N: Personally, I find it hilarious that nobody said anything about Satsuki pushing away the subtitles. Kind of shows just how fucking *strange* KLK is.**

Satsuki yawned loudly as she walked around the house... before there was the sound of a loud pot hitting a nearby table. "Time for breakfast!"

"OOOOOOOOOOH!" Mako shouted. "Satsuki! *Satsuki!* Today's Mystery Croquette day!"

"... Mystery... Croquette... Day?" Satsuki was having a bit of a difficult time comprehending the concept. "Mystery Croquette. That sounds gross."

Mako ignored her. "Technically, that's everyday, *but still!*" She grabbed the taller girl's hand and dragged her along. "Come on!"

Satsuki let out a "*OOF!*" as soon as she got to the table, before an enormous plate of fried *stuff* was slammed in front of her. She stared at it steam rolled off of it, before she opened her mouth to speak.

She was rewarded for her troubles by having a series of croquettes then jammed into her mouth by Mako's mother. "Eat up!"

#### **[SUKUYO MANKANSHOKU: SUPREME CHEF]**

Satsuki gulped them down immediately. "Hm. Not too-*MMMMMF-!*" This time, she started to choke as several croquettes lodged themselves in her throat.

"Eat it up!" Mako shouted. "If you don't then they'll go bad! At different rates!"

Satsuki turned a strange shade of purple. She struggled to say much of anything as she bashed her head on the table, made a gurgling

sound, and then *finally* choked it down. She let out several coughs, before yet *another* serving of croquettes were thrown at her.

"That's the bad part about mystery croquettes." Sukuyo sighed deeply. "We don't know what's in them."

Satsuki coughed most of the last plate out. "Weren't you the one that *cooked them?*"

"Yes!" Sukuyo said. "Mostly with meat from different things that I find! Rats, stray cats, stray dogs..."

Satsuki stared at her, then at the croquettes in front of her. "... *OKAY*, I think I'm good for now." She muttered and sputtered. "You are a strange bunch, but I think it's time that I, you know, find somewhere else to..." Satsuki paused when she looked outside. There was a series of signs, many of which read "NO VAGRANTS", "NO DRIFTERS", "NO VAGABONDS" or "STAY THE FUCK OUT". "... How crowded is Honnouji?"

"Extremely!" Mako said.

Satsuki groaned lowly, before it grew louder and louder. Eventually, she reached a loud point where she turned around and sighed. "Fine. I'll stay here."

"Yay!"

[=]

Satsuki lay in bed, next to a snoring Mako, with the rest of the Mankanshoku clan in the other room. She stared at the ceiling, dressed in a pair of pajamas that Mako gave to her. They were awfully small, so much so that she had a difficult time putting them on. "... Could be worse." She said, quietly.

"What could be worse?"

Satsuki turned quickly to see Mako with her eyes wide-open. Her heart rate spiked, before she took a breath. "Well, everything."

"Hm?"

"Well, before I came here, I was nicknamed the 'Kanto Drifter'." Satsuki said. "I just drifted across Japan, trying to find out where the rest of this scissor blade belonged. Eventually, the trail just led here."

"Ooooooooooh?" Mako nodded. "Scissor blade?"

"This one." Satsuki pulled over the guitar case.

"... That's a guitar, isn't it? It's why I was singing earlier!"

Satsuki simply opened it up, and pulled out the blade.

"Eh!? That's not a guitar!"

"No. It isn't." Satsuki frowned. "And I want to find out who owns the other half."

"Why, really?"

"... Well, I didn't know my dad that well." Satsuki frowned. "I want to know more about him... and why he had to die."

"You're dad's dead?" Mako frowned. "That's so sad!"

Satsuki smiled at Mako's sentimentality. "Well, as I've said before, it could be worse." Satsuki shrugged. "He could have been abusive."

[=]

Ryuko woke up in a cold sweat. She was dressed in a nightgown, beads running down as she let out a hard gulp. She closed her eyes and clenched her teeth as she stared at the ground in front of her bed, her butler standing beside her. "... Another nightmare?"

"It's... it's nothing." Ryuko said as she turned away. It was four in the morning, precisely the time she set for herself. She moved off of the bed, feet slamming against the ground as she wiped her eyes. "... It was just a nightmare."

The butler wanted to say something, but instead he just turned away as Ryuko got herself dressed and prepared. She walked past her student council members, all of whom were ready just as soon as she was. "Good morning, Lady Kiryuin." Gamagoori bowed, before Sanegayama sent her a smirk.

"Kiryuin!" Ryuko nodded at him, before she kept walking at her brisk pace.

Nonon was next, and she was already dressed up with her hat and suit ready to go. "Ryuko!"

Ryuko nodded to her, before she walked past Houka without even giving him the time of day. "... Am I really that forgettable?"

Ryuko took her sword, sheath and all, and slammed it in front of her as she stood above the school's campus. Today was going to be a nice, big, *important* day. "Organize the students. When they get here... it'll be time for a [speech](#)."

"Understood." They all said, before they left, leaving Ryuko to stand above the campus. She stood for a long, *long* time, as students slowly trickled in. Among the last of them was that of Satsuki Matoi and Mako Mankanshoku, with Mako bounding around her with an infinite amount of energy, and Satsuki just nodding and smiling, being polite and generally kind to her. Ryuko noted that with a fair amount of amusement, before she brought her sword up, and *slammed* it against the ground again.

The sound echoed throughout Honnouji, and immediately, the students lined up before Ryuko. She smiled at that... it *never* got old to do that. "STUDENTS!" She shouted as they all stared at her from below. The wind blew at her back dramatically, as a bright light



shined from behind her head. A shimmering sound grew as Ryuko started to speak. "TWO DAYS AGO, WE ENCOUNTERED A NEW STUDENT!" She stared down at Satsuki. "AND TWO DAYS AGO, SAID STUDENT ATTEMPTED TO ATTACK ME, BASED ON AN IMPULSE!"

Satsuki stared up at her, and just adjusted the guitar case on her back.

"SHE IS NOT SOME COMMON THIEF OR CRIMINAL. SHE IS A SPECIAL CASE." Suddenly, there was a loud *bang*, before somebody leaped up from the roof of the school, and *slammed* into the ground in front of her. When the dust settled, there was a large woman, one who was built less like a human being and more like a tank. Her muscles were bulging, her body was enormous, and she *towered* over Satsuki, complete with a pair of stars on her belt.

Satsuki just grinned. "What, is this it?" She said.

"A two-star." Ryuko said. "TODAY, AS A PUNISHMENT YOU WILL FIGHT HER AT NOON. IF YOU FAIL, THEN-"

"How about I just take her *now*?" Satsuki grinned as she pulled out the blade, just in time for the person in front of her to bring one foot up. A second, later, and when Satsuki realized that said person *towered* over her, she *slammed* it into the ground. One and no-star students alike were sent flying across campus as she let out a bellowing laugh.

**"MY NAME IS KYOUKO ISAFUNE!"** She said. **"TWO-STAR STUDENT! HEAD OF THE SUMO WRESTLING CLUB!"**

**[KYOUKO ISAFUNE: SUMO WRESTLING CAPTAIN]**

Satsuki readjusted her jaw as she picked herself off of the ground. "Wasn't *quite* expecting that."

**"TODAY, YOU, SATSUKI MATOI, WILL BE KNOCKED FROM THIS ARENA AND CRUSHED BENEATH MY WEIGHT."**

"Arena? This is a *crater!*"

Kyouko ignored her as she spread her arms. A shadow loomed over Satsuki as she stared long and hard at the opponent. ***"TIME TO DIE, SATSUKI!"***

## 4



The first punch was easy enough to dodge for Satsuki, before she dragged her blade across the arm. To her surprise, it simply slid across it helplessly, and her eyes widened as she quickly discovered that she didn't have the strength to push it in. The behemoth of a sumo wrestler turned slowly to her, clouds of dust blowing by as Kyouko tried to grab Satsuki.

She dodged under the hand again, only to realize quickly that there was also a kick coming her way. Satsuki screamed as soon as it connected, sending her *plunging* into the side of the crater face-first, before she let out a groan. She was then pulled quickly from the hole, before she was crushed *once* by the enormous sumo wrestler's grip.

**"PATHETIC!"** Kyouko shouted. **"I EXPECTED MORE FROM THE KANTO DRIFTER!"** Satsuki weakly tried to fight the grip, before she finally stabbed the wrestler's hand. She screamed... but instead of letting go, Kyouko just crushed her even *tighter*. **"MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT BETTER THAN TO TRY AND FIGHT US!"** Kyouko did a flying leap out from the crater, before she let go of Satsuki in midair. The sword was too far for her to reach now... and all she could see was the enormous stomach of the sumo wrestler. Even if she survived this blow... she probably wouldn't last long... she was just in too bad a shape to fight.

Idly, Satsuki stared upwards, before she saw the face of the wrestler. Her face was in a wide, toothy, horrifying grin as they both fell down from the sky. "You're out."

Satsuki quickly bounded her way across the belly of the wrestler, before she grabbed her sword and clutched it close. Kyouko gasped and tried to grab her again, only to notice that she really wasn't trying to finish the job. They both hit the ground *hard*, and while Kyouko

landed on her feet, Satsuki smacked into the dirt and rolled across it, battered, dazed and borderline broken. She stared up at the sky... whimpering pathetically as the wrestler slowly walked over.

"... You're out of the crater." She raised a foot. "But no matter. I can at least take care of one little *blight*."

"**SATSUKI!**" They both looked to see Mako on a scooter, driving by madly. She weaved by the giant's foot, before she quickly picked up Satsuki and drove off with a raspberry.

The wrestler stared at the spot on the ground, then at the entrance to the school, then at Ryuko. She just shrugged. "**WELL, THAT WAS ANTICLIMACTIC.**"

Ryuko scowled at her. "... You had an ample opportunity to finish her, and you blew it. Come to my office."

**"YES, LADY KIRYUIN."**

Ryuko turned away... and smirked. Perhaps this plan was going to work after all!

[=]

The scooter stopped several miles outside of Honnouji City, where there lay an abandoned mansion. The place had been ransacked, torn to pieces and partially burnt out. And among the wreckage was one thing. A photograph, featuring a girl blue-streaked, black hair and a man with an eyepatch and a beard.

Satsuki slumped off of the bike, and Mako immediately stared at the mansion. "Ooooooh... what's this place?"

Satsuki picked herself up using her scissor blade. "It's my old home." She coughed. "... My dad lived here." She stumbled forwards. "... Thank... thank you for driving me here." Her face was hidden by shadow as she stumbled towards it.

"... So that's why you wanted to come here!" Mako said. "... Instead of home to where I could probably properly get you patched up!"

"... I almost died today." Satsuki said. "... Honestly, I don't think there's much I can do." She sighed deeply. "... I failed. I reached a point in my journey where I was roughed up to the point where I would have *died*." She stumbled towards it, and she saw the photograph. She trembled a little when she saw it, before she collapsed to her knees.

"Satsuki-!"

"I'm fine, Mako." Satsuki muttered. "... I'm perfectly... *perfectly*-" Suddenly, a door opened beneath her legs. "**F!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!-!**" She fell down the trapdoor, as Mako just ran forwards.

"Satsuki!" She looked around nervously for help, before she just gulped and furrowed her brow. "Guess there's no choice!" She jumped up. "I'm co-" Suddenly, the door closed just as soon as Mako started the dive. **"MING-!"** It slapped her in the face, leaving her upside-down and concussed in the middle of a burnt-out mansion.

"... Ow."

$$[=]$$

A/N: I'd have written more, but I kind of have class. IMPORTANT SHIT.

## 5

"Is she in?"

"She's in the bunker." Aikuro said. "Trapdoor apparently survived the bombing, the ransacking... Nui."

"I'm still surprised that Nui didn't get Junketsu."

"Same here." Aikuro leaned back. "... Though right now, it's up to Matoi."

Ryuko slowly nodded. "... Should we steal Mako?"

"Mako?" He stared at the girl who was desperately trying to pry open the trapdoor. "Oh, that girl?"

"If we steal her and potentially threaten her, then we make her hate *us*, and she'll come to save her."

"Hostage plan?"

"Exactly." Ryuko crossed her arms. "Of course, we'd have to make something that *looks* threatening but really isn't."

"I can easily do that."

"Really?" Ryuko asked.

"Trust in Nudist Beach." Aikuro closed off the call, before Ryuko sighed.

"... That name. That name is still the dumbest thing I've ever heard of.."

[=]

Satsuki picked her head out of the trash, and immediately noticed that she had been banged up and scratched by the fall. She groaned in pain, before she stumbled off of the pile of clothes. "*Shit!*" She hit the ground face-first, before there was an avalanche of clothes. "... The universe hates me." She sputtered as she clawed her way to the surface. She gasped for air, as though she was just finishing a diving mission, before she discovered that, as of right now, she was in an enormous basement.

It stretched for what looked like eternity in the blackness, with dunes and hills. She stood up on top of the clothing... before she noticed that one of the piles seemed to shift a little. She turned her blade forwards. "*Who's there?!*" She shouted, before she started walking towards the shifting pile.

Whatever it was, it was an *active, angry* little thing. She stalked towards it, scissor blade still high before she saw it *violently* shaking. She clutched it with both hands, blade unwavering before she pulled a piece of clothing off. "**SHOW YOURSE-!**" It was then that a piece of clothing, white as snow and decked out with blue lining, latched itself onto her. "What the fuck-!"

"Blood!" It shouted. "*GIVE ME YOUR BLOOD!*"

[=]

Aikuro heard a loud scream from the ruins behind him, followed quickly by a flash of light and a burst of power. Dust burst out from beneath the cracks, before the trapdoor exploded into pieces. He smirked. "She found it." He said.

"Excellent. Get Mako back to Honnouji."

"Already on it." He turned around and threw Mako into his car, and she was already tied up and ready to go.

"Eh?!" She shouted. "I'm... being... **KIDNAPPED!**"

**[KIDNAPPED]**

"In a sense!"

### [KIND OF]

The wheels of the car squealed as Aikuro jammed his bare foot into the pedal. The car bounded over the roads as it screamed its way back to Honnouji.

[=]

Satsuki gasped as the thing on her body trembled. She looked to see that it was... *skimpy*. Quite skimpy. She shook her head. "The hell are you?" She clutched at it several times, before she tried ripping it off. Instead, she just wound up bouncing around the place while looking like a moron. She hit a nearby pillar, immediately causing it to explode and crash into the ground.

... That caused her to pause. "... Wait a second..."

"I smelled your blood as soon as you got here." It glared upwards at her with one eye, the other being just a big blue "X" on its face. "... It made me... *quite* thirsty." The voice was unnerving, to say the least.

"... What... *are* you?"

"I do not know." The thing said. "All I *do* know is that as of now, I *like* your blood."

Satsuki nodded slowly. "... Creepy."

"Perhaps I am... but at the same time, you are also being powered." She flexes her hands. "You were heavily injured before I was here, so I fixed that up for you."

"Smug little thing." She crossed her arms. "Then perhaps you can help me, then!" She grabbed the scissor blade, before immediately, Junketsu rumbled. The blade shook a little in her hand, as even *more* power coursed through it. Satsuki stared at it for several good seconds. "Hm... you work well with it."



"I don't remember why, nor do I really *care*." Junketsu said. "... Are you quite done meandering here, or are you actually going to do something?"

Satsuki clenched her hands again. "... Could you transform into something normal-looking?"

With a flash of blue light and a destitching of fabric, Junketsu transformed back into a standard uniform. Satsuki grimaced. "... Dammit, I *hate* that."

*"What's the matter?"*

"... I prefer pants." She muttered.

"Well, get over it." It said.

Satsuki made her way back up by way of a staircase. When she got there, she discovered that, lo and behold, there was a note left just for her, scrawled in messy, terrible handwriting.

---

The Note said:  
Mako's back at Honnouji.

Against her will.

Because she was kidnapped.

Click to expand...  
Click to shrink...

---

**[KIDNAPPED]**

---

The Note (con) said:  
If you don't come back, she'll be stuck here.

For the last time.

Permanently.

Because she'll be dead.

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

## **[NOT ALIVE]**

Satsuki sighed. "... Well, at least I'll get that rematch." She said.

"Rematch?"

"Yeah. Now that I have you, Junketsu, I'll be able to fight it."

"... Junketsu?"

"Purity. You're a blank slate." Satsuki revved the engine. "Seemed fitting to me."

"It's a stupid name... but it's not like I have anything else to go by."

And so, she started her way back to Honnouji City.

[=]

A/N: Oh. Oh man.

## 6



"We have her set up, Satsuki Matoi!" Sanegayama shouted into a megaphone. "If you want her, come and *get her*, or else we're going to dump her head-first into this bed of *pins, needles, more pins, and spikes!*"

"NOOOOO!" Mako was currently terrified, and attached to a pole that was slowly being lowered by the captain of the Sumo Wrestling team. "I can't! It's too much! I can't have that many things entering me at once!"

Ryuko almost vomited at that line, and Jakazure just groaned. "Does she even know what the hell she just said?"

Gamagoori just shrugged. "I don't follow."

Their own squabbling was interrupted when the sound of a motor echoed through the campus. Ryuko smirked, before she crossed her arms. The scooter *slammed* into a group of one-stars, before the rider did a flying leap off of another one's face, flipped several times, and promptly *destroyed* the bed of needles with a *stomp*. She was wearing a dark cloak, made of scrambled pieces of cloth and debris. "Yo, Mako."

"Satsuki!" Mako smiled broadly, before Satsuki *ripped* the pole out of the wrestler's hand, tore apart the rope, and then landed right in front. The wrestler stomped forwards, before she cracked her knuckles.

**"CAME BACK TO BE CRUSHED AGAIN, MATOI?"**

"I came back to save my friend, here!" Satsuki crossed her arms. "I'm not about to be bested by some *fatass* with a penchant for stomping others into the dust!"

Kyouko didn't bat an eye. **"I WOULD NOT BE THE CAPTAIN OF MY CLUB, IF MY GIRTH WAS MADE ENTIRELY OF FAT!"** Kyouko stomped onto the arena, as the students wisely made their way away from it. **"I HAVE WORKED TIRELESSLY TO GROW TO THIS SIZE! I HAVE WORKED TIRELESSLY FOR MY POSITION. AND YOU ARE NOT GOING TO TAKE MY HONOR!"**

### **[ROUND ONE]**

Satsuki stood in front of the wrestler... before she took one piece of her cloak, and *ripped it away*. The thing went fluttering in the wind as the wrestler stared, gawking, at Satsuki's uniform.

Kyouko blinked twice. "... You... You're *near-naked*."

Satsuki crossed her arms. "So what if I am? I don't think that matters. If it *means I can beat you!*"

**"BEAT ME?!"** Kyouko cackled. **"YOU HAVE NO ARMOR! YOU HAVE NO STRENGTH! YOU'RE BASICALLY FIGHTING ME IN A BIKINI."** She pulled both of her hands back... before Satsuki simply whipped her hands out.

Suddenly, the arena that was so intricately set up exploded into shards of debris, as any student dumb enough to still be around was thrown into the air. Kyouko herself was sent stumbling backwards, before she quickly regained her footing. **"A FAR CRY FROM THE ONE THAT I SO EASILY DEFEATED!"** She grinned, before she slammed her hands together. Satsuki was sent flying by the shockwave, before Kyouko did a leap into the air. **"BUT EVEN NOW, YOU WILL PERISH!"**

Satsuki took a deep breath in preparation as the wrestler curled herself into a ball, flipped backwards, and prepared to do a full-body slam. She took a deep breath... before she quietly pulled out her sword.

A second later, there was an impact. The entire academy shook as the ground cracked, weaker buildings too close to the school

collapsed and people screamed. Ryuko and the Elite four watched on as the dust cloud expanded, covering the walls of Honnouji with a dark cloud. They looked, and then they saw Kyouko lying down... feet still contacting the ground with *nothing else* touching it.

"It's over." Kyouko said.

"... No." Ryuko smirked. "It's *not*."

Then, slowly, [Kyouko was moved upwards](#). She gasped, as suddenly, Satsuki, arms raised, and steam billowing from her Kamui, pushed upwards. Kyouko could feel two hands on her abdomen as she was brought up, full-size, above. Satsuki let out a scream, before she *threw* Kyouko up into the air, tumbling head-over heels before she pulled back her scissor blade. "I *WON'T DIE!*" Satsuki shouted. "As long as I can *fight!*" She pulled her sword back, before she *slammed* the handle into Kyouko's face. "As long as I have this *suit!*" She slapped her the face with the flat of her sword. "As long as I have this *scissor!*" She let out an animalistic scream. "YOU CAN'T KILL ME!"

"... H-how..." Kyouko sputtered, before Satsuki pulled her sword back.

"YOU'RE **GONE!**" She slashed *down*, her feet crashing into the ground before Kyouko's uniform disintegrated into shreds of clothing.

### [SEN-I-SOSHITSU]

Kyouko herself let out a spray of spit and blood as suddenly, the four-meter tall girl was reduced to just two. She wasn't *large*... just muscular. Kyouko spiraled down into the crater, defeated and pathetic, before her impact sent out another cloud of dust. Satsuki stood up, panting as she glared at Ryuko.

Ryuko just smiled... before she started clapping her hands. "... Wow. You actually managed to finish her off while dressed like some kind of demented prostitute."

Satsuki just laughed. "I honestly don't *care* about that!" She shouted, before she pointed her blade at Ryuko. "Now... you *will* tell me about this blade! You *will* give me the answers I seek! And you *will* tell me everything, ***RYUKO KIRYUIN!***"

[=]

A/N: Of course she won't. That shit would just mean "OH LOL STORY OVER."

# 7

A/N:

[img:  
[  
AALAAAAABAAEAAAIBRAA7](<br/>AALAAAAABAAEAAAIBRAA7)]

[=]

"Are you sure about that, Matoi?" Ryuko crossed her arms.

"I-!" She sputtered, when suddenly, she stumbled a bit. She was losing blood, and *fast*. "... Uh oh."

"Satsuki-!" Mako shouted.

"Have to go. *Now*." Satsuki struggled as she and Mako quickly left the school, leaving Ryuko sitting above them all. She crossed her arms as Mako grabbed the scooter, started it up, and drove off with Satsuki thrown on her back.

Ryuko turned away, before she looked at the Elite Four behind her. "... I'll need to get Senketsu in a bit."

Houka nodded. "To fight Satsuki?"

"Naturally." Ryuko took a breath. "... She'll need to be put to her limits... and I need to be put to mine." She leaned back, before she collapsed back-first onto the ground above Honnouji. "... Who knows. Maybe she'll be able to help us kill Ragyo."

"I noticed something else!" Nonon said. "You never call her 'mom'."

Ryuko clenched her teeth. "... She's not a mother." Ryuko glared. "... She gave birth to me, but she *isn't* a mother."

"You do realize that we *are* here for you." Sanegayama said it, before Gamagoori took his own step forwards. He towered over Ryuko, before he stood on just one knee.

"Same. We may be your subordinates, but I like to believe that we *are* friends."

Ryuko paused, before she nodded. "... I know. And I thank you for that. I thank all of you for that. But right now, It's time to go back inside and plan. I'm going to go talk to Nudist Beach." She pushed by the four, and left the them alone on the balcony above Honnoji.

Houka sighed. "... She never wants to talk about that."

"If she doesn't want to talk about it, then we leave it be." Gamagoori said.

"Sure! Sounds like a plan! Then we let it build up inside her and we can deal with the catastrophic consequences later!" Nonon spat.  
"Did you see the look on her face?"

"We all did." Sanegayama crossed his arms. "... You knew her the longest, Jakazure."

"You want me to talk to her, right?" Nonon cut him off before he said anything else. "And believe me, I *want* to be the one to talk to her but..." She sighed. "... Thirteen years of knowing her and I still don't have a damn clue as to what's eating her." She frowned.

## **[CHAPTER TWO: INSTANT MUSIC]**

The scooter stopped by the Mankanshoku household, where a tarp was set up to cover the hole in the wall. Mako went back in with Satsuki draped over her shoulders, before she immediately transformed back into a typical school uniform. "Dad!"

"What is it, ***MY DAUGHTA.***" He said the word in a thick, heavy accent.



"Satsuki is hurt bad!"

"She's pale!" The man said. "Hm... Looks like... *blood loss!*"

"No!" Mako shouted, before they slapped her onto an empty table.  
"People can *die* of bloodloss, right?"

"Yes. People can die if they die of bloodloss." He crossed his arms.  
"Now... we *operate-!*"

It was then that Satsuki slowly started to wake up, just in time to hear him rummaging through several tools. "... M... Mankanshoku?" She asked.

"Oh! Dad!"

"Not now, Mako!" Barazou turned around, scalpel in one hand and a buzzsaw in the other. "It's time to *operate!*"

Satsuki stared at him for several good seconds... before her eyes slowly widened at the appearance of a gigantic, terrifying sawblade designed specifically to slice through bone and flesh whirring over her chest. She saw the gleam in Barazou's eyes, the grin on his face, and the shadows cast on his body thanks to the lamp overhead. Immediately, she screamed, jumped up, knocked the sawblade out of his hand, punched him in the face, leaped onto the table, ran out only to trip on a hospital gown and roll down a hill before-

[=]

"The next plan is to get her to fight you, right?" Aikuro said.

"Yup." Ryuko nodded. "Of course, in order to do that, I need to get Senketsu."

"Hm." He leaned back. "... Say, I left a tape recorder. Turns out she named it the same thing that we did."

"She named the Kamui 'Junketsu'?"

"Correct."

"Huh." Ryuko sat back. "Weird. There's nothing *pure* about her, *or* her Kamui."

"Chalk it up to coincidence, then." Aikuro nodded. "... Oh... and Kinue's on her way, as well."

"Kinue?"

[=]

A/N: I'm just gonna leave it on that. Because fuck you.

## 8

Sitting on top of the wall of Honnouji, there was a woman. She took a bite out of her sandwich, chewing as she looked down through a rifle's scope. She looked around, calm and collected as the wind blew by her face. She wore only the belts and vest of Nudist Beach, and an overcoat only for the sake of effect, before the wind blew quickly. She only had one arm, half of her face was covered by her hair, and one could almost feel a chill before she pulled the rifle up. She took it apart with just her teeth and her hand, before she put it neatly back into a suitcase.

Her comm rang, and she pulled it out. "This is Kinagase."

"Major?"

She smirked. "Mikisugi. I see that you're doing alright."

"I am. Ryuko is currently trying to train up Satsuki." He leaned back. "... And I trust that you can help her out?"

"I can do that." The wind blew away, revealing that one of her eyes was gone, replaced by a four-pronged star. Part of her face was stitched shut, and across her body, previously hidden by the overcoat, there were scars. "Any bond can grow with hardship."

**[MAJOR KINUE KINAGASE]**

**[HEAD TRAPPER OF NUDIST BEACH]**

She put it away, before she immediately saw somebody approaching. "Hey!" She smirked as soon as somebody shouted. "You're not allowed to be here! The walls are strictly for training and nothing else! Not watching over the students like some kind of *stalker!*"

Kinue turned to see a group of students, dressed entirely in suits of armor, as their leader stepped forwards, dressed in *heavy* armor,

boasting a greatsword on his back and a greatshield in his hand. He pulled it out, and pointed it to her.

**[HEAD OF THE MEDIEVAL GUARD CLUB: TOUMA SOBA]**

Kinue sighed a little. "Oi, I'm not interested in that kind of thing. Especially not with a bunch of *children*."

"Children!" One of them shouted. "Is that some kind of insult?!"

"Not really." Kinue smiled, before she just crossed her good arm across her body. "But... perhaps you should be a bit faster with your response time."

"Huh?" The leader muttered, before suddenly, he saw a bomb under his feet. His eyes widened, before he put up the shield. The entire club was blasted off of the wall, while he was *shoved* backwards by the force. When the smoke cleared, he and his fellows were left dazed and confused, while Kinue was simply *gone*.

"... What... was that lady?" He muttered.

**[A NUDIST STALKER]**

[=]

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mankanshoku." Satsuki bowed. "I didn't mean to injure you!"

"That's alright, Satsuki." He waved a hand. "Could'a been worse! You could'a killed someone with that saw you threw."

"... Oh. Right. That." Satsuki looked around, before she noticed that she was back in just bandages again. "Say, where's that uniform that I was wearing earlier?"

Barazou pointed behind her, and she just sighed in relief.

"What worried that you'd lose another uniform?"

"More like worried that I'd lose my ticket to victory." She stared at the suit. "... Kind of unwieldy. It wants my blood more than anything."

Barazou stared at her. "... Oh. That explains the blood loss, doesn't it!"

"Yes." Satsuki nodded. "... It is an... *interesting* article of clothing."

[=]

Ryuko sighed as soon as she entered the new building. She walked forwards... but before she did, she spotted someone. Immediately, a chill ran down her back, and Ryuko had to gulp down the bile as this someone walked towards her. The air around her rippled with a rainbow light, as Ryuko clenched her hands. "... Mother."

A hell tapped against the ground as a woman, tall enough to tower over most mortal men, walked towards her daughter. "Ryuko..." She smiled. "Welcome back home... and so *early* in the school year, too." She traced a finger across her daughter's cheek, and immediately, Ryuko tried to suppress her rage and utter *revulsion*.

**[GRAND DIRECTOR:RAGYO KIRYUIN]**  
**[CEO OF REVOCs]**

"I see that you're here for something." Ragyo smiled. "What would it be, Ryuko?"

"I'm here for the Kamui." She said. "Nothing more, *mother*." She bit her lip. "My business is limited to that, and that *alone*."

"Hm? You already want your wedding dress?" Ragyo smiled. "Is there something you are using it for? A threat to Honnouji, perhaps?" Ragyo slid her hand across Ryuko's arm, before reaching her midsection.

Ryuko stood as still as she could. "Yes. That's precisely it... and it was made for me, wasn't it?" She said. "... I need to wear it."

Ragyo's grin turned predatory. "... Perhaps you can." She said. "... But before then, perhaps it is the time for *purification*."

Ryuko spoke sternly. "I just need the suit, mother."

"Then go ahead and take it." Ragyo smiled, before Ryuko quickly made her way out.

She walked past her, and right there, in a glass cabinet, unchained and uncovered, was a one-eyed uniform. It was clearly militaristic, one made precisely for her. She pulled open the case, before she grabbed the uniform, and walked out. But not before Ragyo grabbed her shoulder and pulled.

"Don't forget, Ryuko." She whispered into her daughter's ear. "... If you need *anything* else..." She wore a thin, amused smile.

Ryuko brushed off her hand. "I'm fine." She said, before she walked out to her helicopter. She just wanted to go back to Honnouji.

[=]

A/N: [Meanwhile, in Ragyoville.](#)

## 9

"... *Satsuki*."

Satsuki woke up in the middle of sleeping. She didn't budge, and instead tried to keep her eyes shut.

"*Satsuki...*"

She clenched her teeth.

"Sa-"

"What do you want?" She finally answered, before she turned to look at whoever was speaking. She blinked when she saw that it was, indeed, not a "Who", but a "what". All that was there was Junketsu.

"... I see that you are definitely awake, then?"

"... Yes. I am. Thanks to you." Satsuki narrowed her eyes. "... Tell me there's a good reason as to why you woke me up."

"Simply put..." He stared. "... I hope you realize our relationship."

"... You're a piece of clothing." Satsuki said.

"... I am a being woven together by life fibers. That hardly counts as just 'clothing'."

"You're here to be *worn by me*." Satsuki turned away. "Nothing else."

"Nothing else? No pretense of working together?"

"Let me put this in a way that you understand, Junketsu." She didn't move. "You are *clothing*. You are not meant to be served *by* me, you are meant to serve *me*. I give you blood, and you give me strength. That's what you're supposed to *do*."

"Incorrect." Junketsu said, before suddenly, Satsuki felt a pair of sleeves slipping around her arms. Suddenly, she was caught, as they *pulled*, holding her close. She almost felt her arms *breaking* under the strength, as she struggled against the Kamui that was holding her. It turned her face towards it, and Satsuki swore that she could feel *evil* leaking from it. "I am not just your *tool*, Satsuki Matoi. You will give me *blood*, and I will help you *only* if you give me *what I need*."

Satsuki just scowled as she struggled against it... before the streak of hair glowed just a little. She stretched the arms apart. "Then I guess we're at an *impasse*." She said, struggling against the grip. "I won't give you what you want, unless you help *me*."

The uniform stared at her... before it chuckled lowly. "... We really are at an *impasse*... very well... but I cannot give you *all* of my strength."

"Try me." Satsuki spat back as the arms retreated. She gasped in relief, before she glared at it. "... Just you *try me*."

[=]

"Okay, Ryuko! Do it!" Nonon shouted, before Ryuko sliced open her hand and slapped it against the Kamui on her body. Things paused... before suddenly, the thing *roared* to life. It seemed to devour her, before, with a burst of steam, a loud scream, and a cracking of wooden floorboards and glass, she stood.

Ryuko gasped for breath as soon as she was done, before she flexed her hands. "Oh... oh wow." She looked at it. "Wow this feels... breezy."

Nonon picked herself off of the floor and coughed... before she stared at Ryuko with a blush and a smirk. "That's because you're pretty much naked."

Ryuko looked down... before she gasped a little. All of the composure that she forced herself to have disappeared as soon as it



happened, before she saw the Kamui gripping her tightly. "S-S-S-S-S-!"

Nonon looked at her and tilted her head, keeping up her mischevious grin even though she clearly had a bright, *bright* blush. "It's a bit on the skimpy side."

"It isn't just a *bit* on the skimpy side." Ryuko said. "... I look like a full-blown *prostitute!*"

**"RYUKO!"** Gamagoori shouted. **"PERHAPS NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE BACK THAT PERVERT COMMENT."**

Ryuko just glared at him. "No."

Gamagoori just frowned. "... Please?"

"No."

He sighed. "It was worth a try."

Houka stared at her. "Do you feel any stronger?"

"I feel kind... of really awkward. not stronger." She flexed her hands again, before she stumbled a little. "Ooooooh no." She muttered, before she shook her head.

"Ryuko!" Nonon ran towards her, before Ryuko just put up a hand.

"I'm fine!" She said. "Just..." She blinked, before she fell to her knees. "... fine." She muttered, before she fell face-first to the ground.

The last thing she heard was Nonon shouting at her to get back up.

[=]

**A/N: Ah, I think she'll be fine.**

## 10

Satsuki walked to school with Mako bounding around her, laughing and playing as they just walked. She sighed and put her hands behind her head as Mako just rambled on about something stupid.

"And then you were all sexy-*like* and stuff and then you kicked that big sumo girl around and she went '**AAAAAAH**' and you were all like '**BE GONE**' and then she was *naked* and stuff and wow!"

"Why are you tellin' me this like I was some kind of spectator?" Satsuki asked.

"Well, 'cause I drove you out of there afterwards!" Mako said. "That was the best part!"

"... Me, half-naked and unconscious on your back." Satsuki cringed at that.

Mako frowned and puffed out her cheeks. "I didn't mean it like *that!* I just like helping Satsuki out!"

Satsuki laughed a little. "Well, thanks for that. And the last time, too. I'd probably be dead if you didn't do that so, yeah." She ruffled Mako's hair. "Thanks."

Mako just grinned.

[=]

Ryuko took a deep breath, before she put Senketsu on again. It turned its one good eye towards her face, before she pricked herself with a pin and let it seep into the clothing. This time, Ryuko suppressed it, as she transformed from one form to another. "**LIFE FIBER OVERRIDE!**" She shouted as it transformed around her... before she was quickly brought to her knees. She tried fighting it, but not before Iori had to immediately spray her with the clothing tranquilizer. "... Th... thank you." She sputtered, before she let out a

cough. She took it off, and quickly put on a robe despite her own embarrassment. "... S... it....it's not working."

"That's a bit of a problem." Iori said, as he adjusted his mask.

### **[HEAD OF THE SEWING CLUB: SHIROU IORI]**

"Slightly." Ryuko gasped for breath. "F..." She stopped herself before she let out the word. "That... could have gone better."

"It's heavily resistant to any kind of control." Iori said as Ryuko stood up fully and took a deep sigh. She tied the robe around herself as tightly as she could, before she just cracked her neck. "... And it just doesn't want to be subjugated."

"Well it can't be immediately forced and it can't be overridden." Ryuko crossed her arms. "... If anything, I'm rather certain that it'll mean that I have to do *something* with Senketsu. I honestly don't know *why* it's resisting me so much, but..." She sighed. "I think I'll have to synchronize with it, but the thing is so *resistant* to synchronization that I don't see how that's possible."

The thing wriggled on the ground, before Iori unblinkingly blasted it with more tranq. "... Hm..."

### **[EMBRACE THE FANSERVICE]**

"... I have no idea how it'd be possible." Ryuko said. "I really, really don't."

### **[GIVE IN TO THE AUDIENCE]**

The subtitle behind her started shaking in annoyance as they kept talking.

"Perhaps it deals with your attitude based around how you feel that the cloth is acting?" Behind Iori, the Kamui actually started wriggling away, before it picked itself up, only for someone *e/se* to spray it with tranq. "That could do with it."

Ryuko shrugged. "... I think I'll have to train some more with it."

## [WHY ARE YOU SO DENSE]

[=]

Satsuki walked towards the school, before suddenly, she saw the flash of something overhead. More specifically, she saw something tiny and *black* right above the entrance. It was a tiny camcorder. "... The hell?" She muttered, before Mako stared.

"Ooooooh! It's like something from a spy flick!" She looked at it from every angle she could... on the ground. "... Except more suspicious."

"Way more suspicious." Satsuki said, before Junketsu looked up at her.

"Merely suspicious? Somebody is watching you. And it isn't from this school."

Satsuki shrugged. "I didn't think it was. Still, it's worth investigating. Hopefully when-" She took a step forwards... before she felt something brushing against her foot. Suddenly, her eyes noticed a shining thread, something sparkling by her foot... before two enormous [explosions](#) ripped apart the base of the entrance. Rock and rubble was sent crashing down around her. She brought out her scissor blade and sliced apart some of the debris, before she saw Mako screaming and flailing about in midair. "Mako!"

"*Satsukiiiiiiiiiiii!*" Mako twirled about helplessly, before she promptly crashed into a nearby bike station. Satsuki looked around for the purpotrator, before she just stared at the smoldering craters by the school entrance.

"What the hell was *that!*"

[=]

"And so, her day's been shaken up." Kinue laughed into the comm. "Oh! This is going to be a *fun* assignment!"

"Don't have too much fun." Aikuro said.

"The last time you did that, you were almost discovered." Another man muttered, as Kinue just laughed. "... Oh god."

"Oh, you two. Don't worry!" Kinue smirked. "... If I were so easily discovered, I wouldn't be *head trapper*."

One of them, a man with a red mohawk, just sighed. "... Just don't be *too* overboard, Kinue."

"Why wouldn't I? I *really* want to see her put that thing to use!" Kinue grinned. "I didn't lose my arm for *nothing*, you know!"

[=]

A/N: Hey, I don't blame her. She worked *hard* on that godkilling abomination. also lol abusing senketsu

# 11

---

thagguysaid:

Those fucking subtitles im dying

Do they have a cousin that did work for an American show about a burned spy?

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

mebbe

[=]

Satsuki looked at the ruined entrance, with bits of iron and concrete spread across town. She wiped away the smoke and dust, before she looked for whoever detonated it... but then she remembered the camera. She looked up and, with a single fiber from Junketsu, she wrapped it around her scissor blade, threw it up to the camera, and *yanked* it down. The blade embedded itself into the dirt, and the camera landed right in her hand.

"Alright..." She glared into it, looking at it several times over.

"Tripwire, *and* a camera." She said. "... Mako!"

Mako picked her head up, immediately throwing several bikes off of her back. "YO!"

"We have ourselves someone who likes blowing people up. And *watching* themselves blowing other people up!"

"... Huh?"

"A bomber." Satsuki said.

Immediately, Mako thought of a man with a mustache and a hood.  
"... Oh!"

"We just have to be a bit more careful." Satsuki said. "Nobody else needs to be hurt."

"Like me?"

"Especially you." Satsuki patted her on the head. "Alright..."

"A bomb exploded in front of you and you're still cool-headed about this." The Junketsu noted, dryly.

"It's not the craziest thing I've encountered." Satsuki said. "... Though the fact that the explosion was *pink* was kind of strange." She threw the camera to the ground, before she immediately crushed it under her heel.

[=]

Kinue just laughed even *harder*. She was watching a series of screens, each one marking a different camera and trap. She sighed; all that work last night paid off! Who knows, maybe Satsuki would actually be forced to don Junketsu. "... Of course, she won't wanna do that if nobody *else* comes her way." She sighed, putting her good arm behind her head. "Might just have to fight her m'self." She smirked.

"Let's see what you've got, Satsuki Matoi."

[=]

"What I don't understand is *why Senketsu is so skimpy*." Ryuko said with her arms crossed. It was the middle of lunch, and she and Nonon were sitting by each other, while the rest of the Elites just opted to sit in other parts of campus. Gamagoori himself was probably still working on those club applications. "It doesn't make sense for a combat uniform. You'd think he'd be better suited for it!"

"Honestly, I don't understand it, either." Nonon shrugged. "But it kind of looks like you gotta live with it."

"It's not practical, it's kind of ugly-looking, and, more to the point..." Ryuko frowned. "It shows off *everything!* I might as well be fighting *naked!*"

Nonon shrugged... before she blinked. "Wait a sec."

"Hm?"

"Remember how that Satsuki character fought pretty well despite not knowing how to properly handle her Kamui?"

"Yeah?"

"I think it's because she has no shame."

Ryuko sputtered. "... Come again?"

"Satsuki doesn't care!" Nonon said. "You groom, you make sure you're prim and proper and clean yourself."

"I keep my hair short so that it's easier to do." Ryuko said, flatly.

"Yeah, but you still do it." Nonon leaned back. "Satsuki, though? She doesn't *care*. She just really cares about getting to *you*."

Ryuko stared at her for several good seconds... before it caught up to her. "Oh... *ooooooh*." She frowned. "... Hrm."

"Of course, learning how to fight with *that* means learning how to fight like a *nudist*."

Ryuko clenched her teeth. "... I can do a lot of things, but that is *not* one of them." She sighed. "... I'm hoping you're wrong."

"Probably not." Nonon shrugged. "You just gotta, you know, not be so self-conscious about it."



"That can hardly be the only thing." Ryuko said.

"It probably isn't, but it should at least help you out a bit!" Nonon tried to put a hand on Ryuko's shoulder, but she just scooted away before she could. "... You always do that."

"Hm?" Ryuko blinked.

"Scoot away before I touch you. Actually, before *anyone* touches you." Nonon put a hand to her chin. "Actually... you stopped doing that close to the end of middle school. Before then, *you* were the touchy-feely one."

Ryuko shook her head. "I just don't want to be touched anymore." Ryuko said. "Personal preference."

"Yeah, but it kinda skeeves me out. Makes you look like an arrogant bitch."

"But that's not what it is, though. I just don't like being touched." Ryuko said, flatly.

"Suit yourself, then."

[=]

A/N: NANI SORE NANI SORE NANI SORE NANI SORE NANI  
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SORE NANI SORE

## 12

Less than thirty minutes later, Satsuki walked down the hallway with Mako by her side. By now, she actually wasn't getting *too* terribly annoyed by Mako's antics. In fact, the girl had actually grown on her, even if just a little. "So really, that's what happened?"

"Yeah!" Mako said. "The chainsaw was all bloody, too! We thought my brother was a goner until we saw that it was just 'cause he stole from the slaughterhouse."

In the middle of the talk, however, Satsuki's eyes fell upon a certain someone in the middle of a hall. Her rifled eyes glared, meeting halfway as she stared right into the eyes of Ryuko Kiryuin. They slowly walked past each other, and the world around them seemed to slow.

"... Your blood pressure just went up a little." Junketsu noted. "... Are you angry, perhaps?"

"A little." Satsuki muttered as they just passed.

Mako stared at the president, then at Satsuki. "Oi! You look kinda strange?"

"Hm?" Satsuki turned.

"Like you went all dark or somethin'."

"Dark?"

"Yeah! You got all kind of moody."

Satsuki laughed a little. "You don't need to worry!" She said, before she looked back at Ryuko. "... But I still need to get her."

[=]

Kinue sat inside of her bunker, before she noted something else. She threw a stylus into her mouth, before she put up her PDA and started writing down information pertaining to Sastuki. "A bit stuffy..." She noted. "Kinda arrogant... a little. Cool-headed... stuff." She looked at Junketsu. "She seems to be talking to seemingly nobody... and the suit is..." She grinned. "Oh... Oh that *is* interesting."

"What is?" Aikuro stood behind her, before Kinue sighed and stood up.

"Satsuki's talking to the uniform."

"Hm?" [Aikuro](#) raised an eyebrow as his glasses slipped from his face. His hair exploded into blue, flowing locks as his shirt suddenly split open.

"It's moving its eyes around. And randomly, she'll talk and it's not even to Mako. In fact, Mako just seems to be accepting that." Kinue leaned back. "It really *is* like she has no shame."

"As to be expected of Matoi's daughter." His shirt slipped off of his arms, as it slowly floated towards the ground. His pants, immediately, started loosening for no apparent reason. "She does not care for appearances, only function."

"Yup." Kinue stood up. "Would you mind putting your clothing back on?"

"Hm?" Aikuro frowned. "But we're alone with nobody else here."

"That's precisely it." Kinue said back. "You have a class to get back to, right?"

His eyes blinked. "... You're right. That's important." He ran back up, before Kinue leaned forwards towards the console.

"Alright... now... part two."

[=]

Suddenly, there was a rope wrapped around Satsuki's ankle. Her eyes widened at the sudden grip, before she saw that it led outside. "... What the-" Suddenly, she was *yanked* off of her feet *hard*. Her face slammed into the ceiling, threw her around outside, dragged her across the floor, knocked over a large number of dangerous chemicals and caused a number of catastrophic failures involved with the creation of various deadly substances. Her face scraped against a chalkboard, causing a horrible screeching sound to echo through the room, before she slid across the ground *over and over and over again*.

"Satsuki!" Mako shouted, before she saw Satsuki being thrown outside like a limp ragdoll. The poor girl smacked into a wall, smacked into another wall, wrapped herself around Gamagoori's neck, immediately causing the poor man to go flipping backwards, before she quickly weaved in-and-out of nearby windowframes, before being dragged across a hardwood floor.

[=]

Kinue, as of this moment, found it very difficult to breathe.

[=]

A/N: At least Kinue isn't actively trying to kill Satsuki.

## 13

Gamagoori stared at the ceiling, before he immediately picked himself up with the *slamming* of feet and hands against the ground. **"MATOI!"**

Satsuki just screamed in response, before Gamagoori immediately noticed that she was just being dragged around the halls hilariously and limply.

"Oh." He stared. "... Uh... oh."

**"GAMAGOORI!"** He turned to see Mako running by him, before she stopped and panted. "S-Satsuki's being pulled around the school!" She panted.

"I saw that, Mankanshoku." He looked around. "Are you going after her?"

"Yes!" Mako gasped.

Gamagoori shrugged. "Unless something else happens, you don't have to worry. I will-" Suddenly, there was a big, colorful, rainbow explosion from one of the lower floors of the school, followed quickly by students flying out of the newly-made hole with a loud scream. Satsuki tumbled across the courtyard, before Gamagoori just groaned. "... Oh."

"Satsuki!"

"... That's not good."

[=]

"Kick! Punch! It's all in the mind!"

"No need to quote movies, Sanageyama." Ryuko took a breath, before she knocked a sandbag off of its chain. "Just... let me train."

"I was quoting an old game." He said, simply. "You know, it never stops impressing me how *well* you can fight."

She whipped herself around, before she *backhanded* a wooden dummy. It exploded into splinters. "Why would it impress you?"

"Mostly your stature." He said, honestly.

"Are you calling me short?" Ryuko raised an eyebrow.

Sanegayama shrugged with a smirk. "Yup."

"Well, I guess we've got fun times in store." She punched another bag, before it immediately broke its own chain and exploded. Sand went everywhere, before she punched another pad. "Calling me *short*."

"Well, you are." Sanageyama said, frankly. "You compare with Nonon in terms of shortness. Satsuki *towers* over you."

"Satsuki is *older* than I am." Ryuko said, flatly, before she moved. "Also, I'm changing."

"I won't look." Sanegayama said.

"... That doesn't mean you can stay."

"It's not like I have any reason to look."

"Would you *mind leaving*?" She glared at him.

"Fine, fine." Sanageyama waved a hand before he left the room, leaving Ryuko to quickly change into the Kamui. She slipped on an arm bracelet from REVOCs, before she slapped it three times. Three needles pierced her arm, before she immediately transformed.

'*Don't think about it don't think about it don't think about it-*' She clenched her teeth as her Kamui transformed, and she stood still, glowing with a bright pink energy. "I can *feel* it, Senketsu." She said,

before the uniform trembled with power. She punched a nearby sandbag, before she sliced apart a wooden dummy. The bag didn't just break, it *disintegrated*, with pellets of sand bursting out of the side of the tower. The dummy itself started falling apart, before it exploded into wooden chunks.

Ryuko just smirked as she stood up. "It works!" She says. "It *works!*" She jumped up. "Yes! I knew it would-!"

"Impressive, Kiryuin!" Sanageyama said, before Ryuko quickly paused. She turned to see him leaning on the doorframe, before she was immediately made conscious of her outfit. As soon as she felt that, it started trying for another connection. Her strength was sapped, before she *immediately* pulled it off.

"*Shit*, Sanageyama!" Ryuko shouted. Her decorum and rank disappeared for a moment. "I almost got the thing to *work!*"

"Actually, you did." He said, frankly. "It outright *did* work. But the moment I came back, it didn't." He pointed a finger towards her. "Self-conscious, you are."

Ryuko opened her mouth to retort, but she stopped. "... Yeah, I guess I am." She crossed her arms with a blush as she slipped her uniform back on. "... I don't want other people to see that."

"I understand. It's hard to be naked in front of strangers."

"Not just that." Ryuko said. "It doesn't make me just uncomfortable. It's a little terrifying for me, to be completely honest."

"Hm." He nodded. "Well if you want to talk about it... you have Nonon."

Ryuko nodded. "Closest friend."

Sanageyama sighed a little at that. "Yup. Your closest."

"Thanks for talking." Ryuko said, before she walked off.

[=]

A/N: Ryuko is a happy child. Ryuko is a happy teenager. Ryuko isn't happy anymore.



## 14

"... Hm..."Satsuki looked around. "Where the hell..." She paused, before Junketsu tugged. "... Stop tugging me."

"I'm your shirt. I can do as I please."

"No you can't. I'm wearing you."

"You've merely forced your arms through my sleeves."

"I think you can go fu-"

With a sudden *woosh*, Satsuki was thrown off of her feet by a gust of air. She pulled her scissor blade out and *slammed* it into the ground, dragging across the dirt before she saw the perpetrator. "The fuck was *that?!'*"

A gigantic, black and red-lined paper airplane folded itself mid-flight, before a single bespectacled head popped out of it. The thing flapped in the air as the man on top shouted.

**"I AM HERE, SATSUKI MATOI, TO CHALLENGE YOU!"**

"What kind of club do you even *lead?*"

"I am **SHINJI MUDAMUDA**, captain of the **PAPER AIRPLANE CONSTRUCTION CLUB!**"

**[SHINJI MUDAMUDA: CAPTAIN OF THE PAPER AIRPLANE CONSTRUCTION CLUB]**

Satsuki raised an eyebrow. "... Are you serious?"

**"DEAD SERIOUS!"** He shouted, before his plane transformed into a jet fighter. "This courtyard will be your **GRAVE!**"

[=]

Ryuko watched from her place up above the city as Satsuki fought the Paper Airplane Club Captain dramatically in the courtyard. She watched Satsuki get blown through a chunk of the school, before she flew out the other end and tumbled across the dirt. Ryuko blew on her cup of tea, before she watched Satsuki slice off a club member's wing, only for five more to beat the crap out of her.

She was wrapped in a ball of paper, before she finally threw them off with a transformation and a swing of her scissor blade. This time, though, something seemed different. She lasted a bit longer. *Quite* a bit longer. Long enough to destroy most of the uniforms with a single slash before she went to fight the last member.

Ryuko sighed. "... Why am I so bad at this?" She said. She didn't really have a reason to feel bad about herself.

You let her get close.

She took a step back and sighed, before she slumped back in her chair. She was dressed in her traditional uniform again, with a coat and her sword at the wayside. She took a breath, before she heard the light footsteps of Nonon right behind her. "Nonon?"

"Hey." She stood by Ryuko's chair, before she moved forwards. "So, how's the new blood?"

"She's improved over the course of just a day." Ryuko crossed her arms. "It's kind of impressive. I can expect her to be a bit better should we wait a little while."

"What with Kinue's trolling?"

Ryuko blinked at the term. "Is that even a real verb?"

"It was used all the time back when the web was a thing." Nonon said. "Oh, by the way, want to go outside for a bit? Walk around the city?"

"I don't particularly feel like it." Ryuko said. "I am fine just sitting here for now."

Nonon frowned a little, before she just put back up a smirk. "Suit yourself." She said, before she turned away and left.

[=]

In another part of town Gamagoori narrowed his eyes. **"So, was that rope trick *funny* to you, Kinue?"**

"Damn straight, it was!" Kinue laughed. "She went *everywhere!*"

Beside him, Inumuta just sighed. As helpful as Nudist Beach was sometimes... "What other plans do you have for Matoi?" He leaned backwards onto a nearby weapons rack. "Keeping us in the know is a good idea, after all. It's the key to a healthy alliance, isn't it?"

"True enough!" Kinue propped her feet up on her own desk, still keeping herself turned away from the boys. "Among other things..." Kinue smirked, before she pulled open a board. "Aside from directing a *ton* of two-stars by having Ryuko dangling the benefit of a three-star uniform above thier heads-!" She showed a terribly drawn sketch of Satsuki in Junketsu fighting a bunch of two stars with a stickfigure Ryuko holding a three-star uniform on a fishing pole. "I'm also gonna fight her *myself!* And then, after that's all done, then maybe, *maybe* Ryuko herself will fight Satsuki, proving herself to be the superior fighter!"

Gamagoori nodded. "A kind of tournament of sorts, you say? It sounds quite *fair*, and even abides by the rules we set forth."

Inumuta frowned. "Just one problem."

"Yeah? Wassat?" Kinue grinned.

Gamagoori crossed his arms. "... Ryuko is having problems wearing her Kamui."

"Well, she's been clothed most of 'er life and has a psychotic fashionista as a mother. It's kinda clear that-"

"No." Gamagoori leaned forwards. "I think it's a bit worse."

Kinue dropped her grin. "Hm?"

"She's afraid of something." Inumuta said. "So why not have you talk to her about it?"

"Hm? Why would you have *me* talk to her about it?"

"Because *you* are the one who made a Kamui, Kinagase!" Gamagoori said. "You know better than *any* of us about this."

Inumuta adjusted his glasses. "If anything you can at *least* open her up."

Kinue just sighed. "I'll see what I can do, then." She pursed her lips. "She might just be shy or some shit."

"If that were it, I'm certain that progress with the Kamui would go faster." Inumuta said.

"And, more to the point..." Gamagoori leans forwards. "I am not speaking as her subordinate, but as her friend." He frowned deeply. "I'm worried about her."

"We all are." Inumuta's mask didn't move, but his eyes darted towards the floor.

Kinue looked at the both of them, before she put on a soft smile. "I said it before, I'll say it again. I'll see what I can do."

[=]

A/N: DED.

## 15

"So your friends tell me you've been having some trouble handling Senketsu, right?"

Ryuko nodded as Kinue just walked around the penthouse with a full plate of food. "Yes."

"Like, *loads* of trouble." She tapped her feet against the hardwood. "Nice flooring by the way. Actually, whole place looks nice. Has that traditional feel to it."

"It had to be repaired multiple times." Ryuko said with her arms crossed.

Kinue put the plate down on an end table as she just sat across from Ryuko on a couch. "So, what happened? Mind telling me why you're having a hard time using Senketsu?"

Ryuko bit her lip. "... I don't like being exposed."

"Well, it's not like you're in bad shape." Kinue crossed her arms behind her head and propped her legs up as a bright violet light flooded the room. Ryuko blushed a little. "In fact, quite the opposite! You're in *fantastic* shape. Damn well-toned and all that stuff."

"Hm?" Ryuko seemed a bit distracted. "I-I mean, yes! Thank you." She looked at Kinue for a few seconds. "C-could you put your legs down for a moment?"

"Oh. Alright." Kinue shrugged a little before she quickly put them down. "Now, what I want to know is just what's eatin' you. Can't just be the fear of bein' exposed." Kinue leaned forwards. "Is that it?"

Ryuko shook her head. "... It..." She clenched her teeth. Her hand was wrapped around the arm of the couch before she promptly crushed it a little.

"... That doesn't seem good." Kinue muttered.

"I don't like doing it." Ryuko said. "Just... just the *thought* of wearing something like... something like *that* in the middle of public sends chills down my spine."

"Well, you just need to imagine that everyone else is-"

"That *isn't* why I can't wear it." Ryuko said. "I can't *do* that. I can't. I just *can't*." She took a deep breath and curled up into a ball on the couch. "... As much as I want and *need* to... I can't."

"... Mind telling me why?" Kinue said with a smile. "I won't tell anyone. Promise."

Ryuko stared at her... before she clenched her teeth. "... You... Not even my friends. *Especially* not them."

"Heh." Kinue leaned forwards. "Now, come on. Tell Auntie Kinue what's eating you."

### **[CHAPTER THREE: CAN'T GET THESE THOUGHTS OUT OF MY HEAD]**

Satsuki walked off the campus, before she was immediately smacked in the face by Mako's forehead. "Hey!" She grinned. "You're done!"

"Not a moment too soon, either." She took a deep breath and sighed. "They just dogpiled me out of nowhere." She looked at Junketsu. "You're obeying me a bit better, too!" She said.

"Working with."

"Whatever." Satsuki waved a hand. "Subjugation is freedom."

"... What."

"*Your* subjugation is *my* freedom."

"... That makes more sense, but I do not particularly appreciate-"

"Satsuki, are you talking to your uniform?"

"Hm?" Satsuki raised an eyebrow. "Well, yes. It speaks to me."

"... OOOOOOOOh!" Mako smiled. "Oh! Can it talk to me?"

"I don't see why not. I thought you could hear it already."

Mako leaned towards Satsuki's chest. *"HI JUNKETSU! Are you Satsuki's friend?"*

***"HOW DARE YOU EVEN SUGGEST SUCH A THING."*** The thing started moving on Satsuki's chest. It tried forcing her arms, only for Satsuki to hold firm without much effort. ***"HOW DARE YOU-"***

"No need to kill the innocent, Mister Tough Guy." Satsuki snickered. "Calm thine mammies."

***"I DON'T EVEN HAVE THOSE."***

"Whatever. Calm them anyway."

"Oh! It's responding!" Mako said. "Cool!"

***"I WILL BURN YOUR FAMILY AND KILL YOUR HOUSE!"***

"You got that reversed."

***"I DON'T CARE."***

[=]

A/N: brb losin mah way lol

## 16

A/N: This is the darkest thing I've ever written. If I screw up my portrayal here... then please. *Please* tell me. Subjects like these deserve as much care as humanly possible, and if you feel that I haven't treated this with as much gravitas as it deserves, then please tell me.

[=]

Kinue stared at her in shock. "She... she did that to you?"

Ryuko wiped her eyes, before she slowly nodded. A strangled sob escaped her throat.

Kinue sat back. "Oh my god, Ryuko." She tried finding words, before she just looked at the ground. "... She should be your *mother*."

"She stopped being that a long time ago." Ryuko finally controlled herself long enough to keep a straight expression. "She... she's not my mom. She gave birth to me but that is *not my mother*." She clenched her teeth together before she wiped her eyes. "I... I c-can't touch anyone without th-*thinking* of that."

Kinue stared at her, before she leaned forwards. "Did... was it just that-"

Ryuko shook her head, and Kinue's eyes widened.

"How often."

Ryuko's expression turned cold even as tears kept streaming down.

"How... *often*."

"Too often." Ryuko's voice shook. "She... it's... w-whenver I'm h-home for m-more than a day. E-ever since m-middle school."



Kinue's mouth stopped working for several seconds, before she swallowed back bile. She didn't really know what to say or do here. "I'm sorry."

"I-it's not your fault." Ryuko took another breath. "I-it's not *you*."

"And you can't tell anyone or else..." Kinue frowned. "... Or else they'd go after Ragyo for you."

Ryuko nodded.

"... Jesus." Kinue just sat with a hand covering her mouth. "... That... *jesus*."

"... Now you know why I *hate* her so much." Ryuko said, before she sniffed again.

"Yeah." Kinue frowned. "I... well... I guess I know how that part feels. Bitch should die."

Ryuko laughed lightly, before she let out another sob.

"Well..." Kinue gulped. "... You can at least talk to me." She said. "Look, Aikuro is here. My brother's here. I'm here. You can talk to us, okay?" Kinue smiled thinly. "Even if you can't tell your friends, you at least have some of us from Nudist Beach."

"... I don't... I don't think I'd forgive myself." Ryuko said. "... I don't think I *could*."

[=]

Kinue left the room, when she found the Elites standing outside. She looked at them all briefly, before her eye just stared at the floor. They watched her walk away, before they turned towards the room that she just left.

"What did she say?" Nonon asked.

Kinue opened her mouth before she stopped. "Lady Kiryuin..." Kinue gulped. "... She's not well."

"Can't you tell us anything?" Sanageyama moved forwards.

"No." Kinue shook her head. "... I can't. She asked me to keep it private."

Gamagoori raised a hand. "But-"

"No buts." Kinue said. "... I thought you told her you were all going out today?"

They all stopped, before they looked to the ground. They looked back to the door that Kinue left... before they all walked out of the building.

# 17

It was halfway up to school that Satsuki quickly realized just how *small* Mako's PJs were compared to her own. She wore a deep, angry scowl as she walked up, guitar case still slung over her shoulder before she reached the top of the school. And when she did, she saw Gamagoori standing there, arms crossed.

**"SATSUKI MATOI!"** Gamagoori shouted. **"WHERE IS YOUR UNIFORM?!"**

"Getting washed." Satsuki said, flatly as Mako waved beside her.

**"GETTING WASHED? YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT EARLIER!"** He screamed, before he waved back to Mankanshoku.

"Well, It wasn't my decision." She yawned. "Let's just say that arriving in the world's tightest PJs isn't exactly *nice*."

Gamagoori looked at her up and down. It was as though the seams around her arms and chest were about to burst, held together only by copious amounts of sports tape. "... I see. Do you usually wear that much sports tape?"

"Yeah." Satsuki crossed her arms. "I made it a habit after I got into my first fight."

"... Hm." Gamagoori crossed his arms. "Well as long as there is no indecent exposure-"

"What 'bout that thing I wore all the time last week? I mean, hell, it was *nonstop two-stars*."

"... You were still wearing a uniform." Gamagoori said. "So I'm not counting that against you."

"Alright, then." Satsuki shrugged.

**"NOW GET TO CLASS!"**

[=]

Kinue, on the other hand, was currently sitting down with her head in a good magazine. She flipped through it, with the thing supported by a sling over her shoulder, before she heard a knocking. "Come in?"

Suddenly, the door opened, and she heard footsteps. "It's Inu-"

"I know it's you, Dog." She said. "I can recognize your voice, you know." She looked back. "Any news on Ryuko's progress?"

"Yes." Inumuta's fingers flew across a holographic keyboard. "She's getting better with Senketsu. She can use it in front of Nonon now for as long as necessary, and has actually performed synchronization. She'll still need help for everything else, though."

"Goody." Kinue said. "... That's good to hear."

"Also... speaking of Ryuko..." Inumuta looked away.

"I'm not telling you what we discussed-"

"Actually... this is precisely about that."

Kinue turned. "Look. What she told me was-"

"I know exactly what she told you." Inumuta's collar remained closed. "... I've been mulling over whether or not I should have let you know that I know for the past week."

Kinue stared. "You... you *bugged* the *room*?"

"I thought it would be in her best interest that we know. Luckily, I was the only one listening in, and I cut it off as soon as..." He gulped. "... the d-description started."

Kinue looked away. "... Hm."

"I've been keeping that away from the others. They wouldn't react well... especially not Nonon."

"Huh. At least you have the sense to avoid it." Kinue frowned. "... just... still..."

"I am actually heavily restraining myself." He said, and the collar moved to show that throughout everything, his teeth were still clenched. "... Ragyo Kiryuin is a terrible human being."

"Objectively or...?"

"Objectively, she advocates the takeover of the world by COVERS, basically dooming mankind to live as fuel for an alien race. She's a terrible person." Inumuta's fist tightened. "Subjectively, *she can go fuck herself.*"

Kinue leaned back. "... Guess it's a good thing you were the who spied in."

"I find it difficult not to let anybody know." Inumuta said. "... It's what Ryuko deserves. She needs support."

A camera zoomed in on Ryuko as she transformed in Senketsu. There was a faint sound of **"LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE"** as Ryuko changed form, before she whipped Bakuzan around and turned five sandbags into burning powder and molten glass. Nonon punched the air as she watched Ryuko fight, before she came over to hug. Ryuko just waved her away, before she detransformed and walked away.

"But at the same time..." Kinue sighed. "... Thanks for sharing."

"You're welcome." Inumuta said. "... Hopefully, the Satsuki project will go well today?"

"As soon as she gets Junketsu back..." Kinue blinked. "Actually, hold that thought. We're getting something interesting right *now.*"

[=]

"HOHOHO, SATSUKI! YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR UNIFORM TODAY!" Someone shouted, before he promptly showed up with a projector for a head. "Now, the **FILM CLUB**, lead by me, **OZU KUROSAWA**, will *record your DEMISE!*"

**[OZU KUROSAWA: CAPTAIN OF THE FILM CLUB]**

"Taste our **FANTASTIC CINEMATOGRAPHY!**" A reel of film caught Satsuki by the leg, before she was thrown into the air and shined on by a *bright* projector. She shouted, before a big burly man in a one-star uniform pounded her in the face.

**"NO TALKING!"**

"But I wasn't-!" Satsuki blocked the next punch.

**"YOU JUST DID!"**

"Why can't I just have a *normal school day?!'*"

[=]

A/N: Because fuck you, Sastuki. Fuck you.

## 18



Satsuki brushed herself off, before she shouted at the school. "Come on! You'll run out of clubs eventually!"

**"THINK AGAIN!"** A voice boomed as a gigantic shadow descending from above. Wisely, every student in the area ran a fair distance away from the incoming impact as Satsuki just stood still. **"I BELIEVE IT'S TIME FOR A REMATCH!"**

**[KYOUKO ISAFUNE: SUMO WRESTLING CAPTAIN]**  
**[MARK II GOKU UNIFORM]**

Kyouko crashed through the subtitles, and *slammed* into the ground. Satsuki was thrown into the air before she dragged her scissor blade across the ground. "Shouldn't you have gotten *demoted*?!"

**"I'VE LEARNED FROM MY MISTAKES!"** Kyouko shouted, before she raised her foot. **"AND I'VE LEARNED NEW TRICKS!"** She stomped *hard*, sending a line of rock pillars Satsuki's way.

"Couldn't you just wait until I have Junketsu?"

**"THIS IS MUCH MORE PRAGMATIC!"** She raised her fist, before Satsuki raised her hands.

"Wait, wait *wait*!" She shook her hands. "How about you just fight the other two-stars for an opportunity to fight me? And whoever wins *that*, gets the-" She's immediately socked in the face and sent tumbling across campus.

**"FUCK THAT! YOU DIE NOW!"**

Satsuki sputtered as she poked her head out of the crater. "... It was worth a try." She wrestled her scissor blade out, before she started running towards Kyouko.

[=]

"Alright! It's done getting cleaned!" Sukuyo said, as Junketsu just sighed in relaxation. She patted its back, before folding it quickly. "Alright, now it just needs to get up to the academy..." She smirked... before she saw a man dressed in a longcoat walking by. She waved it outside. "Mind bringing this up, Captain?"

Mikisugi looked at her and nodded. "Alright, Mankanshoku." He started his way back up as Sukuyo just sighed.

"Whew!" She walked back to the rest of her laundry. "Helping out a conspiracy is hard work!"

[=]

Ryuko slipped Senketsu on, before she readied the transformation. "Okay. You can block off those thoughts, right?"

It didn't quite know what she was talking about

"Well, it'll be worth it, hopefully." She flipped three of her pins, before immediately, she transformed.

**"LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE!"** A flash of red erupted out of the apartment, before she looked around. She didn't feel that shameful... until she looked down. Already she started losing any pretense of getting stronger, before she stopped transforming out of fear of blacking out again. "... Okay so much for that."

"So much for what?"

Ryuko let out a yelp, before she turned to see Sanageyama standing by. "Sorry, I was trying to think of ways to wear Senketsu. I tried to have him keep the thoughts at bay but..." She shook her head. "He can't do that."

"Hm." Sanageyama crossed his arms. "Really seems like you have to work on whatever it is!" He shouted with all the bravado he could



muster. "After all, you *are* Lady Kiryuin! I saw you knock five-hundred men back with a single shout!"

"*Your* men." Ryuko said, flatly.

"Well, yes, but it led to a wonderful friendship!" He grinned. "If you can do that, I'm sure you can wear Senketsu!"

Ryuko nodded slowly. He really *didn't* know. "Well, thanks for the pep talk." She murmured.

"Anytime!" Sanageyama said, before he leaped out of the room.

Ryuko, on the other hand, just took a breath and looked up. "At least you tried, Senketsu."

It just frowned.

[=]

A/N: Nope.

## 19

Satsuki dodged and weaved around Kyouko, slicing away at her uniform before it eventually exploded in a shower of clothing parts.

### [SEN-I-STOP ATTACKING ME]

"I'm getting *really tired* of this." Satsuki sputtered. Her arm was broken in a few places, her face was covered in bruises and cuts, and when she walked forwards, she noticed something. Her arm seemed to be healing *pretty quickly*. It was *broken*, but yet it was healing. "... What?" Suddenly, Junketsu was sent flying through the air towards Satsuki, before she promptly grabbed it with her remaining hand. "Yo. What took you so long?"

"Being brutally tortured by the Mankanshokus." He said, flatly, before she sliced her hand open and slapped it against him.

To outsiders, it looked like Satsuki was being eaten by Junketsu, before she appeared in a bizarre, skimpy outfit. Her broken arm was fixed immediately. "There we go. Hey you actually smell nicer now."

"I hate you."

Satsuki turned to the school. "Does anyone *else* want to give it a go?! Because I'm getting *really tired* of this!"

[=]

"You know, I think this phase of training is about done." Kinue said, before she turned to Inumuta. "Tell the clubs that they can stop giving Iori more work for now."

"Already done." He said. "So when are *you* going to force her to go into override?"

"Eh. Soon enough." Kinue said. "Ryuko just needs to perform a proper synchronize in front of everyone. The only problem is..."

"Trauma isn't an easy thing to get over." Inumuta finished. "I understand that. Expecting her to get over something like..." He gulped. "... *that* would be stupid."

"She could. It would just take a while..." She frowns. "But mommy dearest is just *piling* it on her and *piling* it on her." She leaned back.

Inumuta coughed into his fist. "Anyways, how are the hidden members doing?"

"Well, plan 'keep Junketsu away from Satsuki' worked." Kinue grinned. "A week ago, she wouldn't have been able to beat Kyouko."

"And then she plowed through three clubs. She's getting used to it." Inumuta said. "She lets herself get knocked around a bit, before she pulls off a hastily-made plan." He leaned back. "Kind of a clever girl, for a delinquent."

"Weren't you one?" Kinue muttered.

"A bit." He shrugged. "I crashed the stock market."

"Please tell me you still do that shit."

He smirked. "Naturally."

Kinue raised a fist, before he did the same.

**[FIST BUMP]**

"Groovy."

[=]

Nonon walked into the room where Ryuko was currently working out. She looked around, before she saw Senketsu just staring at her. "Kinda creepy there."

"Senketsu is just being a bit protective. That's all." Ryuko jogged around the building just outside. It was a short pathway, suspended

high over the rest of the academy. She finally stopped, before she swiped a bottle of water. "Anyway, mind explaining why you're here?"

"Nothin' much." Nonon shrugged. "Just that Kinue said that Satsuki's been kicking ass *without* her uniform."

Ryuko sputtered a little. "Whoa, that was fast."

"Yeah." Nonon crossed her arms. "She's not getting challenged. Just getting really sick of it."

Ryuko looked down at the school grounds and, indeed, Satsuki was yelling, probably about how sick of fighting two-stars she was. "I don't think we should send you guys down to fight her yet."

"We'd stomp her." Nonon said, flatly.

"That's what I was thinking, too." Ryuko sat back. "... Though that might be good incentive for her to actually attempt override."

Nonon nodded. "Yeah... Gamagoori?"

"My impenetrable shield?" Ryuko smiled. "I think he should have first dibs."

"He always enjoys whipping the students." Nonon snickered.

"Hardcore." Ryuko giggled a little.

"Ero Gamagoori."

"Pervert Regalia."

They both stared at each other, before they burst out laughing.

"That's the first time I've seen you laugh like that in a while!" Nonon wiped her eyes a little. "You're usually putting up this whole 'I'm aloof' facade."

Ryuko looked away.

"... I know don't want to talk about whatever it is but..." She leaned forwards. "You know that we're-"

Suddenly, Senketsu passed in front of her with a growl and a glare. It stared her down, before it immediately put its arms out. "The hell?"

"Oi, Senketsu-!" Ryuko said, before it just glared at Nonon.

She just stared at it, then at Ryuko. "... Sorry. I almost touched you. I'm sorry." She took a few steps back. "... Uh..." She looked at Senketsu, then at Ryuko.

"Senketsu, you didn't need to do that-"

It just moved forwards, keeping a cold stare leveled at Nonon. She just frowned and walked away, before Senketsu turned to look at Ryuko.

"Senketsu... she was a friend."

It looked at her, then at the door that Nonon just walked out of. "... Senketsu."

[=]

"I just got stopped by a *shirt*." Nonon said. "... It's so fucking ridiculous..." She clenched her teeth. "... And I still feel like shit." She looked back once, before she turned back forwards. "Not even her shirt wants me to touch her."

[=]

A/N: NOBODY LIKES YOU, NONON. NANI SORE NANI SORE

## 20

"That's pretty pathetic of you, Jakuzure." Nonon paused, before she glared at Inumuta.

"What, not being able to hug someone I like because a shirt blocked me?"

"Exactly." Inumuta smirked.

"Don't be an ass."

"I'm joking at your expense." He said. "It's honestly worrying."

She leaned on a nearby wall, before Inumuta just joined her. "So, where were you?"

"Talking to a nudist."

"Which one? The city's jam-packed with them."

"Kinagase."

"Ah." Nonon blinked before she glared at him. "... Which one?"

"Kinue."

"Ah." She sighed. "... Okay, so any news on that front?"

"Satsuki is about ready to face either one of us or Kinue herself."

"Come a decision?"

"Not really." Inumuta shrugged. "Though Gamagoori might just rip her a new one and throw her in the mines. He thinks that it might build character."

Nonon snickered. "Nice metaphor."

"Not quite a metaphor. More like Gamagoori is getting annoyed by her less-than-stellar antics."

"Like...?"

"Not really caring about class, sleeping in class, when the teacher does something she doesn't like she actually will comment on it in a snide manner."

"Really?" Nonon blinked.

"She hasn't been touched yet because of the two-star fighting program, but he wants to change that."

"Heh. Let 'er go to the mines." Nonon smiled. "It'd be fun to watch her get her ass kicked."

"That already happens."

"But it'll happen more than usual." She snickered.

"You're a terrible person."

"You crash economies for *fun*."

"To my credit, I only destroy REVOCs brand things, and I can't be traced." He adjusted his glasses.

"Justification for ruining peoples' lives~!" Nonon said in a sing-song voice.

"But I'm still limiting *COVERS*." At this point, Inumuta wasn't being all that serious.

"Still a flimsy justification, Doggie." She stood up. "Now 'scuse me, I have things to do."

"Like...?"

"Trying to figure out how to cheer up Ryuko without touching her." She walked off, before Inumuta just sighed.

"... She'd probably react the worst out of all of us." He muttered.

[E]

**"MATOIIIIIIIIIIII!"** Satsuki took her feet off of her desk as soon as Gamagoori stretched his way inside the classroom. His arm hit the window, his head pushed the ceiling, and his foot *slammed* against the ground as he towered over the students and teacher. **"I HAVE HEARD MULTIPLE ACCOUNTS OF YOUR DISOBEDIENCE, DELINQUENCY AND GENERAL LACK OF PROPER CONDUCT!"**

"Why haven't you punished me yet?" Satsuki said, flatly. "Besides, I already stripped a ton of your clubs. Aren't you gonna punish me for that, too?"

**"THAT PART IS ACTUALLY MANDATED AND ENCOURAGED BY THE VERY SYSTEMS THAT THIS SCHOOL IS BUILT UPON!"**

Suddenly, an *enormous* amount of paper smashed into Satsuki's desk, immediately crushing it under its weight. **"AND THIS IS WHY WE HAVEN'T PUNISHED YOU YET. THE AMOUNT YOU'VE DONE HAS WARRANTED AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF PAPERWORK!"**

Satsuki stared at it, then at him. "... Okay, you have to admit that's kind of impressive."

**"IT IS FOR ALL OF THE WRONG REASONS!"** Gamagoori slammed his fist down. **"YOU WILL DUEL ME TODAY, AFTER SCHOOL! IF YOU FAIL, THEN YOU WILL BE SENT TO THE DETENTION MINES UNTIL DAYBREAK!"** He glared at her. **"DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MATOI?!"**

"Accepted." Satsuki said with a smirk.



**"GOOD."** Gamagoori retreated out of the room. **"NO EXCEPTIONS. NO ESCAPE!"**

Mako walked over to her. "Ooooooooooooooh! Are you really gonna do it?! I've never seen anyone beat Gamagoori before!"

"Well, it'll be worth a shot. I've gotten bored of beating down two-stars anyway." She ruffled Mako's hair.

"Yay!"

[=]

A/N: DISCIPLINE INTENSIFIES.

## 21

Several hours later, Satsuki walked into the enormous gymnasium. While most of the school was high above the rest of the city, this particular part was a part of a gigantic cavern beneath the school. She crossed her arms as she walked inside, eager to fight Gamagoori. Mako grabbed her arm.

"You sure you'll be okay against him?"

Satsuki shrugged. "I dunno. I mean, hell, he's *three star*. I've been fighting *two stars*. What kind of a difference would a single star ranking warrant?"

**"MATOI!"** As if to answer, Gamagoori's booming voice echoed throughout the gym, as several lines of bleachers shot out of the walls. Lines of students, a group of rowdy no-stars on one end and a bunch of orderly one-stars on the other, sat, staring at them. **"ARE YOU READY?!"**

"I've been ready ever since you told me you were gonna fight me!" Satsuki smirked, before she whipped out her blade. She dragged it across her hand, before she slid it across Junketsu's surface. It transformed, as Gamagoori raised his own hands.

"Then... I guess it's time, then." He said, before he clenched his fists... and transformed. His uniform exploded into threads as it rearranged itself. Clothpiece after clothpiece weaved into each other before they *locked* themselves into place, strings dancing across the surface as they all came into position. Gamagoori himself, naked among the weaves, raised his arms, before it all *locked* onto his body, everything sealing shut as he finished transforming. **"THREE STAR GOKU UNIFORM!"** He screamed, as his feet smashed into the dirt. **"SHACKLE REGALIA!"**

**[SHACKLE REGALIA]**

"Oi..." Satsuki stared at it. "... The hell?"

Gamagoori was there... wrapped completely in layers of cloth. His face was covered by a gag, and his eyes were hidden by shadow. "... I'm right here, Matoi." He said.

"But... you can't *do* anything." She said, flatly. "... You just... you just locked yourself up." She smirked. "You're gonna goad me into attacking you, aren't yah?" She stabbed the ground with her scissor blade, and sat on the handle.

Gamagoori smirked. "... You didn't think I had a contingency plan?" Several of the wraps unraveled, before he started slapping *himself*. "If I cannot get help from someone else, *then I pump myself full of power!*"

If Satsuki was drinking something, she would have spit it out. Mako, on the other hand, sputtered. "He's a *pervert!*"

"Not a pervert!" Gamagoori shouted as his uniform swelled in size.

"Not a pervert? You're doing *that* in *public!*" Satsuki whipped her blade out, before she attempted to slash at Gamagoori. Instead... it [transformed again](#), right before she even had a chance to hit it. In a burst of cloth and debris, the ground beneath their feet splintered and crashed, as students immediately screamed and started to run. Several whips, each covered in spikes and thorns, rippled across the ground, before they all slammed into Satsuki's sides. She screamed in pain, before one of them wrapped around her leg. Even through Junketsu, she could feel it, before she was dragged across the ground and thrown in the wall behind the bleachers.

**"SECONDARY TRANSFORMATION! SCOURGE REGALIA!"**

**[SCOURGE REGALIA]**

"What... the *fuck...*" Satsuki sputtered, before gravity peeled her off of the wall. She bounced against the ground as she hit it, rolling onto

her back as the shadow of Gamagoori loomed over her. She grabbed her scissor blade, as Junketsu looked up at her.

"... You're not doing too well."

She coughed. "You are one *shitty* uniform." She grabbed the blade with both hands. **"COME O-!"** With one hand, Gamagoori blocked the blade, before he ripped it out of her hands. Satsuki stared at it in disbelief, before she looked at *him*. "Y-you-!"

**"DISGRACEFUL!"** Gamagoori shouted, before several vines wrapped around her midsection. Satsuki screamed in pain again, before the thorns pierced her sides, drawing blood. **"I EXPECTED YOU TO LAST LONGER!"** At the end of the gymnasium, a gigantic pair of doors opened to an elevator, before she was *slammed* into it. The metal was dented, before she detransformed. The scissor blade was thrown in afterwards, as Gamagoori shouted.

**"ENJOY YOUR TIME IN DETENTION!"** He shouted as the doors slowly shut. **"SATSUKI MATOI!"**

And with a final *bang*, Satsuki Matoi was locked inside, before the elevator descended deep below Honnouji City.

[=]

From above the gym, Ryuko watched the elevator descend. She sighed, before Soroi offered her another cup of tea. "No thanks." She says. "... She didn't master her suit, either."

"That wasn't a fight." Nonon said. "That was a *massacre*."

"That's Gamagoori." Inumuta crossed his arms. "Typical."

"Well, he was always one for rules and regulations." Ryuko said. "The man has passion. I can't fault him for that."

Sanageyama looked at her. "He was, wasn't he? I remember that he was all kinds of a stickler for four years."

"I can respect that." Ryuko said. "Always could."

#### **[FOUR YEARS AGO]**

"Go ahead and jump!" A boy shouted. "You got milk on my girlfriend's uniform!"

"It'll take *ages* for it to wash out." The girl laughed. "You could just kill yourself now... and hell, we'd forgive you!"

A much smaller boy, one who trembled at the sight of them, had one leg over the side of the railing and another holding him aside. "I-I... !"

**"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!"** A voice echoed across the rooftop, as both the boy, the girl, and the group around them turned. Immediately, a gigantic man, with much shorter hair, towered above them.

#### **[THIRD YEAR MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT: IRA GAMAGOORI]**

"Well, if it isn't the student council president!" The boy laughed.

"G-Gamagoori!" The smaller boy shook. "N-No! I-I have to do what th-they say! If I don't, then my dad'll be fired!"

"That's right." The other boy smirked. "He works at *my* old man's company."

His girlfriend snickered. "And *my* dad is chief of police. He'll cover things like this up without a problem."

"Houjou... Imagawa..." Gamagoori took a step forwards. **"YOU DARE CALL YOURSELVES HUMAN BEINGS?!"**

"We're certainly human..." The boy said. "And it's because of that we understand the fear of *status* and *authori-!*" Suddenly, a blur of red and black passed in front of him, before a fist flew into his face. The girl gasped in shock, as the blur ran over to the smaller boy, grabbed his hand, and *yanked* him off the fence.

"What the hell?!" The girl shouted, before this new figure revealed herself. Her short black hair blew among the wind, as her girl's uniform, a stark white, separated itself from the crowd.

**[SECOND YEAR MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENT: RYUKO KIRYUIN]**

"Mind telling me what exactly you were doing here?" She said, coldly.

"Y-you!" The boy held his nose, as the girl ran over.

"Get her!" She shouted, as Ryuko just clutched her sword with her hand... and smirked.

She sliced it across the ground *once*, and immediately, part of the roof *exploded* in a shower of debris. Several people were sent tumbling across helplessly, as the girl was smacked in the face by a chunk of roof. She held her face, as Ryuko just stared at whoever remained. "I wasn't even *trying* to hit any of you." She glared. "And if you have *any* sense at all, you will *run!*"

Immediately, several people started scrambling away, leaving just the boy and the girl. "It is my first day here... and what do I see?!" Ryuko stood above them, her shadow looming over the both of them.

"Y-You *bitch!*" The boy wiped the blood from his face. "I'll *definitely* be-!"

"Don't you bother." Ryuko glared. "Your dad's company was already bought out, Imagawa."

"W-What?!"

"As for you, Houjou..." Ryuko leaned forwards. "All those cover ups were found out. This wasn't the first time you sent someone off the roof to their deaths, right?"

The girl shook her head. "W-what?!"

**"YOU AREN'T HUMAN!"** Suddenly, Ryuko's voice boomed over them, as they both just trembled. Gamagoori himself was shocked by just how *sudden* this was... and it was then that a much smaller girl walked over to him.

"Yo." She said.

"Hm?" He turned. "Another new student."

"Nonon Jakuzure." She said.

**[SECOND YEAR MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENT: NONON JAKUZURE]**

"... She... without any question-"

"Yeah." Nonon sighed. "She does this a lot."

"You two are *ants!*" Ryuko spat. "Disgusting pieces of *garbage.*"

"Y-you're bluffing." The girl said, before Ryuko grabbed her by the collar.

"Why don't you check it, then?" Ryuko held her forehead to hers.  
"Check. Your. Phone."

The girl did... before she saw the news for herself. Her eyes widened. "I-I-!"

The boy screamed as he let a fist fly, before Ryuko nonchalantly let him run into her fist with his own momentum. His own hand fell limply, before he collapsed on the ground like a ragdoll.

"You are the worst examples of humanity." Ryuko said as she stood up. "Gamagoori was your name, right?" She turned.

Gamagoori's mouth just flapped open and closed, as though he was a fish gasping for breath. Finally, he said something. "Y-yes. That's my name."

"Take care of them, will you? I think I beat them a little harshly."  
Ryuko started walking, before Gamagoori shouted. "Kiryuin!"

"Hm?" She looked back.

"You..." He stared at her.

"Yes?" She looked back. Her harsh expression was gone.

"... You are still responsible for the destruction of property-"

"I will replace it." She said back. "Just worry about getting them in a place where they can be properly punished." She walked away, leaving Gamagoori on the roof.

[=]

Gamagoori looked at Ryuko through the glass, before she just shot him a thumbs up. He nodded, before he walked out of the arena.

"Alright... that's one thing down." Ryuko said. "Inumuta. Make sure there's monitoring equipment down there."

"Already done." He said. "Everything was replaced. There's not a single camera down there that is faulty or damaged."

"Excellent." Ryuko nodded, before she passed by Sanageyama and Nonon. "Now... I'll need some more help training with Senketsu." She looked at the both of them. "Mind helping me?"

"Not at all!" Sanageyama shouted. "Hopefully we can help you get over whatever it is!"

Ryuko nodded. "Thanks." She walked over to her own elevator to the top of Honnouji tower. "Let's get to work, then." They left, as Nonon just sighed... then Ryuko poked her head out of the elevator. "You coming, Nonon?"

She smiled at the mentioning of her first name. "Of course, Ryuko." She walked back, before the doors closed.



[=]

A/N: [Loud Shouting]

## 22

Satsuki Matoi woke up at the bottom of a mine shaft. The enormous, hanging trap door of the elevator swung lazily above her as she slowly regained consciousness.

"Satsuki..." She heard Junketsu say. "... You made a terrible mistake."

"Yeah. I trusted *you*." She sighed. "You know, if I die, then that means you don't get anything else. You lose your food. And I came *exceptionally* close to dying that time."

"Yes. Blame your clothes for your inability to fight."

"Hey, Gamagoori was a *fucking strong* opponent." Satsuki glared at it. "You could have done more! Hell, I *know* you can!" She glared at it. "You didn't spend several hours in what was essentially a *clothing spa* just to get *flattened*."

"I also didn't spend several hours there to be *yelled at* by an *incompetent teenager*."

Satsuki tore him off, and promptly twisted him around dressed in her underwear and bandages. "Listen to me you *bastard*, I am your only source of sustenance!"

"And I am your only source of *strength*!"

"And you will-!"

**"SHUT UP!"** Someone shouted, before a rock was thrown right at Satsuki's head. The thing beaned her in the skull, sending both her and Junketsu flying backwards into an open pit. "This is the *detention* pit, not *have-a-delusional-argument* pit!" Another person loomed over her, dressed with a lightbulb on her head, a dirty mask with broken glass goggles, and a gigantic drill equipped on her back.

### **[CAPTAIN OF THE MINING CLUB: KIMIKO RITONA]**

"Now get to work or else we'll-!"

"Busy right now." Satsuki said at the bottom of the pit, as Junketsu promptly leaped onto her. They started fighting each other as a crowd of detention students promptly gathered around to watch the chaos.

That is, before Kimiko ripped the drill off of her back and started it up. "Okay... unless you want this to enter your *skull*, I suggest you **GET BACK TO WORK!**"

They immediately complied, before she just sighed. "This better be worth it."

### **[CHAPTER FOUR: CAREFUL WITH THAT AXE]**

A fully-transformed Ryuko punched a nearby back off of its hinges as she stood in front of both Sanageyama and Nonon. She turned around, flexing her outfit a little. "... I... O-okay, I'm handling it better." She hyperventilated a little, before she swallowed back her bile and stood up straight. Senketsu immediately took in less blood, but in return, she didn't hit quite as hard. "... S-shit." She shook her head. "I can't get a good connection unless I focus on *him*."

"Senketsu has a gender?" Nonon muttered.

Sanageyama just shrugged. "Maybe you can just forget that we're here?"

"I w-wish it was that easy." Ryuko shook her head, before she just detransformed. "It's the same problem over and over again and I can't fix it." It seemed to just glare at them both, eye switching between glaring at Sanageyama and Nonon.

"Didn't talking to Kinue last week help?" Nonon asked. She recoiled a little at the sight of Senketsu shaking as though to growl, before

Ryuko patted it lightly. It relaxed slightly at that, as Ryuko started talking.

"A little." Ryuko said. She wanted to say '*But it won't let me forget Ragyo*', but she stopped herself. "... But it didn't fix everything."

"Well, can Senketsu change his form?"

"He said no." Ryuko frowned as it just looked back up at her.

"... Have either of you actually tried changing it?"

Ryuko shook her head. "... Yes. I did."

"Well..." Sanageyama put a hand to his chin... before he blinked. "Wait. I have an idea! What about just wearing a catsuit underneath?"

"The just provides a layer of interference." Ryuko said. "I already tried it and it didn't help."

Nonon blinked. "Well... I mean, Kinue's nice and all but maybe you could talk to-"

**"NO!"** Ryuko shouted, before she put a hand to her mouth. "I-I mean no." She said quietly.

"... Well, maybe just a catsuit wherever Senketsu doesn't cover?" Sanageyama suggested.

Ryuko blinked. "... Hm?"

"Well, Iori could probably do something about that quickly." Nonon pointed at her. "Actually, that might work!"

"... That sounds like a lot of work for something with little gain." Ryuko said, flatly. "And a lot of risks."

"Actually...." Iori said as he walked in. "We could fix up a solution. We just need to figure out how to add to his stitching without destroying the main body. Make the integration as clean as possible. I mean, we don't have experience with it, but it should be possible to make something like that happen."

Ryuko nodded slowly. "... You'd be willing to do that?"

"You're Lady Kiryuin." Iori smiled. "Yes, we would. We all would."

She smiled. "... Thank you."

Iori crossed his arms. "We're dealing with uncharted territory so this might be a bit hazardous."

"Are you willing to do it, Senketsu?" She asked.

It looked up at her, before it nodded. Iori adjusted his mask

"Alright... we're in for a tough night." He turned away. "See you later, Lady Kiryuin." He said, before the doors shut behind him.

And like that, Ryuko just sighed and sat back in her chair. She felt a sinking feeling... before Senketsu tightened around her a little.

"What is it?" She asked.

It just moved her arms like a puppet, before it wrapped her arms around herself. "... Trying to hug me when I'm wearing you?"

The neck nodded in response.

"... Heh... thank you." She said, before Nonon and Sanageyama walked over.

"Think he'll be able to do it?" Sanageyama asked.

"It'll be a major achievement for the sewing club, that's for damn sure." Nonon shrugged. "... For her sake, I hope so."

[=]

A/N: 5srs7me.

## 23

Satsuki eventually made her way out of the pit, half-naked with a dazed Junketsu in her hand. She stood up, despite looking clearly battered, bruised and beaten, before she turned him around and smashed his "forehead" into hers. "*Okay, you son of a bitch.*" She glared daggers into his eyes. "Now... are you actually going to fucking *help me*, or are you going to keep being a little *shit*?" She seethed with fury and rage.

In the meantime, Junketsu just shook his "head", and replied. "Fine. Fine I'll be a bit more supportive... but I still *hate* you."

"Same." Satsuki said, before she immediately slipped him back on. Just as she did, a megaphone shouted into her ear.

***"ARE YOU QUITE DONE SHOUTING AT YOUR CLOTHES, BECAUSE WE NEED YOU TO GET RIGHT BACK TO WORK!"***

Satsuki turned to see a boy with an enormous, red, glowing megaphone and a whole bunch of equipment dedicated to powering it.

**[CAPTAIN OF THE MEGAPHONE CLUB: JOTARO NANDABA]**

Satsuki glared at him... before she smirked and grabbed her scissor blade. "Actually..."

[=]

Satsuki grumpily went back to work. Junketsu, though he did help a little, was no match for *five separate club captains at once*. "Work those mines! These pointless shafts aren't gonna dig themselves!"

"But I'm tired!" One of them shouted, before a tall man, one with a pair of earrings and a very dsheveled appearance, punched him in the face.

**"WE DON'T CARE!"** He said.

**[CAPTAIN OF THE DELINQUENCY CLUB: NAO SANDABA]**

"... What kind of name is that?" Satsuki muttered before someone whipped her back. She screamed in pain, before she turned to see a woman laughing at her.

"Instead of questioning our names, how 'bout you keep working?"

**[CAPTAIN OF THE SLAVE DRIVING CLUB: YOKO MANDABA]**

"So. Many. Ultra-specific *clubs*." Satsuki glared forwards as she kept digging, before the last one started talking.

"Well, actually, we have five-hundred-fifty-two separate clubs, with a near-constant five-hundred fifty thanks to some people disbanding, others merging, and some joining."

"... Why are you even fucking here?" Satsuki muttered. "To annoy people?"

"No, I just feel the need to give out the facts!"

"... So to annoy people, then."

**[CAPTAIN OF THE OBNOXIOUS KNOW-IT-ALL CLUB: (NOBODY CARES)]**

"I disagr-"

"Fuck off."

[=]

Ryuko stared through the windows of the sewing club main lab as she watched Senketsu being stitched by hundreds of students at once. They stitched, weaved and sewed as he sat, willingly letting himself be adjusted by them. Ryuko frowned as she watched, before she turned to Iori. "... How do you think he-"



"He was layered." Iori said. "It's really strange. It's less like he was stitched together and more like he's separate panels of square life fibers made into the shape of a uniform... then the life fibers did the rest. It didn't take long to figure out how to make the squares, but still, adding to him will be a challenge."

Ryuko nodded quietly. "... I don't want him to be hurt too much by it."

"It's like surgery for him." Iori said. "He's unconscious right now. And when he's done, he'll be much, *much* better."

"I hope you're right."

[=]

"How's our little delinquent doing?" Nonon asked.

"She just got her ass kicked by a group of two-stars." Kinue smirked. "All that strength from earlier just got sapped by the beating that Gamagoori gave her... and probably the fight she just had with Junketsu."

"That's hilarious."

"Well, you ain't seen nothing yet. Hopefully, she'll get pissed off enough that she'll come up the shaft on her own, but I'm not holding my breath." Kinue sighed. "Either way? Looks like a hell of a situation."

[=]

A/N: Satsuki and Junketsu could use some counseling.

## 24

Satsuki groaned loudly, and throughout the enormous mineshaft, it echoed. Several of the two-stars just sighed as Satsuki kept whining... before the know-it-all commented. "Shouldn't we do something?"

"Like fuckin' shut her up?" The delinquent said. "Well, could be an idea but I'd rather not unless we all go."

"What?!" The megaphone man shouted. "Why can't just one of us-!"

"Because that's a terrible idea." The driller said as she slung her weapon back over her shoulder. "She's stronger than all of us... and if we go alone, that's basically asking to get our asses kicked. I wouldn't put it past her to be actively thinking that."

"She ain't that clever."

"Really?" The driller said. "She's been getting better, and it's not just out of brute strength. Satsuki's smart, and this is probably part of some kind of plan." She sighed. "And, well, she knows that if we go after her *now*, we'd stomp her again."

"You actually know her name?" The slave driver snickered. "Shoulda known, you dyke."

"I know her name because I actually *paid attention*." Kimiko grabbed her by the neck. "And you would have, too, if you weren't busy being a *fuckup*." She spat. Yoko tried to wrestle out of her grip, before she promptly *slammed* her against the ground flat on her back, and kept her drill above her head. "Now... look. Yoko, I don't hate you. I don't like you, but I don't *hate* you..." She whirled the drill around once, prompting her to scream a little.

"N-no!"

"But call me that fucking name again, and I will *fucking ruin you*, do you understand?"

She nodded pathetically, before Kimiko stood up straight. "Good. So it's official... stay the hell away from Satsuki unless moving together, right?"

They all nodded promptly, as Kimiko just glared at them.

"Excellent."

[=]

"... They aren't buying it." Satsuki muttered.

"Of course not." Junketsu looked up at her, before she just glared down at it.

"Look, what the hell can I do to make you work with me?"

"... I don't know."

Satsuki blinked. "Come again?"

"I don't know your solution."

Satsuki groaned. "Oh, come *on*. You're so *worthless*-"

"Unless you have a solution yourself-"

"I don't have any *reason* to have a fucking solution myself." She whispered harshly. "You, on the other hand? You're the *uniform*. You should *know this*."

"I don't even know how I was *created*! How do you expect me to know this?!"

"Psssssssst."

Suddenly, Satsuki stopped hammering away at the dirt in front of her, as a trapdoor opened. Suddenly her eyes widened. "Eh?!"

"In here." A man said, dressed in a pair of glasses and blue hair. "I have a solution for you."

"You do?" Satsuki blinked.

"Just come in here." He said.

Satsuki looked around briefly. "... Not like I have much of a choice." She promptly leaped right in."

[=]

"Alright. Aikuro's got her." Kinue leaned back.

"Good." Inumuta adjusted his glasses. "Hopefully Mikisugi can give her a set of proper instructions on how to use Junketsu."

"It's not like he has an easy-manual." Kinue said, flatly. "Still, the words 'synchronize' and 'work together, not override each other' should help a little."

"A little." Inumuta brought up a holographic screen from his suit, and he replayed the video of Satsuki and Junketsu just beating the crap out of each other in the pit. "... This is the best thing I've ever recorded."

"Yup. Fuckin' gold." Kinue grinned.

[=]

A/N: POW, HAHA.

## 25

Satsuki crossed her arms. "That seems incredibly unlikely. You're completely disagreeable."

"And you're *disgusting*."

"Yet you need my blood." She smirks. "And if I die, you don't get it."

"What incentive do I have? I can just prevent you from dying outright, can't I?" He narrowed his eyes. "It's not as though you have the courage to suddenly stop living."

Suddenly, Satsuki's eyes widened... before she smirked. "... Actually... that gives me an idea."

[=]

Uptop, Ryuko joined the watchroom, where she saw Nonon and Houka watching Satsuki get into another argument. "Hey. Now what?"

"She might be transforming." Kinue said. "And..."

Suddenly, Satsuki pulled out her scissor blade.

"Okay. Looks like you're right." Ryuko said. "Think she'll actually make it do something this time?"

[≡]

She grinned as she leveled it at her stomach.

Junketsu stared at the blade, then at Satsuki. "What are you doing?" It asked.

"Simple. Something that'll get me *killed* if you don't help me completely." She grinned. "I guess this is goodbye. Unless you... you know, *help me*." Her grin widened.

"What?!" Its eyes widened. "Wait, you aren't seriously-!"

Before he finished, she *impaled* herself in the stomach. People all around her stopped to stare in horror as she ran herself through, the blade piercing through her and ending up through her back.

"Y-YOU-!" Junketsu started to scream at her as blood leaked out onto the ground.

"What are you waiting for?" Satsuki coughed with a smirk. "... *Synchronize.*"

It looked up at her, then around... before it closed its eyes, and *transformed*. Suddenly, Satsuki felt her wound close, but not completely; there was still a visible mark on her stomach where she stabbed herself, right next to her belly button. She felt power surge over her body as it transformed fully, power washing over her as a white-blue light flooded the area. The underside of her hair turned a sparkling blue as the top half remained a dark black.

**"KAMUI JUNKETSU! LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE!"**

**[JUNKETSU: LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE]**

A burst of wind and power blew open the hole she was standing in, and it sent several students flying. Every step she took caused dust and dirt to fly, as she glared down at Junketsu. "Heh... *now do you understand! YOU ARE UNDER MY WHIMS, JUNKETSU!*"

It just stared at her as she walked forwards. "Y-you're willing to go so far... I can see it now."

**"MY NAME IS SATSUKI MATOI!"** She shouted into the cavern, as the club leaders just watched her. **"I AM IN CONTROL OF JUNKETSU!"** Her smile grew wider and wider as the skin below her face and neck changed color to a stark white. "... Now why don't you *come to me?*"

[=]

Everyone just watched the screen with wide eyes, before Gamagoori entered the room with a tiny plate of biscuits and tea. **"WOULD ANYONE LIKE A DRI-**Oh... Oh Satsuki finally got it?"

The others slowly turned towards him, before Sanageyama squeezed in underneath his legs. "She finally got it!"

The others looked at each other. Then at them. "... In a way." Ryuko coughed into her fist. "Uh... yeah. She did."

[=]

A/N: Disclaimer, killing yourself will not give yourself superpowers. Please kill yourself responsibly.

## 26

Satsuki walked forwards as *people* were sent flying into the air. The six two-stars all stood, ready to fight her off. "Y-you-!"

The driller stared at all of them, before she just sighed and revved it up. "Yeah... sorry lori." She muttered.

"What're you talkin' bout!" Yoko shouted. "We can ahead-!" Suddenly, she was cut off when the blade dragged across her uniform and sent her flying into the wall.

### [SEN-I-SOSHITSU]

Satsuki laughed as she threw the sword out. "**DECAPITATION MODE!**" The thing extended, and she moved her hand down the grip.

### [DECAPITATION MODE]

The others were already prepared to attack, but Kimiko already knew what was going to happen. The delinquency club's president was stripped almost immediately, before everyone quickly followed.

"... Jesus fuck." She muttered as they fell, naked and humiliated. Satsuki threw the blade over her shoulder, as she towered over the last girl.

"Say hello to the sewing club for me~!" Her face was darkened by shadow, but her grin could be seen among the darkness. Kimiko just closed her eyes and raised a hand pathetically, before in one blow, she was stripped of uniform and dignity.



"It's done!" Suddenly, lori ran into them, before he lightly tapped Gamagoori's back. The gigantic man moved slightly. "We're done with Senketsu!"



Ryuko looked at him, then the screen, before she *ran* out of the room. Suddenly, she looked at the window, just in time to see him... looking much the same. "But... what's changed?"

"Put him on." Iori smirked, before Ryuko entered the lab.

Senketsu's eyes flickered open, as Ryuko walked over. She rubbed her hand against his sleeve, before his good eye opened wide. It picked itself up... and slowly moved itself towards her. It wrapped its arms around her waist, and immediately, Ryuko sighed in relief. "Oh thank god... he's still himself."

"Mind trying it?"

"In a separate room, maybe." Ryuko said. "Just... let me change, first, okay?"

He nodded, as Ryuko did so immediately. They walked to the top of the school, as Ryuko took a breath, and attached her bleeding bracer. "Ready, Senketsu?"

It rumbled against her, as she tapped three pins in. Suddenly, Senketsu's eye widened as he expanded into string and wire. They wrapped around her, covering her arms, legs and torso. What little skin was exposed was modest, and what was covered was covered by what looked like armor. His face covered her chest neatly, and a pair of pauldrons erupted from her shoulders. She felt calm and secure... empowered and *protected*.

When it was done, the man just stared at her. "Is it working, Lady Kiryuin?"

Ryuko stared at her hands, as she just flexed them... before a red glow illuminated the school at night. All of Honnouji city could see her on top, as Senketsu's power bathed everyone.

**"KAMUI SENKETSU!"** Ryuko shouted into the night. **"LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE!"**

**[SENKETSU: LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE]**

Everyone stared at her in awe as she stared. "I can feel it!" She said with a smile. "Thank you, Iori."

"It was a pleasure." He said with a bow, as the dawn broke above the horizon.

"And thank you, Senketsu." She touched his eyepatch, and he just rumbled lowly.

She was ready for whatever Satsuki had in store.

[=]

A/N: Shit gon git real, dawg.

The day was quiet on the surface. Students started making their way towards class as they all chatted idly about boys, girls, boygirls, girlboys, and other frivolous topics. Mako herself looked around desperately for Satsuki, as she shouted. "**Satsuki!**" She shouted into nowhere. "**Satsuki, where are you?!**"

Nothing happened... before all of a [sudden](#), the ground beneath the students started cracking. Everyone leaped backwards as the thing shook... before suddenly, Satsuki, in all of her glory burst out from underground with a triumphant yell. A dust cloud engulfed the student body as she whipped her scissor blade around once, dispelling the cloud with a wry smirk. "Yo."

"S-Satsuki!" Mako looked her up and down... before blood leaked out of her nose. "You're back! And naked!"

"Damn right, I am!" She smirked before she whipped around to the school. Junketsu looked at her once, before she tapped it. "Detransform, will yah?"

"Yes." He did so immediately, before Satsuki smirked up at the top of the school... where she saw Ryuko Kiryuin standing above her, the wind ruffling her hair and shaking her uniform.

"Satsuki Matoi!" Ryuko shouted. "I see that you've grown stronger after your time underground!"

"Uh... yeah." Satsuki said with a smirk. "What, are you going to send Gamagoori after me again or what?"

"Actually..." Ryuko flicked out her sword. "I have other plans."

"What... 'other plans'?" Satsuki raised an eyebrow.

"It'll be several weeks from now." She said. "Just keep an eye out for it. I'm sure it'll be... interesting."

[=]

## **[CHAPTER 5: THERE'S GONNA BE A BREAKOUT]**

[=]

Kinue sighed. "I was expecting her to take a *little* more time to get used to Junketsu." She looked back. "You guys doing alright?"

"We're used to less sleep." Houka sipped his cup of tea.

"Yeah. 'Course you are." Sanageyama slapped him on the back, causing the man to spill his cup. "Up all night on the internet!"

"Not reall-."

"Looking at *all* the freaky porn sites."

Inumuta grumbled, before he grabbed another cup.

"Alright, so... I guess I'll be the one fighting her later, then." Kinue yawned as she leaned back in her chair. "What 'bout Ryuko?"

"Hm?" Sanageyama leaned forward, interested.

"Is Ryuko going to fight her?"

"Actually, yes." They turned to see Ryuko herself standing. "After she fights you, she'll be fighting me, then she'll be taking care of the tournament. Simple as that. Need to get her to meet Aikuro more often, though..." Ryuko tapped her chin.

"Why not stomp her yourself?" Inumuta said. "... You fight her instead of Kinue today, then we can have that election."

"Ah." Ryuko shrugged. "Again, it's a possibility."

[=]

Satsuki yawned in class... before she was passed a note underneath. She unfolded it, as the teacher himself read out boring notes about history and Hitler and blah blah blah.

---

Mako's Scribbles said:

**HI!** I have an idea of **HOW TO GET ANSWERS** and stuff and things  
**LET'S MAKE A CLUB!**

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

Satsuki sighed and scribbled on it herself.

---

Satsuki's Scribbles said:

Too much work for too little gain.

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

She passed it to Mako, before she got it back in less than a second.

---

Mako's Scribbles said:

**BUT IT'D BE SO COOL!**

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

Satsuki sighed.

---

Satsuki's Scribbles said:

... You're not gonna change your mind, are you?

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

Mako's Scribbles said:

Nope!

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

Satsuki's Scribbles said:

... Fine. I'll help you.

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

She passed it back... and immediately heard a tiny squeal. Satsuki sighed a little. Mako was gonna make a club. Here's to hoping it wouldn't get rejected.

[=]

***A/N: GAMAGOOOOOORI.***

Later that day, Satsuki slammed a sign into the ground, one with the words **"BRUTAL BEATDOWN"** written on it. She sat down on a nearby chair and sighed, before a crowd of people immediately came to stare. "Oooooooh... what's *that*?" A boy muttered, before a foot the size of a house crashed into the ground beside him. Gamagoori towered over Satsuki and Mako, as they both set up the table.

**"SATSUKI MATOI!"** He shouted. **"IS THAT A CLUB YOU'RE SETTING UP?"**

"Uh... yeah. The 'Brutal Beatdown Club'."

**[BRUTAL BEATDOWN CLUB]**

**"THAT NAME IS FAR TOO LONG."** Gamagoori shouted. **"UNLESS YOUR CLUB'S NAME TOTALLY NEEDS THOSE WORDS, I WOULD RECOMMEND CUTTING IT DOWN TO A REASONABLE LENGTH!"**

"Like what? Fight club?"

**"EXACTLY. FIGHT CLUB!"**

**[FIGHT CLUB]**

"Goody." Satsuki smirked. "Anyway, now what?"

**"IN ORDER TO ACTUALLY FOUND A CLUB LIKE THIS, YOU NEED TO DO AN EXORBITANT AMOUNT OF PAPERWORK!"**

"... Eh?"

Suddenly, a stack of paperwork slammed into the table that Mako just got done setting up, before it crashed through and smashed into the ground with a cloud of dust. **"THIS MUCH!"** Gamagoori shouted.

Satsuki looked at it, then at him. "... Wait, what?"

**"YOU HAVE TO DEAL WITH-!"** Gamagoori paused and took out a pair of glasses, before he took out a seemingly small piece of paper... before he slapped it. It rolled into an enormous scroll that reached past his feet and rolled inbetween Satsuki's legs.

"What the fuck..." Satsuki turned to see that it was *still rolling*, off campus and into Honnouji City.

"With a club involving physical activity, especially one that condones fighting, you have to deal with potential injuries, permissions from participants, permissions from parents, permissions from the council, permissions from the hospital, the hospital doctors, the nurses, surgeons, students, Ryuko herself, as well as potential injuries of all kinds ranging from-

#### **[TWO HOURS LATER]**

"-Do not forget that every so often you have to get a signature and submit it and any one lack of signature will result in-

#### **[THREE HOURS LATER]**

"Don't forget to shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it like a polaroid pic**WHO IS THE MISCREANT WHO WROTE THIS GARBAGE INTO THE LIST?!"**

#### **[ONE MORE HOUR LATER]**

By this point, Satsuki was snoring, before Gamagoori clapped his hands in front of her face.

**"PATHETIC! YOU CANNOT HOPE TO START A CLUB OF THIS NATURE WITHOUT ACTUALLY KNOWING WHAT TO DO!** And since you were listening to my speech, I'm actually excusing you from the rest of your classes."

Satsuki snorted as she picked her head up. She looked around, before shes stared at him blankly. "Wha... oh. *Oh.*" She nodded. "Oh... uh... okay that's actually kind of courteous."



"I may be strict, but I'm not unfair. But the point is..." Gamagoori stomped his foot. **"ARE YOU WILLING TO GO THROUGH THE TROUBLE, SATSUKI MATOI!?"**

She raised a hand to say 'No', before suddenly Mako slid in front of her. "I am!"

"Oh?" Gamagoori raised an eyebrow. "Mankanshoku, your grades have never been particularly good, and whenever I hear from your teachers, it's about how you slept through your classes."

"But this seems like fun! I like fun things!"

Gamagoori rubbed the back of his head. "Uh... go ahead, if you're willing."

**"Yay!"**

[=]

In the meantime, Ryuko just watched as Gamagoori just talked to Mako. "I'm sitting from on top of the main school *building* and I can see your blush." Ryuko said, flatly, before Nonon popped up beside her. Suddenly, Senketsu seemed to growl again, before Ryuko just patted its shoulder and calmed it down. "Hey."

"Satsuki's starting a club?" Nonon asked.

"For the past six hours." Ryuko said, flatly. "Well, more like her friend is. Though I'm kind of curious to see how she'll do. I mean... well.."  
Ryuko put a hand to her chin. "I mean we do run a kind of monarchy style meritocracy."

"With loads of paperwork." Nonon said, flatly.

"I can't believe that the Delinquency club is still around." Ryuko said.  
"But still. Waddya think she'll do with it?"

"Squander any fruits?" Nonon smirked.

"Or something could come of it." She shrugged.

[=]

A/N: Spoilers: Nothing came of it.

## 29

A/N: Lololol

[=]

"It's been filled out to a 'T'." Gamgoori held a stack of papers out. "Mankanshoku, thank you for your submission." He turned away, before Satsuki and Mako sat back to relax.

"Think he'll say yes?" Mako asked.

"Nope." Satsuki yawned. "I think he'll reject it in the first few-"

**"APPROOOOOOVED!"**

They both stared at him as he plopped it back in front of them. "How the hell did you read all of that so quickly?!"

"It's mostly signatures." Gamagoori said. "Also, Inumuta does the reading part, and he can do that *quickly*."

"So, this'll be under the purview of Sanageyama?"

"Of course." Gamagoori leaned forwards. "So, of course, this still requires upkeep. Mankanshoku, please attend club meetings."

"Yes sir!" Mako shouted, before Satsuki snickered and leaned back.

"Alright. Welp, good luck, Mako." Satsuki sighed. "I'm headin' back to your home."

**[ONE WEEK LATER]**

"Whoa!" Mako's family stared in awe as they wandered around their new home. The place was *nice* and *pristine*, nothing like their old apartment. Hell, there was even a closet full of one-star uniforms just for Mako... and one boy's uniform for Satsuki.

She snickered at that. "Okay, courteous. The head dictators of the city are like... fuckin', really courteous."

"Not really dictators!" Mako said. "They have a kind of parliamentary system where they determine new laws and regulations, and deliver aid to necessary areas. They make an attempt to send food to all parts of the city, but unfortunately cannot deliver all of the necessary things at once!"

"... It's still artificial poverty, right?" Satsuki said, flatly.

"In a way." Mako frowned. "But they still have enough food to make sure nobody's starving!"

Satsuki just shrugged.

[=]

"How's their club doing, Sanageyama?" Ryuko asked.

"Incredibly well!" He shouted. "They've just hit their fiftieth member! Not bad for something that started a week ago!"

"Hmph." Kinue leaned back. "That Mako girl really *is* good at bein' a club president."

"What the hell is Satsuki even doing, though?" Sanageyama asked.

At that, Ryuko smirked. "She's training."

[≡]

Satsuki's foot smashed into the floorboard, as an echoing *tap*, followed by a loud *crunch* echoed through the fight dojo. "Alright! It's time to spar!" She shouted. "Get your fucking asses in gear, or else I swear, I'm gonna kick the asses of each and every fucking *one of you!*" She was dressed in a full boy's uniform, dressed more like a soldier than anything, complete with a hat. "And if one of you wins? You'll get the honor of trying to fight *me*."

On the sideline, Mako crossed her arms with a checklist of things as the members just fought each other with a series of kicks, punches, and kickpunches. Satsuki shot her a thumbs-up, before Mako just adjusted her glasses.

Satsuki walked right over. "Alright, so now what's going on?"

"Well, we have sparring to do, more kicking, punching... we need to entice more people to join before we can get one-star status. After that, two-star... and I could potentially get three-stars."

"Oh?" Satsuki raised an eyebrow. "Three-star uniform? Sounds snazzy."

"Well, given your harsh regimen..." Mako smirked. The move seemed uncharacteristically sinister from her. "... Should be easy enough to make them tougher. And with that incentive for a better life, they'll probably take it."

"Mako, you magnificent bitch." She sighed. "You know, that's kind of a ruthless system."

"Effective, though."

[=]

Throughout the week, Mako and Satsuki trained their members to be stronger and stronger. Kinue snickered as they fought, and those that managed to get to Satsuki were usually stripped and sent down a rank. Even without Junketsu, she was simply too strong for them. Eventually, it came time... and Mako was promoted to a two-star.

**"Satsuki!"**

With their new house, Satsuki could finally feel a bit more relaxed. Although she didn't primarily care for her appearance, she had to admit that taking a *real, luxurious shower* was quite nice. "I can see why two-stars are so protective of their positions, now." She looked at Mako, while wrapped in a towel. "Yeh?"

"I got it!"

"Your new uniform?" Satsuki asked, before she paused. Mako had a new uniform on, indeed. She wore a black sailor's uniform, with a longcoat draped over her shoulders, a pair of brass knuckles and a *huge* number of weapons on its underside. She had a hat, a twig in her mouth, and an enormous pair of spikes in her shoulders. "Oh... oh wow."

"New uniform!" Mako shouted. "I've never felt *better!*"

[=]

"And so, Mako got a new uniform." Ryuko sighed. "... So... when do we get to fight her?"

"Well, simple." Kinue said. "Should we get Satsuki to fight Mako?"

"If Satsuki has as much resolve as I think she does, that's just asking Mako to get stripped." Ryuko sighed. "Doesn't help that I don't remove ranks unless the students *really* fuck up."

"Well, there's got to be *some* sort of plan." Inumuta said. "I mean..." Inumuta paused. "Actually, I have one idea."

Ryuko smirked. "Oh? Let's hear it."

[=]

A/N: You won't hear it. Fuck you.

Satsuki and Mako walked over to campus, talking idly. Satsuki had her scissor blade folded into the pocket of Junketsu, and Mako was dressed in her two-star uniform already. When they got to the campus entrance, though, there was a cold chill running down their backs. It was... as though...

"This is empty." Satsuki said. "... Beginning of the school day and nobody's fucking here."

"Not even our members." Mako said. "I *told* them that they should *be* here."

"Actually..." Somebody walked out of the fog slowly. "... They're on leave. I made sure of that."

Satsuki pulled out her scissor blade. "Who the hell are *you*?!"

"Simple." The woman said as she walked forwards. Satsuki's eyes widened as soon as she saw that this person looked peculiar. She had only one arm, and where the other would normally be, there was all manner of grenades and explosives. She seemed to wear only utility belts and pockets, and on her back was a gigantic rifle. "I'm someone who's meant to watch you. Someone who's been watching you grow and develop for a *nice* while!" She smirked.

"... You still haven't told us a goddamn thing." Satsuki said.

"Would it *kill you* to be more direct?!" Mako shouted.

"Hmph." Kinue looked at Mako with her good eye. "Boring. You were a lot more fun when you were, you know, *poor*. But I guess that's a thing to be wary of when you're dealing with a fascist, despotic system."

[=]

Everyone watching the screens cringed. "... Ryuko-

"That hurt." Ryuko said. "Just... ow."

"Well, it *is* ruthless."

"I'll make things better when the life fibers are dead!" She said. "... Just... ow."

[=]

"You've been watching us?" Satsuki said, coldly. Her eyes narrowed.

"Of course I have! It's my job! I'm a Ninja Nudist Stalker Terrorist!"

**[NINJA NUDIST STALKER TERRORIST]**

[=]

The peanut gallery watched. "... Oh god the subtitles even say it." Inumuta mumbled.

[=]

"Hmph." Satsuki smirked as she took a step forward. "Then I guess we'll just have to-" She was cut off when suddenly, the ground underneath her foot *clicked*. She paused, before she looked at the ground and saw a single, blipping mine. It *exploded* beneath her leg, sending her flying before Mako charged through the cloud. Immediately, Kinue dodged her without a second thought, before she put several needles into her abdomen in the span of a second.

Satsuki leaped off of one of Honnouji's outer walls with her sword raised, only to receive a face-full of rifle needles. She tumbled across the ground, before she just wiped it off with one hand. "What will a few needles do to-!" She slumped over, as Junketsu sighed.

"A lot, actually."

Satsuki groaned. "I liked it better when you just shut up and cooperated."



"I had to restrain my snark for several weeks. I reserve the right to call you out on nonsense."

"Look, how about you just-!" Suddenly, a rocket was sent flying towards her back, and she was promptly sent tumbling forwards. Satsuki used her scissor blade as a brace, and she stopped herself from dragging as she saw another person enter the fray. "What the *hell?!"*

"I see you've been handling them well, Kinue?"

**[CAPTAIN TSUMUGU KINAGASE]**

"I would have been fine, Tsumugu." She said with a sigh as the other man did a flying leap off of a nearby building. He whipped out two sewing machine-guns, as Satsuki just glared at them.

"Mako!" She shouted, before some of the dust cleared. What she saw was Mako, barely conscious, just tearing the needles out. "... Oh. Oh that looks painful."

"It actually feels really nice!" Mako shouted. "Bad for fighting, though!"

[=]

"So this was the plan, then?" Nonon said, flatly.

"Well, yeah." Ryuko shrugged. "We send the Kinagases after them and then we get to watch them try to fight them off in a futile manner. After that, you come in Nonon and then you reinforce the idea that we're not working with Nudist Beach." She said. "Inumuta, are you recording it all?"

"Of course." He said.

"Excellent." Ryuko said. "Let's enjoy the show, then."

[=]

A/N: MLFT3K. Mystery Life Fiber Theater Three Thousand.

# 31

**"TO THE SKY!"**

Suddenly, Satsuki was knocked into the sky by a rocket, before she was smacked in the face by a mortar.

**"TO THE GROUND!"**

Spit flew out of her mouth as she was knocked back, before the explosion sent her spiraling into a wall. It was then that a series of pins, all connected to a single, tied rope, smacked into her stomach. They dulled Junketsu, to the point where he actually let out a relaxed sigh, before Satsuki was pulled into the air by both Tsumugu and Kinue.

**"KINAGASE!"** Kinue shouted.

"I'm not doing this shit." Tsumugu muttered.

**"THROW!"** Satsuki was sent hurtling into Honnouji tower's support, smacking into it with a loud **CLANG**.

[=]

The entire building rumbled as the group just stared at the screen.

"That was jarring." Ryuko mumbled.

"We reinforced this with life-fiber technosteel that-"

Nonon rolled her eyes. "Shove it, geek."

"Says the band nerd."

"Why don't you go fu-"

*"Enough of that."*

[=]

Mako finally recovered, just in time to grab Satsuki mid-fall. "I've got you, Satsuki!"

"Th-thanks, Mako." She murmured, before suddenly, Tsumugu appeared in front of both of them. He aimed his two machine guns, before Mako threw a punch right towards his face. Without flinching, he fired a salvo into her fist, rendering it completely limp.

"E-eh?!"

"Mako..." Satsuki sputtered. "Just go!"

"Satsuki-"

"I can handle them." She smiled. "Just go, okay?" She pushed Mako away with a shove, before she stumbled, tearing out her blade.

"Satsuki!" Mako felt like running back, before she shook her head and ran off.

[=]

"Oh. How fucking heartbreaking." Nonon said. "Kinue is totally a hardened killer. Totally willing to kill kids."

"Well, Tsumugu's willing to." Ryuko said.

"What?!" Both of them shouted, as Ryuko frowned.

"... Just not in this case, considering how important Satsuki is."

"... Oh." Inumuta mumbled, before Gamagoori leaned forwards.

"That's still somewhat disturbing."

Sanageyama looked up at Gamagoori. "Only somewhat?"

[=]

Both Kinue and Tsumugu closed in on Satsuki, as she just glared at the both of them. "What do you even *want*?"

"You're too heavily reliant on life fibers." Tsumugu said, harshly.

"They're a bit dangerous." Kinue said, as she pulled out a rocket launcher with her good arm. "Hell... you see my injuries?"

"... Injuries?" Satsuki shook her head. "You mean the *missing eye and arm*? Because that's pretty hard to miss."

"That's the thing." Kinue said. "You *can* get stronger without them-"

"Yeah, well this academy *runs* on that!" Satsuki shouted. "And I'm not gonna get answers without the use of this thing!"

[=]

"I think we've heard enough of this nonsense." Sanageyama said as he stood up, only for Ryuko to stop him.

"I already said Nonon will go ahead. So, Nonon?" She looked at Ryuko. "Go ahead."

"*With pleasure.*" Cheerfully, she jumped up and ran out of the room.

[=]

"Well, here's the thing-" Kinue said, before suddenly, a spotlight shined on all three of them, as a gigantic, roaring machine flew above their heads.

### **[SYMPHONY REGALIA]**

"You three!" Nonon shouted. "Stop fighting, or else I *will* open fire!"

Tsumugu aimed his gun at her and fired several rounds. Nonon dodged it handily, before she just sent a wave of musical beams towards him. Without much effort, he dodged it, before a series of rockets flew right towards Nonon. She blew them all out of the sky, before she let out a gust of wind.

And like that? They were gone.

"Heh... nudist *trash*." Nonon said, before she looked to Satsuki. "As for you, Matoi..."

"As for me, what?" Satsuki sputtered, as she tried pulling some more pins out of her body.

"... You kind of sucked. Get better."

"Oh, *fuck off*."

[=]

Away from the school, Kinue brought out a radio. "Did you get that?"

"I have copies of it. Plural." Inumuta said. "I will be enjoying these videos for weeks to come."

"... Please tell me you mean-"

"For entertainment value. I'm not a sick fuck."

"Boring. Anyways..." Kinue looked up. "Any news?"

"Not much from my end." Inumuta said, before he looked back at the video on the screen. Anyways, Satsuki is about to go pick up Mako.

[=]

Mako herself watched as an exhausted Satsuki walked off of the school's building top. She spat on the ground, before she looked over at Mako. "... Hey."

"Satsuki!" Mako ran over. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Fine." She said. "... So much for class, right?"

"Ryuko cancelled classes thanks to the fight!" Mako said. "... I'm sorry I couldn't have helped you some more."

"It's okay, it's okay." She sighed. "... I mean... you still did a lot more than you would have without that uniform."

"But still..." Mako frowned. "... I need something stronger! I want to fight by your side more! I don't want to have what happened today happen again!"

"Well, it won't." Satsuki ruffled her hat. "Pretty sure you'll do better next time, Mako."

[=]

Tsumugu and Kinue sat on a nearby wall, before she broke a piece of bread with her mouth and her hand. She took care to just break off part of it, enough to make sure that she didn't just take a chunk out.

"Younffwannapiesh?" She asked.

"I'm alright without it." Tsumugu said. "... Are you sure she's capable of handling whatever Kiryuin has planned?"

"I'dhopsho."

"Don't talk with your mouth full. Mother taught you better than that."

Kinue immediately swallowed the chunk of bread. "Well, mom didn't think her daughter was gonna become a one-eyed cripple."

"Don't call yourself that." Tsumugu said, flatly.

"Heh." Kinue took another bite. "So..how 'bout we just talk?"

"Hm?"

"We never do that." Kinue said.

"... I'm busy handling missions and other business. You're busy babysitting."

"Babysitting superpowered teenagers that eat bullets and blow up buildings." Kinue said with a laugh.

"... And how is Ryuko?"

Kinue's expression dropped for a second. "... She's still hurting. She mastered Senketsu, though, and for the past few weeks, she's been training with him."

"That is good to hear." Tsumugu said. "... The training part."

"Yeah." Kinue frowned, before he just patted her shoulder.

"You're not usually this serious."

"I know. You're usually the funcop." Kinue smirked. "Always ruining everything with that super serious frown of yours. Sucks all the joy out of the room."

"Hmph." Tsumugu just crossed his arms, but he couldn't stop himself from smiling. "... I'm compensating for my sister's lack of composure and dignity."

"You sayin' I lack dignity?"

"You're a nudist."

"And so are you."

They both stared... before Kinue burst out laughing, and Tsumugu just let out a light chuckle. And like that, they just sat on a nearby roof as the day passed by.

[=]

In another part of Japan, Ragyo Kiryuin stood in front of what looked like a gigantic, glowing, shifting ball of living fiber. It was a bizarre, organic thing, one that pulsed with life and power as she stood before it. In front of her, hundreds of suits were readied, with hundreds of thousands more remaining in parts unseen.

Behind her, she heard someone moving. "Come in."

["Hi!"](#) Ragyo smirked at the sound of this new, cheerful voice. "What did you need me for?"

"I simply wanted to talk to you about something." She said. "... I heard of a new student at my daughter's academy. I trust you know about her father?"

"Ooooooh?" This new voice giggled. "Is it who I think it is?"

"It is, indeed." Ragyo grinned. "... It's a foolish venture, what my daughter thinks she can get away with." She sighed wistfully. "... Perhaps you should pay them a visit?"

"I like that idea!" The voice said, as she let out a smile. Her face was young-looking. Her hair was curled and blonde, and where her right eye was supposed to be, there was instead a patch across it. Her dress was a pink, and her remaining eye was a sparkling blue. "I'd really like that, Miss Grand Director!"

[=]

A/N: Oops.



## 32

A/N: Murder the Murder?

[=]

"So, enjoy your happy newbie stomping day?" Sanageyama asked.

"Hell yeah, I did." Kinue sighed. "It's been a *while* since I did that to her~!" She put her remaining hand to her face and sighed. "Anyway, how's that tournament election thing going?"

"Pretty decently." Inumuta said. "We'll be setting things up. Before then?" He grinned. "She gets to fight Lady Kiryuin."

"Wait, huh?" Kinue blinked. "Shouldn't it be like she fights one of you, then she levels up to Ryuko?"

"It would, normally." Ryuko said. "But I'd rather see how strong she's gotten. She hasn't really found any good opponents to fight with Junketsu yet... I'm gonna change that before the election! Give her a taste of the kind of challenge she's about to face." She smirked. "Should be interesting, to say the least."

"... Alright, then." Kinue snickered. "I mean... actually, that's a question. How's your training been with Senketsu?"

"Other than the basics, I've been able to grapple using the gauntlets as a kind of extension. She raised her gloved hands. "Otherwise, it's not much other than the basic power boost."

"Hmph." Kinue leaned back. "Well, Satsuki hasn't done much other than stripping a chunk of the student body."

"Well, things should get more interesting soon, I hope." Inumuta said. "And then maybe we can get Ragyo out of the way as soon as possible."

## [CHAPTER 6: WRATH]

Several days later, Satsuki was on her way to the school, when she saw a sign out front. "Again?" She said, flatly. "Goddamn, you people just want us to keep *fighting* and *fighting*." She looked underneath. "... Fight...?" Her eyes widened. "Oh... *oh*..." She smirked. "I like this idea."

"What is it?" Mako asked as she popped out from behind Satsuki.

"I get to fight Ryuko..." She grinned. "And if I destroy her uniform... I get the answers I seek." Her smile widened, before Junketsu looked up.

"Sounds suspicious."

"Quite." Satsuki said.

"As in a trap."

"I know, Junketsu."

"As in I don't-"

"Look, I get to fight Ryuko, and if I win, no problem! I mean, it's not like she has a-"

"Actually, here's the thing." Junketsu says. "I feel as though she *does* have something stronger than your average uniform."

"Like what? A kamui?"

"... Actually, that's exactly it." Junketsu said. "If I'm correct, we'll be facing against another Kamui by the end of this day."

"OOOOOOH?" Mako leaned forwards. "Something like Junketsu? Ryuko has another Junketsu?"

"Hmph..." Satsuki stared up at the top of the tower. "I guess that's just one other thing to look out for, then... doesn't mean I can't cut

her down to size."

[=]

At the edge of Honnouji City, a lone girl walked along a pathway. She had a smile on, as she walked slowly towards the city, with the occasional passerby staring at her clean and pink outfit. It was as though she was from a completely different world, out of place in the midst of a dirty, rough and grungy town. She didn't say anything... rather, she just hummed a cheerful tune as she slowly made her way towards town.

[=]

A/N: Something wicked this way comes.

## 33

"... Oh no." Inumuta murmured.

"What? What's 'oh no'?"

"I just noticed somebody."

"Hm? An intruder?" Kinue looked over.

"Worse." He turned the screen. "... And Satsuki is going to fight Ryuko today, isn't she?"

"... Oh." Kinue stared. "Oh... *oh shit.*"

"Grand Courtier, heading up Honnouji." He said with a slightly shaking voice. "... Ryuko isn't going to like this."



It was midday, and the sun shined brightly overhead. Satsuki had her scissor blade thrown over her shoulder, and a pin on-hand. "I'm here, you know!" Satsuki shouted. "Mind comin' out to fight?"

Nobody came.

"Heh..." Satsuki smirked as she just flipped the hair out of her face. "... I guess you're a bit busy, aren't you?"

"Of course I am." Satsuki stared as Ryuko walked out of the school.

Satsuki spat on the ground once. "Heh! So you *did* show up!"

"Of course. I'm the one who issued the challenge. What, do you think so *lowly* of me as to forget my own challenge?"

"Well, not really. Maybe that you'd draw me here just to stomp me."

"You've been doing your students good in the fight club! There's no good reason for me to do something like that!" Ryuko said. "But... you said you wanted answers, right?" She moved her arm forwards. "So... why don't we start fighting then?"

"Got it." Satsuki said, before she brought the scissor blade to her hand again, only for Ryuko to toss her a glove. "Huh?" She caught it. "The hell is this?"

"You're scarring yourself every time you cut yourself with that thing." Ryuko said. "How 'bout you just use this pin to draw blood?"

"Heh." Satsuki plunged the blade into the ground before she put the glove on. "You're *all* about this 'honor' nonsense."

"Honor's all we really have left." Ryuko brought her hand up to her arm as Satsuki pulled out her pin.

Across from one another, the students stared in awe as both of them transformed. With flash of red on one end and a flash of blue on the other, the girls flooded the schoolgrounds with light. Mako herself had to shield her eyes as they glared at one another, their gaze unbroken as they just stared.

**"TRANSFORMATION!"** They both shouted.

**"LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE!"**

**[JUNKETSU: LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE]**

**[SENKETSU: LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONIZE]**

Ryuko's text floated behind her as Satsuki's flashed a bright blue.

"Even have your own colored subtitles, eh?!" Satsuki shoved her blade forwards as Ryuko slowly pulled out her own. They stared at each other coldly, the wind picking up as students immediately shook with fear... before there was an explosion of wind.

Students were sent flying as no-stars cheered and one-stars did the same. Both sides were rough and rowdy, as they all prepared to watch the fight.

The four elites braced themselves as a burst of wind and dust washed over them, and Mako had to shield herself from the debris and flying students as they all were sent hurtling into the sky.

"So, ready to fight, Satsuki?" Ryuko raised her sword.

"Damn right, I am!" Satsuki shouted, as she whipped out her blade.

Junketsu looked at Ryuko, then at Satsuki. "... We're at a disadvantage."

"... Yeah? How's that?" Satsuki muttered.

"They actually like each other."

"Hu-" Suddenly, Satsuki felt a fist in her stomach, before she was sent flying backwards across the ground. When she rolled, it caused debris to fly, before she planted her feet and let them *drag*.

"Wow, I actually got the first hit!" Ryuko shook her hand as steam rose off of it. "You're doing worse than your students did!"

"Oh, *shut it*." Satsuki slashed her sword across, sending a wave of razor-sharp towards Ryuko. She simply put her sword up, and immediately the wave was cut in halves as a dozen one-stars were immediately stripped and sent flying.

Without flinching, Ryuko brought it down to her side, before she *dashed* forwards, feet lightly tapping the ground before she sent the blade down on Satsuki's head.

The impact sent a wave of dust and wind flying before Satsuki felt herself being *pushed* into a crater. Behind her, there was an enormous explosion of dust, debris and students as whoever was left wisely made their way to somewhere safe.

Ryuko cackled a little, before she grabbed Satsuki by the face and threw her across campus. Satsuki sputtered as she was sent flying, before Ryuko dashed to meet her again.

"*Sh-she's fast!*" Satsuki sputtered, before Junketsu looked up at her.

Junketsu looked just as bewildered. "We've never faced someone like-" Suddenly, Satsuki felt her sword grinding against the might of a whirring blender as Ryuko pushed her across the ground.

"Come on! Don't get all *defensive* with me!" Ryuko shouted as Senketsu just glared at them. "You've got to be *better than that!*" With that, Ryuko made one final *shove* with Bakuzan, before Satsuki was sent flying into another wall across Honnouji.

[=]

Nui heard a 'boom' from far above her. At that, she smiled. "Ooh... !" She grinned. "Ragyo's little girl is having some fun, I see!"

[=]

A/N:

## 34



Satsuki dropped off of the wall before she wiped some foam from her mouth. "Son of a *bitch!*"

"Satsuki, you're... actually doing pretty badly right now."

"I fucking *know that*, Jun-"

"No. As in your blood pressure's spiking."

"I have no *reason* to be this fucking *bad!*" Satsuki shouted, before she saw Ryuko suddenly appearing in front of her as a blur.

"What, have you been *stagnating*, Satsuki?!" Ryuko shouted, before she sliced a chunk of the wall of Honnouji. It froze for a second, before it just started sliding off of the rest of the structure, disintegrating as it fell to the empty ground below. "I've been training to get better and what have *you* been doing!? Getting your ass kicked by *nudists?!?*"

Just as she said that, Satsuki brought a hand up to block Ryuko's strike, before suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her arm. She let out a loud, horrible scream that echoed throughout the school, as the sword cut into her hand, through her middle finger, down halfway through her forearm. It split it in half, before an enormous spray of blood erupted from the wound.

"Satsuki!" Junketsu shouted, before Ryuko pulled her sword out.

"M-My *arm!*" Satsuki stared at it as the two halves of her hand dangled uselessly. "M-My f-fucking *arm!*"

Ryuko pulled her blade back and prepared to stab, before Satsuki just brought her scissor blade up, hole ready, and blocked it full-stop.



The hilt of the sword hit the edge of the hole, before Satsuki *shoved* the scissor blade into the air and sent Ryuko a punch to the face.

Immediately, she was sent tumbling backwards, before she extended one glove to grab her sword. Satsuki grabbed her own scissor with her good arm as Ryuko took her blade, before she spat out some blood.

"Your arm is..."

"I k-know, Junketsu." Satsuki spat. "I can *feel*-"

"Actually, that's the thing." Junketsu looked up. "... It's healing itself."

"What?!" Satsuki looked down to see it stitching itself up. And by the time it was done, she flexed her hand. "... what the hell? Was this you?"

"I did it for your stomach wound... but I can't fix your bones." It turned to her hand. "Your hand was sliced completely in half."

"... What the-" Her thoughts were interrupted as Ryuko rushed forward with a gust of wind and a harsh upward slice. The ground around Satsuki exploded into shards as she was sent flying, before Ryuko did a flying leap.

"Junketsu can *heal you*, can't he?!" Ryuko yelled. "Looks like whoever made it was a *genius*!" She slapped Satsuki in the face with the flat of her sword. "But it's *wasted on you*!" Her second hit was almost with the blade itself, but Satsuki instead blocked it with her own scissor.

"Wasted?! Junketsu is *mine to control*! Junketsu is *mine to use*!"

"But you *fight him*! Even with synchronization, you're still not *working properly*!" Ryuko let out a scream, before she launched Satsuki towards the ground. Immediately, several buildings around Honnouji Academy collapsed, and several cars and bikes were thrown over

the edge. The entire city rumbled with the power of the latest blow, before Ryuko did a flip back downwards.

"I... I don't get it." Satsuki muttered. "We synchronized..."

"I think I said it before. I think it's because I still hate you."

"I still hate you, too." Satsuki murmured, before they both did a fast roll out of the way. Ryuko herself smashed into the ground, sending more students flying, before she aimed her sword at Satsuki's face.

"And that's your weakness, isn't it?" Ryuko laughed. "It's 'cause you're still at *odds*." She grinned. "I saw you in the mines! I thought you got *over that*! But not nearly as much as you'd like to think that you were."

Satsuki immediately slapped it out of the way. "Maybe *not*, but you know what?" Suddenly, the lines on her suit glowed a bright blue. "Maybe we can still *fight*!"

[=]

Nui made her way to the academy, where there was a nice, large series of chain link fences in her way. Immediately, she smiled, before she brought out a scissor blade. "Oh, oh my..." She sighed, before, with one swing, she destroyed all of them. The debris slammed into a nearby wall, as she just walked in. And in front of her, there was a line of students, and a single one in front of them, wearing a life-fiber rocket launcher and with a healthy number of grenades on his person.

### **[CAPTAIN OF THE MILITARY CLUB: TAKASHI KURYUUDO]**

"Stop! This area is off limits while this duel is going on! Stop moving or we will be forced to-!" He was cut off when a single blade sliced across him, then sliced across the entirety of his club. He paused... staring at his stomach, before he noticed that nobody was moving. Then their uniforms simultaneously exploded. He was sent flying backwards, as his clubsmen all just groaned in pain and agony.

Nui just hummed happily as she made her way onto campus, just in time to see blood spraying out from where Ryuko and Satsuki were fighting.

"Oh, they really are having fun!" She said, as she twirled her umbrella. "I hope they don't mind if I join!"

[=]

Satsuki went on the offensive as a burst of blue particles burst out from the vent on her back. She let out a loud scream as her blade ground against Ryuko's, as the other girl just blocked without much effort.

"Finally, an offensive! You're actually getting somewhere!" Ryuko grinned, before she brought a blade up to block Satsuki's latest strike. She repelled it, before Satsuki just pulled her own scissor back.

### **[DECAPITATION MODE]**

"Why won't you just *die?!'*" Satsuki screamed, before she sliced towards Ryuko. A wave of air passed overhead, splitting concrete and ground as Ryuko brought her blade back upright.

"Simple... you're just too much fun." Ryuko said, as she and Satsuki just stared at one another, eyes narrowing and teeth clenching.

Satsuki lowered hers, as Ryuko's grip tightened... and then they [rushed](#). Their blades met once, and immediately, a burst of wind washed over the student body. Anyone who wasn't flying before was sent flying with that strike, before their blades clashed again and *again*. Debris was sent flying and any windows that were left intact before the fight was blown out as their just crashed their weapons together again and *again*. A crater within a crater within a *crater* was dug out as they clashed blades, and multiple craters erupted on the wall as they fought.

**"TELL ME, RYUKO!"** Satsuki shouted. **"WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?! TELL ME WHY MY DAD IS DEAD?!"**

"What good will knowing *that* do you?" Ryuko shouted. "Closure?! Composure? *Revenge?!*" Ryuko shook her head.

"Maybe it *is* revenge!" Satsuki shouted. "My motivations don't matter! What *does* is that I find *out!*" Satsuki pulled back a fist, before she sent it *flying* towards Ryuko.

She blocked it, before an enormous hole was blown in the side of the school wall. "Revenge? I can sympathize..." Ryuko pulled back her own fist. "But you don't have anyone to direct it *to!*" before she *smashed* Satsuki across the face. She was sent backwards herself, as another hole was blown into the opposite side.

Satsuki's feet dragged across the ground as she recovered, before she pulled her blade back. "Maybe you can tell me, then! ***Tell me!***"

Ryuko just smirked. "With just one... *last strike! Maybe you'll get it!*" They both screamed as they charged towards each other. People were sent flying in complete disarray as their sheer force and speed ripped whatever little flat ground was left into pieces... but right before they crashed together, a girl in a pink dress fell between them, sliding in.

"Hi!" She said, cheerfully, as they both just froze on the spot. Both Ryuko and Satsuki just stared at her awkwardly as she looked at the both of them... and just sighed. "Oh... did I come at a bad time?" She asked. "I think I came at a bad time!"

[=]

A/N: Every time is a bad time with you around.

## 35

A/N: Three...

"Shit, shit, *shit*." Inumuta murmured, as he pulled out a comm. "*She's here.*"

On the other end, Kinue answered. "Yeah, I can see that." She says. "... Shit is about to go down."

Nonon stared at both Ryuko and Satsuki. Her snark had all but died as of right now, and all she and the others could do was stare in horror at whatever was going to happen.



"N-Nui!" Ryuko sputtered, before she brought her sword up. "What are you doing here?"

"Simple!" She said. "Just felt like checking up on everyone~!" She brought her hand close to Ryuko's face. "Like how my favorite little girl is doing!" She stroked Ryuko's cheek as both Nonon and Gamagoori glared, before her hand was suddenly sliced off.

"Don't you *dare* touch me." Ryuko said, icily, before Nui just sighed.

"Oh, still don't like that?" She put her remaining hand to her own cheek as she smiled. "How pitiful! I thought you'd be more open to that kind of thing by now!" She grabbed her detached hand and brought it back to her wrist, where there was just a string. "I mean, your mother does that all the time!"

Ryuko had to bite her lip to keep herself from slicing Nui apart right then and there. She drew blood with the amount of rage she was suppressing.

Meanwhile, Satsuki stared at at the hand, then at Nui. "W-what... what the *fuck*."

"Think she's related to you?" Junketsu said.

"I've never even *seen* her before. The hell?" She muttered.

"I *told* you, Nui." Ryuko growled. "You aren't *welcome* here."

"But I'm on official business~! Courtesy of REVOCs."

"REVOCs?" Satsuki murmured, as she brought her scissor blade to the new girl's back. "Oi... we were in the *middle* of something!"

"Oh, your lovely little lover's spat?" Both of the girls reeled at the thought. "I'm sorry! I guess I *did* interrupt *something*." She giggled, before she noticed exactly what Satsuki was holding... and her smile just grew wider. "Oh! *Ooooooooooh!*" She stared at the scissor. "I think I've seen one of these before!" She poked it. "It looks nice! Familiar... kind of like..."

[=]

Kinue shook her head as she grabbed her own holsters and weapons. "Son of a *bitch*."

[=]

**"THIS!"** Nui laughed as she brought out a red scissor blade. "Recognize it?" She said with a smile.

"W-what..." Satsuki stared at it, before she looked at the girl before her. "What the *hell?!!*"

"I pulled this out of your *dad!*" Nui said in a high, cheerful voice. "Well, after I put it in, of course!" She sighed wistfully. "But that was it! I only had to put it into his chest once and he was *gone*. Lying on the ground in a pool of his own viscera! It was pretty gross!"

Satsuki's eyes widened. "... That... that was..." She clenched her teeth. "Y-you're the one... !"

"That's right!" She said, cheerfully. "I killed your father!"

[=]

"Things have gone *badly* off the rails." Inumuta murmured, before Sanageyama and Nonon moved forwards.

"We need to get anyone left out of here."

"I'll take care of that." Gamagoori said, before he rushed off.

Nonon and Inumuta nodded at each other, before she turned to Sanageyama. "Make sure Satsuki's safe."

"Already going to do."

Nonon looked back at Ryuko. "I'll take care of *her*."

"Not without me." Inumuta said. "I'll play your backup."

She looked back at him. "Look, I-"

"I know." He said. "... It's not subtle, and you're bad at hiding it."

Nonon paused, as though to wonder what the hell he was talking about, before it dawned on her. She blushed brightly, before she gave him a thin smile. "Thanks, Doggie."

"Now *go*."

[=]

A/N: Two...

## 36

A/N: **ONE.**

"You..." Satsuki stared at her, then at the scissor blade.

"... Oh, it was so much *fun*, too!" Nui giggled. "He took out an eye... but even then!"

"My dad..." Satsuki clenched her hands around her blade, as Junketsu looked up at her in surprise.

"You're enraged. I've never *seen* you *enraged*."

**"Shut up."** Satsuki spat as she sucked air in through her teeth. They were clenched *tightly*, and her blade shook as Nui just laughed and *laughed*.

"Hopefully you'll be just as much fun, Satsuki *Matoi*!"

And like that, Satsuki rushed Nui. Her scissor seemed to slice the air itself, slicing apart the concrete of the school.

[=]

Ryuko did a spinning flip away and slid across the ground. She brought her sword to her side as she watched them fight, eager to get in and kill Nui as soon as she had the chance... before she just took a deep breath. *You'll get your chance.*

"Ryuko!" Ryuko turned to see Nonon flying above her in a fully-transformed Symphony Regalia. "Come on!"

Ryuko simply nodded, before she did a leap onto Nonon's back. They took off, taking a bird's eye view of the entire location as the fight between Satsuki and Nui began. "Is everyone evacuating?"



"Yeah!" Nonon said. "In a few more seconds, it'll just be Harime and Matoi."

"Good." Ryuko said. "Is Sanageyama prepared to get Satsuki out if things go south?"

"Of course he is." Nonon said. "As soon as Toadis done helping everyone else, he'll be with them."

"And Inumuta?"

"Right here." He said, as he popped out of a compartment on Symphony Regalia's back. "Handling some of the extra weapons systems."

"... Why is this thing even considered a uniform?" Ryuko muttered.

"Don't question it." Nonon said, flatly. "There's another compartment for you, Ryuko."

"I know. I'll go there once everything's squared away." She looked down. "... I just hope that Satsuki doesn't do anything stupid..."

"... Actually, I have a question." Nonon said. "What did Harime mean when she said that about your-"

*"Nothing."* Ryuko said, through clenched teeth. "She didn't mean *anything*."

Nonon frowned. "... You..." Slowly it dawned on her, as she clenched her teeth and looked at the ground. She freed up one of her arms to wipe her eyes as her mind went to the worst possibility. "... Okay." She said, quietly.

She got a glimpse of what was going on inside Ryuko's mind. And she didn't like what she saw.

[=]

Nui let out a laugh as she effortlessly dodged and blocked Satsuki's attacks. "Oh, you're just so much *fun*, aren't you!" She giggled as Satsuki and Junketsu struggled, before she sighed. "But you're restricting your Kamui! He doesn't like that!"

"Oh, like she knows why I hate you." Junketsu muttered as his eyes narrowed. "All I know is that *someone is threatening my food.*"

Satsuki let out a scream before she slammed her blade into Nui, causing the impact to ripple across the campus. The walls of Honnouji trembled, and the face of the school exploded into debris as they clashed blades again and again. "Oh, just fucking *die!* You're not even wearing a **KAMUI!**"

Nui laughed openly at that. "That'd be dumb! It's stylish, yes, but it's not really my style~!" She blocked another blow, before she brought a hand back. "But maybe for *you!*" She turned Satsuki's blade away, before she sent a hand *digging* into Satsuki's chest. She spat out blood, as Nui went deeper and deeper into her cavity. "You really *do* need it!" She smiled. "A normal person with such a high-class outfit! It's so *unsightly!*" She *ripped* her hand back, as Satsuki let out a loud *scream*. Junketsu's eyes widened as he looked at Satsuki, then at what was just ripped out of her chest...

And it was then that everyone just stared in silent horror. A bright blue light flooded the stadium, basking everyone in its glow. In Nui's hand, there was a beating heart, and as Satsuki choked... her own grin widened. "Oh... Ooooooooooh..." She giggled. "... So I guess it's redundant for you too, then!"

Satsuki sputtered as she looked at her own heart in Nui's hand. "What... what the *fuck...*"

"Oh, Satsuki Matoi, you should have told me that you were a life fiber hybrid!"

[=]

**A/N: I told you canon was going to go die in a ditch.**

Satsuki stared at the beating heart in Nui's hands, before she let out a scream and *sliced* it away. Nui was sent tumbling, before suddenly, her eyes widened. She slowly turned her head to look at her right shoulder... before a spray of blood burst out from it. "What the fuck are you even *talking about*?! Life fibers power *clothes*!" Satsuki spat. "I... that doesn't make *sense*!"

"But look at your own body!" Nui said, as she calmly picked up her own severed arm. "That can't be normal, can it?"

Satsuki's heart retreated back into her chest, before the wound immediately sealed itself shut. Her eyes shook, before she noticed Nui trying to put her arm back on... but with no success.

"... Uh oh." She muttered, before she saw Satsuki letting out a loud scream and a slice of her scissor.

Nui dodged it neatly, before she gave Satsuki a series of punches to the stomach. The last hit sent her *flying*, before Nui took her good arm and flipped her blade back. "I guess the blades work better than I *thought*!" She sent it forwards, ready to strip Satsuki, before a single bamboo sword [slammed into it](#), knocking her blade away.

"Oh... oh dear." She sighed. "Interference? I was having fun!"

"Your appearance here at all was interference!" Sanageyama shouted. "You weren't supposed to-!" Suddenly, he felt a pinky sliding into his uniform, before it wrapped around a single strand of life fibers inside his uniform.

"I don't like that!" She said, cheerfully. "Go back to being a na-!" It was then that he *jammed* her in the face with a different blade, with this one coming from inside the chestpiece instead. Sanageyama did a leap backwards, before in the middle of his jump, his arms seemed

to vanish. "... Arm vanishing tech-" Suddenly, she was pounded from all directions as Sanageyama hit her over and over again.

Meanwhile, Mako kept on the battlefield, staring at Satsuki as she fell from the sky. "Satsuki!" She ran over, before she did a flying leap into the air and *pulled* her into her arms. "I've got you!"

"You... you were still there, Mako?" She muttered.

"Of course I was!"

Gamagoori emerged from behind her. "She refused to leave."

"Oh." Satsuki looked up at her. "... Uh... thanks." She said, before she shoved herself away. "But... I have something to do first-"

**"NO, YOU DON'T."** Satsuki stopped as soon as she saw someone flying overhead. "Just *go, Satsuki.*" Ryuko said while on top of Nonon. She had detransformed. "This isn't worth fighting for! I'll just tell you everything later!"

"What?!" Satsuki growled.

"Come on, Satsuki." Mako said as she grabbed the other girl's arm. "Just go!"

Satsuki clenched her teeth. She didn't want to go, but... "Fine." She said. "... But... what the fuck did she even *mean...*"

[=]

Sanageyama kept hitting Nui... well, what he thought was Nui, anyway. The actual Nui was watching as Satsuki and Mako made their way off campus, before she just sighed in exasperation. "Oh... she left." She frowned. "That's sad! I wanted to have some more fun with her!" She pulled out a spool, before she sewed her arm back on with ease. "Oh, she was gone too quickly!"

**"NUI HARIME!"** A spotlight shined from overhead, before Nui just looked up.

"Oh! Ryuko!" She waved.

**"YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON THIS CAMPUS ONCE AGAIN. TRESPASS FURTHER, AND WE WILL NOT HESITATE TO KILL YOU!"**

Nui sighed. "Oh, really? Pulling off some kind of tough-girl act? I can see that you get that tendency towards loud speeches from your mom but-" She was cut off when Ryuko *slammed* into the ground in front of her, and aimed her sword at her face.

"... I am not joking. And if I can't kill you, I will slice you into small pieces, and put each of those pieces into several boxes, before I *bury them* beneath Honnouji's foundation, never to be found again." She clenched her teeth. "No matter how strong you are, even as a life fiber *monstrosity*, you can't pull yourself together from that, can you?"

Nui laughed a little. "Oh, your'e so *cheeky*, Ryuko!"

Ryuko pressed her blade into Nui's neck, drawing blood as she slid it across. "Do you want to test me?"

"Relax!" Nui pushed it away. "I'll leave if you really want me to!" She said, before she stuck her tongue out. "You're all kinds of a stick in the mud!"

"And you disgust me."

[=]

Kinue Kinagase left her place in Honnouji tower, just in time to see that everyone else was already done with the big dramatic fighting. She groaned a little, and sat down, hand-on-chin as she just stared at the ruins of Honnouji below her.

"Shit. I missed all the big stuff."

[=]

A/N: Chapter 6 can also be called "The Day Everything Went To Shit".

"Nui... you do realize that you told everyone at the school without my express approval, right?"

"Yes, I do." She replied with a cheerful lilt in her voice. "I thought you didn't care much about that! After all, it's not like you're subtle ab-" Suddenly, Nui froze, before she felt something digging into her brain. A single thread was wrapped into her mind, before she immediately felt the worst pain imaginable in her stomach. She let out a *loud*, horrible scream that echoed across the chamber as Ragyo just let out a laugh.

"Oh, my daughter... my *sweet* daughter is a beautiful woman... and I do appreciate it." She grinned. "But you should know something, Nui." She gripped the girl by the cheeks as her own smile grew. Nui's own grin disappeared as she was clenched by the neck and held high. "Remember that *is my own right*. The knowledge of what I do to my *property* is under *my control*." She clenched her neck tighter, and Nui immediately felt her throat being *crushed* under the pressure. "I do appreciate everything you do for me... why, you even found something I never thought that I would see..." She grinned. "The knowledge of another life-fiber hybrid. Why, it might even be..." She shook her head. "Heh... how unlikely *that* would be." She glared back at Nui, before she brought her other hand up. She *knew* that Nui would just regenerate.

"I-I'm s-sorry *R-ragyo!*" Ragyo let go of her neck, and Nui immediately sucked air in through her lungs. Her remaining eye was wide open as she coughed out, her crushed throat reforming immediately as her head straightened itself upright.

"Are you really, Nui?" She said. "Maybe... I'm not convinced. How about you and I have another chat?" Ragyo's smirk grew a bit wider. "... I think it would do us both some good."

## [CHAPTER 7: CRYING WON'T HELP YOU]

Nonon stared at her hands after she detransformed. She opened and closed them, as she just looked down at the ground. Beside her, Inumuta walked up. "So... you know?"

"... Nui blurted it out. Of course I do." Nonon said. "... And... and she didn't trust *any* of us enough. She didn't even trust *me*." She took a breath as she hyperventilated, before she curled up into a ball.

Inumuta just frowned. "... I've never seen you like this."

"That's because I've never *been* like this." Nonon said. "And now... now it makes sense. The avoidance. The distance. All these years. All these years I've known her better. I've liked her more than anyone else and she didn't even *think* of telling me." She gulped. "... I... I feel like I've been stabbed in the chest by my best friend."

"... You mean crush?"

"Shut it." Nonon said, flatly. "... I'm not in the mood for it."

"I didn't mean it as a ribbing. I said it before, you're not subtle." Inumuta sighed. "... I actually knew."

Nonon glared. "... You *what*."

"I eavesdropped in on her conversation with Kinue."

"Why didn't you *tell us*?" Nonon said.

"Becau-"

"Because Ryuko didn't want any of you to know." They both turned to see Kinue standing there, arm crossed and eye narrowed. "She wanted it to be a secret... but wouldn't you know it. Now the whole damn school knows." She frowned. "... And if they don't react in revulsion they'll react in hatred towards Ragyo."



"Totally deserved hatred." Nonon murmured. "... She... I c-can't imagine that." Nonon said, before she wiped one of her eyes. "... I can't. I can't imagine the Ryuko I knew suffering like that."

[=]

A/N: Being Everyone is Suffering.

## 39

Gamagoori and Sanageyama sat outside of the room where Satsuki was being briefed. Sanageyama took a breath and sighed."... So now what?" He said.

"I haven't a clue." Gamagoori said. "I'm still processing what Harime said."

"The 'touching' comment?" Sanageyama frowned.

"That one." Gamagoori said, quietly.

He looked at the ceiling. "It puts things into perspective."

"Such as why her demeanor changed virtually overnight."

"She was a lot more impulsive when she met you, right?" Sanageyama said.

"More like her childhood was still somewhat intact and she could actually touch other people." Gamagoori said.

"Heh..." Sanageyama leaned back. "Well... that's still a hell of a memory."

### **[THREE YEARS AGO]**

In the middle of a large field, [Sanageyama](#) had a bamboo sword over his shoulder. His green hair was in a mess, his black overcoat blew in the wind, and his shirt had a terribly worded phrase on it: "BADS BOY". He grinned as, right behind him, a vast force of five hundred delinquents all had their weapons brandished.

"I am Uzu Sanageyama, Head Representative of the Northern Kanto Gang Alliance!"

**[NORTHERN KANTO GANG ALLIANCE HEAD  
REPRESENTATIVE: UZU SANAGEYAMA]**

"And I heard about your challenge, Lady Kiryuin!"

"I would hope so." Ryuko said, with her face turned down and her eyebrow furrowed. Her own sword was held over her shoulder, with the scabbard by her side. "It would have been a shame if you rejected it like the others did!"

"Your reputation precedes you!" Sanageyama said with a grin. "But let's see how you do against the might of five hundred of my men!" At that, the sound of chains, whirring chainsaws, and clanging weapons echoed through the area, as Nonon, Gamagoori, and Inumuta watched on a nearby hill.

"Think she can really pull it off?" Inumuta said.

"Naturally." Nonon grinned. "The others kinda got flattened."

"That doesn't mean she can take five hundred men-"

**"KIAI!"**

Suddenly, before any of them moved, the entire force was sent flying. Sanageyama's eyes grew wide, as an enormous block of red text emerged above the girl.

**[SHOUT OF KIRYUIN SPIRIT]**

As soon as the dust settled, Ryuko turned her attention towards him. Her own uniform blew about in the wind, as her overcoat made her look a fair amount larger than she actually was.

Sanageyama just smirked. "So you *can* face it!" Sanageyama shouted. "Impressive... but it won't work with *me*!" He ran forwards, bamboo sword up, before he tried slapping it against Ryuko's chest. Without flinching, she took her sword and passed it to her side. Sanageyama's own momentum sliced his blade effortlessly, before she twirled it around and put it away in her scabbard. "Y-You!" His

eyes widened, before right in front of him, the end of a scabbard appeared. "Oh, f-"

[=]

"Fun times." He sighed.

"And when you finally woke up, she apologized and let you join." Gamagoori said with his own smirk.

"I still don't get why she apologized."

"I think she was apologizing for the brain damage."

"Are you suggesting that I'm stupid?"

"You don't make the wisest of decisions." Gamagoori said.

"That doesn't make me stupid." Sanageyama put his hands behind his head.

"You're still rather thick with some of your more academic studies."

"But I can handle physical training-"

"And nothing else."

"Oh, fuck off!"

"I'd rather not."

[=]

Mako looked at the door where Satsuki was, then at her gloves, then at the door again. She paused, walked around in a circle, looked at the ceiling, then down at the floor... before she saw Gamagoori and Sanageyama talking down the hall. "Oh!" She shouted, before she ran over. "Gamagoori!"

"Hm?" Gamagoori stopped his argument with Sanageyama and turned. "Oh, Mankanshoku."

"Hi!" She shouted, before she looked at the door. "What's going on with Satsuki?"

"Just a talk with Ryuko." Gamagoori said.

"Oh, can you tell me?" She asked.

"Not really." Sanageyama said. "It's kind of official business."

"Come on!" Mako said. "She's my friend! And I want to know what my friend's doing all the time!"

"... Really?" Sanageyama quirked up an eyebrow.

"Yeah! I want to know when she's walking to school, when she's doing homework, going to sleep, going to the bathroom, taking a shower, m-"

"*Stop.*" Gamagoori rubbed his temples. "... But seriously, she's busy right now, and you don't exactly have clearance to get there."

Mako opened her mouth, before she puffed her cheeks out and crossed her arms. "But I really wanna know."

"In order to do *that*, you need to be another Elite."

"[Well, how can I do that?](#)" Mako asked.

"Get a three sta-"

"I know *that* part, but there's no guidelines in the club textbook on how to get there!"

Gamagoori paused. "... You have to be specifically selected by Ryuko herself. And that's a low chance."

"But if Satsuki's important enough to Ryuko, then surely being her friend can do *something!*"

"... Friend. Satsuki could have loads of friends."

"Well, I'm her *closest!*"

Gamagoori stared at her... before he just sighed. "... I guess I'll have to ask her myself."

"Woo!" Mako's hands shot into the air. "Mako's gonna get a three-star!" She skipped out of the hall... before Sanageyama turned to quirk an eyebrow at Gamagoori.

"... You certainly changed your tune quickly."

"She showed her worth and potential when she became a two-star."

"You still changed it faaaaaaaast~!" Sanageyama smirked. "Do you-"

"This conversation is over. Change the subject or I will not speak."

Sanageyama sighed. "Spoilsport."

[=]

A/N: Shipping intensifies.

## 40

"Okay..." Satsuki waved her hands about. "So... okay, this is a lot to take in. Gimme a moment." She stood up, walked out of the room to a nearby bathroom, and closed the door.

Aikuro turned to Ryuko. "How well do you think she took it?"

[=]

Satsuki held her head, as she stood in the bathroom. She stared at her hands... then she looked at the Junketsu on her body. "... So..." She started.

"That would explain why I have such an easy time communicating with you." Junketsu looked up.

"More than that." Satsuki muttered. "It's... kind of jarring. So... like... I'm not just a person. I'm an *unkillable freak*." The ends of her mouth quirked up a little. "I... I mean it would be *funny* if..." She opened and closed her hands. "If, you know, it weren't for the *what the fuck*."

"That's not a noun, that's a-"

"I know what it is, Junketsu." Satsuki said, flatly. "... heh... I can actually see this being why dear old dad let me be. Because I was a *failed experiment*."

Junketsu didn't dare to speak... and that just made Satsuki chuckle darkly.

"I shouldn't even exist."

It paused at that, before it said something to her. "Satsuki, I think you're overstatin-"

"I shouldn't even *exist*." Satsuki's voice grew a little louder... before she raised her fist and *slammed* it into a nearby wall. Immediately, it

started to crumble with just the hit, as dust fell onto her arm. "I am a *freak*." She punctuated it with a punch. "An *experiment* gone *wrong*."

Junketsu looked down, then back up at her. It didn't feel for her, not in any way... rather... it started to *pity* her. "You're being *irrational* about-"

"Not to *mention* that I..." She shook her head. "I didn't even *think* about that when I *stabbed* myself." She shook her head. "My heart went right fucking *back* into my chest after it was torn out. That's not normal. That's not *fucking normal*." She clenched her teeth, before she hit the wall *again*. "This isn't just *crazy*. This is fucking *insanity*. This is... this makes no *sense*." She hit it over and over, and the steel panels beneath the drywall started bending as her hits got harsher and harsher. Her knuckles started bleeding. "But I should have seen it coming!" Her voice started getting louder. "I should have seen it *fucking coming* because of *course* the Kanto drifter couldn't have been *fucking normal*! She carries a *guitar case* and *beats people for no apparent reason*!" She laughed. "I am a fucking *moron for thinking otherwise*! I should have *bled to death* several times over! Like a few fucking *bandages* would have fixed *any of it*!"

It paused, before it looked up at her. "... Satsuki-"

"Mom probably *killed herself* because she realized *what the fuck I was*!" Satsuki shouted, and suddenly, all of her prior frustrations started to vent. For once, tears started to fall. "I c-couldn't have anything *normal* because I didn't *deserve that*." She sputtered, before she turned to the wall...

There was an open hole leading to the outside of Honnouji tower now. It was getting drafty in the bathroom. Satsuki stared at her hand... her knuckles were so badly injured that she could see the bone underneath... before it quickly healed over.

She stared at it for a few good seconds.

[=]



A loud scream echoed from the bathroom, followed immediately by shattering glass and crashing debris. Ryuko winced at the sound. "... Not well." She replied.

[=]

A/N: When in doubt? Scream it out!

# 41

Ryuko walked out of her room, before she reached the bathroom where Satsuki was. She slid open the door... before it promptly fell off of its rail and hit the floor with a cloud of dust. Inside, Junketsu had been thrown off, and was currently just sitting, watching Satsuki before it shrugged.

"Are you doing alright, now?" Ryuko asked.

Satsuki laughed a little. "... Not really."

"Well, you still have a while to come to grips with it." Ryuko frowned. "... Just take as much time as you need."

"Why the hell would you care?"

"Well... here's the thing." Ryuko said. "For one, you're a useful asset. You're a critical part of the war against Ragyo... and this is just another piece of the puzzle necessary to save mankind."

Satsuki clenched her teeth... before Ryuko leaned forwards.

"And because I'm not one to leave someone else behind." Ryuko said. "Even if she considers herself a freak of science and nature." She smiles. "... Isshin Matoi wouldn't have abandoned you just because of that... in fact, I know that he didn't. It hurt him."

Satsuki's eyes widened, before she looked up.

"Isshin was a man that I respected deeply. One that kept you away because he was almost *a/ways* living under the risk of being ripped apart by someone... be it Nui or another one of REVOC's freaks."

"But... but I could have sur-"

"No. No you couldn't have." Ryuko said. "Even with your abilities, they would have captured you. Turned you into a *genuine* monster... probably have you kill millions." Ryuko leaned forwards. "You're not a monster. Just a teenager who's been through a few rough times because of a situation that's beyond convoluted and horrible."

Satsuki nodded slowly. "... Do you mind if I...?"

"Actually, yes." Ryuko said. "I do mind if you give me a hug." She said.

"No. That's not what I was asking for. I don't hug anyone..." Satsuki said. "... Other than Mako. I hug Mako."

"I saw." The edges of Ryuko's mouth quirked up a little. "... You have quite the friend in her, don't you?"

"I honestly don't know what I'd do without her." Satsuki stood up. "And to think I found her *annoying* for the first few days..."

"Satsuki!" She turned her head to see Mako running towards her, with a happy-looking Nonon right behind her. She rushed through the hall in her own two-star uniform, leaped through the debris, and promptly wrapped her arms around Satsuki's neck. "*Satsukiiiiiiii-!*" They were both sent to the ground, before Ryuko sighed.

"... She's not gonna recover quickly from this." Ryuko murmured.

"Well, she's taking a step." Aikuro said. "Should at least help." He almost put a hand on Ryuko's shoulder, before she just raised her sword. He just put it down. "Sorry, almost forgot."

"It's alright." She said. "... But we still need to prepare for the festival."



Ragyo Kiryuin had quite the smile on her face, as she walked slowly towards the ensnared Nui Harime, wrapped in **COVERs**. She sighed

with joy and relief, as she brought a hand to Nui's chin. "So... are you feeling quite relaxed yet... my dear?" She stroked it, her hand tracing down the clothing.

Nui let out a bit of a cough, before she smiled herself. "Yes. I am." She raised her head. "Sorry, Ragyo! I won't screw up again!" She said it in a happy, quirky voice.

"That's quite nice to hear." Ragyo said, before she brought her mouth to Nui's ear. "I hope you know exactly what follows, then?"

"Hm?" Nui looked over.

"Simple." Ragyo shrugged. "You get to do whatever you like on Ryuko's precious campus. Shake things up a little..." Ragyo smiled. "Just do what you do best, Nui Harime."

Nui's smile grew wide. "Of course, Ragyo!"

[=]

A/N: Blooming Krantz, mofo.

## 42

Satsuki woke up in a state of panic. She shot upright, eyes wide, breath heavy, as she just stared across from her. She gulped, staring in front of her... before she slumped a little. "... Oh... oh fuck it was just a dream."

"You've been doing that more often lately." Junketsu said from behind her.

"You notice." She muttered. "... I guess that's one good thing from you."

"I notice that it's also taking a toll on you. You may be healed physically but... you're doing worse mentally."

"I know."

"Shouldn't you find someone to talk to about your condition as a life fibe-?"

"Why the hell would *you* care?" She shot at him. "I had to *stab* myself to get you to work with me!"

"... Call it a change of perspect-"

"Bullshit. You're worried about your *food*." She glared at him, before she went back into bed and buried herself in the sheets.

Outside of her room, Mako just looked inside. She walked away... hands crossed over her chest. "... You're worrying us." She said, quietly."

### [CHAPTER 8: MARIONETTE]

"So... there's a matter I'd like to talk about with you." Kinue said.

Ryuko quirked up an eyebrow. "What?"

"We've been having reports of something over the past week, ever since the big brawl at the school." She moved a piece of paper forwards. "A series of murders."

"... That's unusual, but I don't see why I'm being involved." Ryuko said. "Unless there was, say, a specific serial killer-"

"Actually, that's the thing." Also in front of her, Aikuro slid a sheet of paper towards her. "There's been a pattern. All of the bodies weren't just propped up."

Ryuko moved her head forwards, before she immediately recoiled at the site. One of the corpses had been elongated, stretched over a town square. One arm had been broken and twisted, and whenever the skin had broken because of the enormous stretch, it was tied together haphazardly by fiber. "... What... the fuck." She muttered. The head itself was removed, propped up on top of the corpse. The eyes were removed and placed in the mouth, while the tongue had been split in half and put into the eye sockets.

"That's one of the tamer ones." Aikuro said, before he moved another one towards Ryuko.

She immediately turned a little sick. "You could have just implied that they got worse." She moved it away. "... Any idea on who it is?"

"Well, they all appeared overnight... and the fibers that kept them up? Life fibers. When some of our workers tried to remove them, they were just shaken and thrown off. Some of our scissors were actually destroyed by it... we had to destroy the body in order to get them removed."

"... Nui." Ryuko muttered.

"That's what we're suspecting." Tsumugu said from behind both Aikuro and Kinue. "Any idea on what to do?"

"Wait until she pops up again... I've got full reign to kill her this time."  
Ryuko quietly pulled out her sword. "I cut off her head, take the scissor blade, then finish the job."

Isn't that naughty? *Hee~!*

[=]

A/N: You'd really think it's that easy, wouldn't you, Ryuko?

## 43

A/N: nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

[=]

Satsuki woke up that morning, feeling worse than she ever had before. She yawned a little, before she saw Mako standing by her door.

"Satsuki?" She asked.

Satsuki turned. "What is it, Mako?" Her hair was an utter mess. "... Can't you see that I'm busy being miserable?"

"... I don't like seeing you like that." She said, before she walked right in.

"Mako, you don't need to-"

"But I want to." Mako said, before she gave Satsuki a tight *squeeze* around the stomach. "I'm worried about you!"

Satsuki blushed a little, before she shook her head. "I'm fine."

"But you haven't even been talking that much when we sit together! And most of the time you're just really distant!" She frowned. "... You don't seem okay at all, Satsuki."

"I told you, I'm fine." Satsuki took a breath. "... Don't worry about it."

After that, Matarou walked by. "Hey, anyone see Guts?"

Mako shouted. "You can't interrupt now! I'm having a moment!"

Matarou just crossed his arms, dressed back in his old outfit. "Fine, fine. Just don't blame me if he winds up dead or somethin'." He stuck his tongue out and walked off.



Mako puffed her cheeks out, before Satsuki quickly returned it. "... Thank you." Satsuki muttered.

"But... you're hurting!" Mako said. "I don't like it. At all."

Satsuki nodded. "Heh... thanks." She sighed. "But... I don't deserve it."

"Deserve what? A friend? A set of clothes that you don't yell at?"

"... Well, either of those." Satsuki said... "Not as I am-"

"That's nonsense!" Mako shouted. "You deserve that! You so deserve that and don't you dare tell me you don't, okay?"

Satsuki paused... the girl didn't even *know*... if she did, would Mako still like her at all? Still want to be her friend? "... Thank you." Satsuki said.

Mako frowned. "You're welcome..." She gave her one last squeeze, before she walked out... and frowned. "... I need three stars." She said.

[=]

A groggy Ryuko walked over to her office, only to notice that the doors were slightly open. Her mouth hung open slightly, before Soroi rushed over, poured her some tea, and walked off. She let out a yawn, before she sat down, hair properly combed... and then the doors to her [office swung open](#).

"Oh no-"

"Ryuko!" Mako stood, dressed in her two-star uniform, arms crossed above her head, before she started to shout. "Something's eating apart Satsuki!"

"Literally or emotionally? Because I knew abou-"

"*Emotionally!*" Mako shouted. "She doesn't like my hugs as much anymore!"

"... Really?" Ryuko sipped her tea. "Shocking, consid-"

"She's startin' to hurt real bad and she doesn't wanna say! And I heard her talking to her clothes one time about how only you and three-stars are allowed to know what's happening so I want to become a three star to be in the *know!*"

Ryuko blinked. "... What makes you think-"

"*I CAN DO IT!*" Mako shouted. "I am willing to do it for my friend because without me she will become friendless because Junketsu is a jerk and so are a lot of two-stars and one-stars and *students!*"

Ryuko sighed. "... Actually... that's part of the event later."

"... Eh?" The music came to a grinding halt.

"Event. As in the election." Ryuko said. "It was kind of delayed but we'll still have it." She sighed. "If you think it's possible, you can easily get into a position to best one of the four elites. And if you do that? You get to gain yourself a uniform."

"OOOOOOOOOOH!" Mako gasped. "Really?!"

"Big warning, though." Ryuko said. "They also have a uniform and a general experience advantage, so I'd really-"

"I'll do it!" Mako shouted. "No matter what!"

Ryuko blinked. "Really?"

"Really!"

Ryuko smiled. "Heh... I think Satsuki really *does* need someone like you."

"Eh?"

"You're about as good a friend as Nonon is." Ryuko smiled. "Alright. Good luck, then."

"Thank you, Ryuko!" She bowed, before she ran out of the room... and then Ryuko just rubbed her temples.

"Christ... That girl's a handful."

In another part of the city, Sanageyama and Jakazure walked the streets. The dust blew around their feet as they walked, and in the distance, they could see Gamagoori's enormous form stomping around the one-star apartments.

"... So, murder." Nonon muttered.

"Murders. Many murders." Sanageyama ruffled his own hair. "I suppose I shoulda expected something like that to happen."

"What with the crazy pink bitch running around?" Nonon put her hands behind her head.

"Yes, with the crazy pink bitch runnin' around." Sanageyama muttered as he leaned forwards. "I guess it was just a matter of time."

"Yeah..." Nonon trailed off. She looked at the ground.

"Still hurting?" Sanageyama asked.

"... She still didn't tell me." Nonon murmured. "Didn't she *trust* me enough? Did she think that she didn't need to tell us?"

Sanageyama frowned. "... I think it's because of something else." Sanageyama said. "Do you want Ragyo dead?"

"I want her fucking *destroyed!* I want to rip her to fucking *pieces* and *piss on the remains!*" Nonon shouted. "I *hate* her! Not just because she's a crazy bitch but because she did *that* to Ryuko!"

"I think that's why she didn't tell us." Sanageyama muttered. "... I actually did feel like rushing after Ragyo. Did you?"

Nonon froze... and she choked a little. "... I did."

"That's why." Sanageyama said. "She kept it from us because she was worried..."

"But she didn't trust us. She didn't trust *me*." Nonon sniffed. "... She didn't trust me... Inumuta didn't trust any of us... I just want her to smile and hug and be *happy* again."

"Trust me, it's what all-" He froze.

Nonon looked at him. "What's wrong?" She asked as she wiped one of her eyes.

"Look in front." He said as he pulled out a bamboo sword. "I think something's close by..."

"Well, yeah. Buildings. Lots and lots of shitty-" Nonon stopped herself... before she moved closer. "... Okay, yeah you have a point."

There was a shuffling sound, before a trashcan was knocked over. Sanageyama looked around quickly, eyes darting about as he looked at his uniform. "We might need to transform in a bit-" He whipped his blade around as Nonon twirled her baton twice... before the ribbon flew off and the baton turned into a rapier.

"Understood." Nonon said. "But no need to put extra strain on the uniform unle-" Her eyes widened, before she shoved him out of the way. Right between them, a clone of Nui jumped between them with her own scissor blade out, before she was promptly stabbed in the face by a rapier and sliced in half with the bamboo sword. She tumbled across the ground before she disintegrated into scraps of cloth, before out of nowhere, a crowd of them jumped out.

"... Transform *now*?" Sanageyama asked.

"Transform now."

[=]

Gamagoori's enormous fist *smashed* into the ground. **"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WERE INATTENTIVE AT THAT TIME?!"** He screamed.

"I m-mean that I was... uh... k-kind of sleeping on the job?" The poor boy in front of him mumbled, before Gamagoori leaned forwards.

**"THAT'S ANOTHER DEMERIT. ONE MORE AND YOUR CLUB WILL BE DISBANDED, YOUR STATUS LOST, AND ALL OF THE STUDENTS UNDER YOUR CARE DEMOTED!"**

"Y-Yes sir!"

**[TENZIN MANJIN: CAPTAIN OF THE WATCHDOGS CLUB]**

**"NOW GO GET TO WORK, YOU PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A GUARDSMAN!"**

He nodded, before he ran off, leaving Gamagoori to sigh. "When the lives of your fellows are at stake, you *sleep*. Pathetic." He looked to see Jakazure and Sanageyama flying among the no-star slums, punching apart Nui clones and ripping a good chunk of the neighborhood to pieces. He muttered to himself.

"For someone who was elaborate with their planning... it seems a bit too simple to just leave a bunch of clones around to be beaten up." He brought a comm to his ear. "I suspect some kind of plot."

"We did, too." Inuzuma said. "Nui isn't the type to just have a bunch of clones for an all-out assault. She's planning something... and whatever it is, it's probably working."

"What do you think she's doing?" Gamagoori raised an eyebrow.

"She's probably planning something up here at the school." Inumuta said. "Something along the lines of..." His eyes widened a little. "... Satsuki. She's probably going to go after Satsuki."

"Because of her *quirk*, I presume?" Gamagoori murmured.

"Because of that." Inumuta said. "Ryuko's gonna need to get to over-"  
"

"Already on it." Both Gamagoori and Inumuta heard Ryuko say, before she clicked out.

[=]

And then everyone died.

## 45

[=]

Satsuki stumbled through the halls on her way to her next class with Mako beside her. She sighed deeply, walking around aimlessly as Mako kept up. "Satsuki, you're really out of it!"

"I'm *fine*." Satsuki said through clenched teeth. "I'm perfectly *f-*"

"Someone who's *fine* wouldn't just stumble through the halls! You could be losing blood! And dying of blood loss would kill you and that wouldn't be *fine*!"

Satsuki laughed a little. That statement was just so stupid and *Mako*-ish that she couldn't help but laugh at it. "Okay, okay. I understand... and thanks for that, but I'm really fine."

Mako frowned. "... I still don't believe you!"

Satsuki sighed, before she just kept walking... and then she felt a string in front of her. Her eyes widened a little, and it was far too late; her momentum carried her forwards, and behind her Mako took out a bat.

And then the hallway exploded in a geyser of blood.

[≡]

Nui Harime's clones laughed as Nonon and Sanageyama fought. They exploded time and time again, as a series of bamboo sticks and exploding fluterockets ripped apart the slums.

"There's no *end* to them!" Nonon screamed, before right above them, Gamagoori let out a loud scream in his Scourge Regalia.

**"*THAT SHALL CHAAAAANGE!*"** He *smashed* into the dirt with an explosion of dust and debris, sending several dozen Nui clones flying. He let out a laugh, before he sent out an enormous, twisting



whip of vines and thorns towards a group of clones. Immediately, they were sent flying before they exploded into more scraps of cloth.

"Gamagoori!" Sanageyama shouted, before he promptly blocked another one and stabbed it between the eyes with another bamboo sword. "There's just too damn many of them!"

**"I CAN SEE THAT!"** He looked up at the school. **"LADY KIRYUIN-!"**

[三]

Ryuko walked through the bloody hallway, face in the shadows and just one eye looking forward as she clenched her teeth. She walked through, even as the stench of death entered her nose. She wasn't disgusted... rather, she was *furious*.

And it was then that a loud scream echoed through the hall, followed quickly by a chunk of the building disintegrating as a clash of red and blue echoed throughout the halls.

"Oh, this is so much *fun!*" Nui laughed as Satsuki let out a bestial scream. "It's more entertaining when you're *mad!*"

Ryuko clenched her teeth, as she tapped the three needles on her shoulder.

**"WHY WON'T YOU JUST DIE?!"** Satsuki let out a scream as their blades crashed again, blowing out several windows as both blades crashed.

"I'm just like you~!" Nui giggled. "I can do exactly what you can!"

"Satsuki, you're letting your anger get to-!" Junketsu's eyes widened. "It... !" He let out a scream as Satsuki ground her scissor blade against Nui's.

**"I DON'T CARE!"** Satsuki screamed. **"AS LONG AS YOU FUCKING DIE!"**

Nui let out a long, horrible cackle as soon as Satsuki said that. "In a city full of naked apes and nonsense? Of *course* you're entertaining! Oh, if only Ryuko's betrayal wasn't s-!" Suddenly she froze with the sound of a loud *crack*. Thanks to the fight... she wasn't able to pay attention to what was behind her. And right behind her was a single young woman in a conservatively-made Kamui, eyes burning red and a sword of gleaming black.

"I thought I gave you a warning, Harime." Ryuko said, coldly. "And you *broke it*."

Nui coughed, as blood erupted from her mouth. She grinned, before sliced her own head off with a razor-sharp tape measure just to turn it around. "Oh, I guess I did!!" She said cheerfully, as she still held Satsuki off. Even with her head removed, she kept blocking and fighting Satsuki, as she talked to Ryuko behind her. "How naughty of me!" She turned, letting the Bakuzan slide within her chest cavity as her head reattached itself.

"Do you really wish to be sent to Ragyo in fucking *pieces*?"

"Well, I already got what I wanted!" Nui said as she twirled around again. This time, the sword cut the top half of her torso from the bottom, but she still remained standing, as though in a grotesque dance. "I don't care~!" Nui grabbed Ryuko's face, as Satsuki let out another horrible scream.

"The pull brought them uncomfortably close to one another... and Ryuko could immediately feel her blood starting to boil.

"As long... as you... and I... get to have a little fun together!" Nui slapped Satsuki's scissor blade away, before she twirled around again. Soon enough, she was back in one piece. "Oh, and for someone just like me, you're pretty *boring*, Satsuki!" She giggled.

Satsuki started to tear up. "Y-**YOU-!**"

"It's always 'you killed my dad' this and 'aaaaagh' that!" Nui laughed again. "Couldn't you treat your soul sister a little better?"

**"I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!"** Satsuki screamed, before Junketsu let out a burst of steam and blue energy. Immediately she froze again, before she just *vomited* blue energy.

Nui laughed at that. "I guess that's all you have, then... what a shame!" And with that, Nui fell out of the building and did a flying leap away from the city.

And so, with that, Ryuko and Satsuki were left alone in a room full of blood.

[=]

A/N: That isn't the last you've seen of Nui Harime.

## 46

Mako Mankanshoku coughed loudly. She stood up, and wiped her face... only to recoil. There was *red*... and it smelled like *iron*. Her eyes widened as soon as she saw it, before she shook her hand. She had seen her fair share of blood thanks to her father but... her eyes trailed down the hall.

There was a severed arm lying on the floor, in a puddle of blood. She looked further, and there was the top half of somebody's head. She could see that the eyes were missing, the face was mostly ripped away and she couldn't look at it anymore. She felt sick... before she stood up on shaky legs. She was prepared to fight... but she wasn't prepared to look down the hall. It was lined with remains and bodies. Outside, there was a splatter of blood where the geyser happened, and in front there was a long string of life fibers and corpses. She could see some of them ripped apart and hung across the halls as though they were a kind of decoration.

She could see little hearts doodled into the floor, made out of limbs and arms and heads.

It was a massacre... and when Mako saw it, she couldn't help but realize that from head to toe, she was covered in blood.

She cracked a smile. Her pupils shrunk. Her eyes shook and she let out a laugh once before she fell to her knees.

For all the craziness of Honnouji Academy, she wasn't prepared for this.

### **[CHAPTER 9: CARNAGE]**

"How many do you think were lost?" Kinue asked.

"Fifty." Inumuta said. "... Around fifty. And that's not including the destruction in the slums."

"Jesus." Kinue murmured. "You'd think they'd try keeping them alive for COVERS."

"I think that Ragyo doesn't care about a few paltry teenagers." Inumuta's fingers glided across the keyboard as he typed. "... As long as Nui has her fun and does whatever she wants."

"... That's horrifying." Kinue said. "I still don't understand what would drive a mother to molest her own child and let a *murderer* loose in a fucking school."

"I can tell you." The door slid open, and right behind them Ryuko walked in. "Ragyo isn't crazy. She isn't psychotic or delusional."

"Hard to argue against saying that, though." Inumuta said, before Ryuko just shot him a look.

"She simply doesn't care." Ryuko said. "What she cares about is only one thing. *Herself*. It's all about *her*. It's all about *her* and her *precious fucking life fiber*." Ryuko clenched her teeth. "She only cares about her p-pleasure. Her life and her joys. She doesn't care if anyone else suffers as long as she is the one to behold the so-called fucking *glory* of COVERS." She took a deep breath.

"So... now what? There's a bit of a panic down in the slums, and a large number of parents and students are wondering what happened at Honnouji."

Ryuko frowned. "... We tell them. It was a massacre. The elections will still happen... but this isn't going away. We need to up security. Get Gamagoori to fire Manjin. Lazy piece of shit is partially responsible for fifty of *my students* getting *butchered*."

Inumuta just nodded. "... Honesty? I wouldn't say it's the smartest thing to do... but I don't think you'd do anything else."

Ryuko nodded, before she looked back at the screen. "And we tell them who did it. Keep them on alert for next time she's here... it

won't just be me and Nudist Beach after her."

[=]

A/N: Ryuko has a mad.

A/N: I've been *waiting* for someone to break Mako horribly. The happier they are, the more *fun* it is to make them *crack*.

[=]

Satsuki wiped some more blue from her mouth, as she just stared at the sink below her. She in the girl's bathroom now, staring at herself in the mirror. "What... what the *fuck*."

"You let your anger get the better of you." Junketsu said.

"So fucking *what*. She still got *away*! She got away and butchered *people*!" Satsuki clenched her teeth.

"You started vomiting up power... some of *my* power." Junketsu looked at her. "You may be strong, but even life-fiber beings cannot handle simply bringing my power through their bodies."

"Stop fucking *calling me that*!" Satsuki shouted. "Don't you *dare* call me that!"

"But it's exactly what you are." Junketsu said. "Didn't you yourself say that you weren't human anymore?"

Satsuki's eyes widened, before she aimed her scissor blade right at his eye. It trembled as she held it.

"... So easily angered, but you're not willing to kill off your hope for finally putting an end to this mess."

"Shut *up*." Satsuki said. "You don't know a *goddamn thing* about me. Just that I put you on and-!"

"I know that the Satsuki before this was a very different woman. I know that you were willing to stab yourself to make me submit... admirable, if somewhat deranged. Why, before you met me, you

sliced and diced and defeated foes with naught but your wit, your strength and and your blade... remarkable woman, you are. Your life fibers hadn't even activated."

"I got caught up in something so *big!* And I *can't get away from it!*" Satsuki shouted, before Junketsu just moved the blade out of his way.

"You are a victim. In the end, you're just a victim."

Satsuki wanted to retort... but she really couldn't think of something else to say. She just swallowed her words, before her grip on the scissor blade slackened. It clattered against the ground, before she fell to her knees and buried her face in her hands. "... Fuck." She muttered. "*Fuck.*" She said it a little louder. She couldn't find any other words to say as she just started crying. "I... *fuck this. Fuck all of this.*"

Junketsu blinked at her once, before he just looked ahead. He really couldn't find anything to say. Not a snide comment. Not a wry remark.

"W-what... aren't you gonna comment on something? Tell me how fucking *pathetic* I am?"

"No." Junketsu said. "I normally hate you, but now? I just *pity* you." He said. "A being made for a war she didn't even know about. Something she shouldn't even be a part of. It's something to pity. You're a child, aren't you?"

"*Fuck you.*" Satsuki spat. "Y-you're... I'm being talked down to by a fucking *shirt!*" She said. "I... I'm being talked down to by a piece of fucking *clothing!*"

"Not talked down to." Junketsu said. "... You don't deserve condescension. You deserve pity."



Satsuki sputtered before she just curled up on the floor of the bathroom and started to sob.

[=]

A/N: Oh yeah, and Satsuki's a punching bag too, ALSO-

## 48

Mako puffed her cheeks out before she ran to Satsuki's side. "This isn't like you at all!"

Satsuki didn't move.

"You're supposed to be running outside and having fun and stuff!" Mako said. "Saying something sarcastic and mean but I know you're joking and you don't have to lock yourself inside like th-!"

"What am I supposed to do, huh?!" Satsuki shouted. "Be manipulated *again*?! Used for something *else* I don't believe in?!"

"You've been like this for the past week!" Mako said. "When you skipped out on class, I was worried!"

"What the fuck would *you* know?!" Satsuki shouted. "You're just fine! You're so goddamn *happy* all the-!"

"That's not *true*!" Mako's voice was raised. "And you can't just stay here like this because you're *hurting*!"

Satsuki pulled Mako's face towards her... only to immediately notice that Mako was right. She looked horribly-slept. Her eyes were teary and she hadn't been sleeping well. Satsuki's anger immediately disappeared. "... You..."

"I've been going to school. It's been hard, but I've still gone." Mako said. "You... you can't just shut down like this. I won't let you!"

Satsuki let her hand slip off of Mako's face. "... Fine." She murmured. She stumbled out of bed, and immediately Mako could see how underfed Satsuki was. She looked dangerously thin and unhealthy... still toned, but clearly hadn't been eating.

"... Satsuki-"

"Just let me go, okay?" Satsuki muttered, before she put on Junketsu.

Mako just nodded. She finally got Satsuki up... but she still didn't feel good about it.



Ryuko stood at the top of the school, and all across the city, a series of monitors flickered to life. She grinned, before she started to shout.

**"FEAR IS A LIMIT! SUBJUGATION IS A BIND! CONTRADICTION IS TRUTH!"** Ryuko shouted from above the student body. **"AND TODAY, YOU WILL PROVE YOUR WORTH!"** Satsuki watched in awe, before she and Mako were brought down to the slums.

"The hell?" Satsuki muttered.

"It's part of the challenge!" Mako said.

"... Fuck." She murmured, before Mako pressed a croquette against Satsuki's cheek. "... What?"

"Mom made 'em before you woke up." Mako frowned. "... And you haven't been eating."

Satsuki paused... before she just sighed. "You're not gonna let me go without eating it, are you?"

"Nope!" Mako said, before she pressed it further.

Satsuki sighed and took it in the hand. She took a few bites... before she hungrily choked the rest of it down.

Meanwhile, Ryuko kept shouting. **"TODAY IS THE DAY OF THE NATURALS ELECTION! A RACE TO THE TOP OF HONNOUJI!"** She grinned on the monitors. **"AND EVERYONE IS A PART OF THIS. ALL TOOLS ARE AVAILABLE AND ALLOWED, INCLUDING GOKU UNIFORMS! THE ONLY THING THAT IS NOT ALLOWED IS THE MURDER OF YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS!"** From above

the city, a bright light shined behind Ryuko. **"EVERY STUDENT WILL BE A PART OF THIS! MYSELF INCLUDED!"** Ryuko smirked as she grabbed a line. **"AND AS SOON AS I REACH THE STARTING POSITION, THE RACE WILL BEGIN!"**

Satsuki sighed, as she half-heartedly reached the starting position. She was still malnourished... but Junketsu looked up at her. "Your blood is less terrible-tasting now."

"Fucking thanks."

"You really do need to eat more." Junketsu said.

"Go fuck yourself."

"You've been saying 'fuck' a lot, lately."

"Fuck off."

"See?"

[=]

A/N: Satsuki is having a bad day. Also, I'm totally stealing that one idea from earlier.

## 49

'Should I run?' Satsuki stumbled around as people around her rushed. '... I already have the answers.'

*Pathetic.*

'And I don't like them.'

*You couldn't have done anything on your own, could you?*

'... i can't do anything.'

*Even this event is probably made as some kind of sick training exercise.*

'Why?'

*Because you're a child. Made to be-*

"Satsuki."

Her eyes widened as soon as she was snapped out of her thoughts. She looked down at Junketsu. "What?"

"Look around you." Immediately, the area was empty. Ahead of her, she could see an obese no-star running off, leaving her just standing at the starting line.

"... I... yeah. I get it. I'm a pathetic piece of shit."

"It doesn't have to be that way." Junketsu said.

"Oh yeah? Fucking *why*? I'm a *crazy life-fiber monster*, whose achievements basically added up to *nothing*." She stared forwards.

"... I'm not even gonna accomplish anything like this, am I?"

**"ACTUALLY... !" A screen came to life beside Satsuki. "THAT'S INCORRECT! IF YOU DEFEAT ANY ONE OF US, YOU GET THE CHANCE TO BE LISTED AS A THREE-STAR. OR, IF YOU CAN DEFEAT ME, PERHAPS EVEN BECOME THE HEAD STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT OF THIS VERY SCHOOL!"**

Satsuki's eyes widened. "W-wait..."

"That's right, Satsuki." Ryuko's image grew smaller, as though it was actually talking to her. "You'd get to run us how you believed that we ran you."

"... Are..." Satsuki paused. "... Is... that's got to be a trick."

"It ain't the case." Ryuko smirked. "Come on. Get to the top. Mako's gonna be waiting for you."

Satsuki frowned, before she looked ahead of her.

"So... are you at least going to take it?" Junketsu asked.

"... I..." She sighed, as she brought her hand to her wrist. "... Fuck it." She murmured. "It's not like I have anything to *lose*!" And with that, she pulled the pin out of her wrist.



Ryuko rushed forwards through the slums, dirt and dust rising behind her as she ran with a smirk on her face. "What, can't keep up?!" She laughed as she looked back at the mass of students behind her. "I guess that just means I can take advantage of this!" She shot out a pair of grapples from her pauldrons, before she sent herself flying forwards. "Toodles,!" She swung forwards from building to building, taking great care to avoid property damage... before the rest of the students came rushing. Some reached Gamagoori, only to be sent flying backwards in a heap of students. Mako herself climbed up Gamagoori's arm.

His eyes widened. "M-Mankanshoku?!"

"I'm gonna get it!" She shouted. "I won't *lose*!"

"Get off of me!"

"Gladly!" She shouted, before she did a flying leap off of his head, using it as though it were a springboard, before she latched onto the bottom of Nonon's flying craft. She immediately noticed the extra weight.

"The hell are you doing?!" Nonon shouted, before Mako dragged a spiked bat across its surface. Immediately, it started raining instruments, smacking several of the students in the face as they just *rammed* into the impromptu wall. Sanageyama did a flying leap, followed quickly by Inumuta's flashing blue teleportation.

"I'm moving *forwards*!" Mako shouted, before she did a flying leap off of the front of Symphony Regalia's speakers. She twirled through the air, before she *smashed* into Sanageyama's helmet, did a twirl on Inumuta's keyboard, and then promptly tripped over her own feet, tumbled, and was trampled by a third of the student body.

Gamagoori just sighed. "So much for the fancy acrobatics."

[=]

A/N: Silly Mako. You can't escape your Mako-ness.

## 50

A/N: It's my sacred duty to make everyone lose their way.

[=]

Satsuki started with a light jog, easily rushing her way past a bunch of one-and-two stars as her feet pounded against the ground... then she stumbled. "The hell?!"

"You've gotten weaker." Junketsu said. "You're basically running dry."

"Shouldn't the life fibers be helping me with that?" Satsuki muttered.

"They normally would. However, you're in such bad shape that they don't even seem to-"

"Satsuki!" Beside her, the Mankanshokus drove in their own car.

"Barazou?" Satsuki muttered, before a bag of water smacked her in the face, followed by a bag of croquettes.

"Good luck!" They said, before they peeled from the rest of the pack. Satsuki just sighed, before she chugged the water and choked down the croquettes.

"Man... I almost forgot how good they were!"

"And your blood's still kind of terrible." Junketsu murmured. "You're in bad shape."

"I fucking know that. Just give me-!" Suddenly she froze, before the life fibers in her body started working overtime. She could *feel* her energy basically replenishing itself immediately, as her digestive tract worked overtime. "The fuck?!"

"... Well, what do you know? They're helping to heal you... your blood's working much better now. Still not in good shape, but better



than just a few minutes ago."

Satsuki sighed. "Oh, *fuck* yes." She smirked. "Good... I'm gonna *take over* this fucking place!" Her feet pounded against the ground... before she thought of something. "Say... mind trying something out?"

"Hm?"

"I have an idea..."

[=]

Mako quickly caught up with the three-stars again, just in time for Gamagoori to glare at her once. "You're not an easy one to beat, Mankanshoku!" He said, as they passed another checkpoint.

"I have to win!" She said. "I gotta know!"

**"GAMAGOORI IRA WILL NOT BOW DOWN FOR ANYONE!"** He shouted. **"EVEN YOU, MANKANSH-!"** He froze... and immediately, he noticed something on his lips. That being a much softer pair of lips.

Mako Mankanshoku was kissing Ira Gamagoori in the middle of the run.

"M-Mankanshoku." He muttered. Time seemed to slow down... before she gave him a dumb smile and a wink, and charged forwards. Gamagoori was flabbergasted to the point where he forgot to run. His momentum dug his heels into the dirt, and he then proceed to tumble head-over-heels as Mako ran ahead.

[≡]

Meanwhile, Satsuki did a soaring leap into the air... before she decided to try something. "Okay! **Secondary transformation!**" She did a spin in the air... before suddenly, her legs changed into jets. On her back sprouted two wings, and her entire body seemed to change to make her more aerodynamic. **"JUNKETSU! SHIPPU!"**

**[JUNKETSU SHIPPU]**

"You won't be able to last too long in your condition." Junketsu said, simply. "Though... this is an interesting idea."

"We can catch up easily!" Satsuki laughed, as she lowered herself to the ground. A burst of blue energy burst from behind her, before she *rushed* forwards. She blasted through several checkpoints, catching her way towards the front of the pack.

[=]

A/N: lolololo-

## 51

From a safe distance, Kinue just sat on a rooftop. She let out a deep, annoyed sigh as the disaster in front of her unfolded. "Ryuko's having too much fun."

"You think?" Right next to her, Tsumugu leaned back before he flung a bag of popcorn at his sister. She caught it with her left hand, before she tore the top off with her teeth and threw the bag in-between her legs.

"Still, whatever she thinks can make Satsuki stronger." She sighs. "... Well, we can at least be upfront, now." Kinue said.

"If she wins, we keep her in the know permanently." Right beside *them*, sat Aikuro Mikisugi, not even with a belt on. Both Kinue and Tsumugu quickly brought out a pair of shades as a bright purple light glowed beside them.

"Please put on a belt." Tsumugu muttered.

"You're gonna make someone blind."

"Fine, fine." Aikuro quickly pulled something over his crotch. "Anyways, how long do you think the uphill battle will last?"

"Well..." Kinue brought out a pair of binoculars. "They're hitting the one-star checkpoints. After that, two-stars, then the school. The slums are the longest part anyway so yeah."

"Huh. Any traps set up?"

"Hell yeah." Kinue smirked. "We got all manner of traps set up."

[=]

A beam of classical music cut across several buildings as Mako just ran alongside the Elites. "Ohoho!" Mako did a spin. "I'll help Satsuki!

*No matter what!"*

"If I can't help Ryuko, then *nobody can help anyone!*"

Immediately, Inumuta ran alongside them. "You're being a bit arrogant, even compared to your normal-"

***"FUCK OFF, DOG!"***

At that, [Sanageyama](#) did a soaring leap above the competition. He spun around once in his Blade Regalia, before he let out a loud laugh. "TENGANTSU!"

**[CLAIRVOYANCE]**

Mako threw a bat at Sanageyama, only for him to block it immediately with a bamboo blade. Out of it came a missile, before he *sliced* it in half. "You can't hit me, Mankanshoku! ***I AM PROTECTED BY MY SIGHT!***"

"Oh yeah!" Mako shouted, before she sent a rocket right in *front* of him. The thing exploded into smoke, before immediately, a gigantic fist *smashed* him into the dirt... and right behind him came Satsuki. She smacked him in the back of the head with her scissor's handle, before she did a spin in midair and started running alongside the elites.

Nonon's eyes widened. "Matoi?!"

"Surprise!" Satsuki shouted, before she dragged her scissor blade across the ground. She did a spin, before she immediately let it transform.

**[DECAPITATION MODE]**

"NOW WE'LL REALLY KNOW WHO'S GONNA WIN THIS!"

[=]

There was a gigantic dust cloud as the ensuing battle dissolved into a flurry of whips, missiles, music cannons, bamboo swords, bats, and all manner of weaponry. Two-stars and one-stars alike were caught up in mine explosions, collapsing buildings and various other kinds of traps as things quickly dissolved into pure nonsense.

And Kinue was all out of popcorn. "... Aw, dammit, really? Oi. Tsu."

"What?"

"Got more?"

"No."

"Dammit."

[=]

From a distance, a girl watched as students of all kinds rushed up Honnouji. She giggled a little.

[=]

A/N: And so silly consumed every... wait, no.

**[ONE HOUR LATER]**

Satsuki let out a tired groan as she walked up the steps to the school. Junketsu had detransformed, and over her shoulder was an exhausted-looking Mako. Right next to her was Ryuko Kiryuin, with the Elite Four lazily lumbering up the steps. Behind them, on the path that led to the school, was a series of ruined buildings, smoking craters, and unconscious students. In fact, that majority of the student body had been beaten handily by the race up the steps.

All that was left was a few straddling one and two-stars, Ryuko, Satsuki, Mako and the Elites.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck." Satsuki breathed out as she stumbled up the steps. "*Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.*"

"You know, it's a good thing nobody got expelled during this thing." Nonon muttered, before she leaned against Ryuko... only to fall over as Ryuko quickly moved away. She fell with a scream, just as Ryuko immediately apologized profusely.

"I'm sorry!" Ryuko shouted as she tried helping Nonon up, just in time to retreat away as soon as she could stand on her own.

"It's okay, Ryuko." Nonon yawned. "It's kay." She sighed.

Inumuta himself didn't look too tired, but at the same time he was the only elite without any major scratches on his body. "I guess that solves that."

"That was a *hell* of an uphill battle." Satsuki spat... before everyone reached the finish line... and promptly fell over it tiredly.

"And the winndneder..." Ryuko muttered with her face in the dirt. "Ish everyone here and stuff."

"Well, we're going to have to fight each other now." Inumuta said.

Immediately, everyone groaned.

"Lateeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeer." Mako muttered.

**"THE RULES OF THIS EVENT STATE THAT THE NEXT PART WILL BE TOMORROW, AND AFTER THAT, TO CELEBRATE, WILL BE THE GRAND SPORTS AND CULTURE FESTIVAL."**

Gamagoori shouted.

"Fucking great." Satsuki muttered. "And the hell does that mean?"

"It means resting is a good idea." Ryuko said, flatly.

"Oh. Great."

[=]

Nui laughed as she watched the Nudists across the city take aim at her cover in the destroyed mansion. She just whistled a happy tune as she watched everyone and idly played with her hair.

"Ooooooooooooh... maybe I could jump or something!" She leaped into the air, just in time for a bullet to whiz by her head. "... Oh, they don't like that." She sighed. "Man, what a bunch of wet blankets!" She muttered, before she promptly waved... and was shot right through the face.

Her body hit a nearby pillar *hard*, before she looked right back at them.

Her left eye was now a hole... well, it was. For all of five seconds. Quickly, the pieces of her brain and eye slipped back into her head, before she let out a giggle. "Oh, you're too *funny!*"

[=]

"... I'm getting bored." Kinue muttered. "I mean, there was that panic an hour ago and she's just *sitting there.*"

"Maybe there's a purpose to this?" Tsumugu asked.

"I doubt it." Aikuro said. "She might be doing this to waste our resources."

"There's no good reason for that." Kinue said. "She's here to do *something*... I just don't know what."

[=]

A/N: PINGPONGPINGPINGPONGPINGPONG



## 53

Satsuki's fist had steam rising from it after the hit while the ground beneath her feet had already started cracking. Her teeth were clenched and she had a wild look in her eyes. "That was for *manipulating me, you bitch!*"

Immediately, Nonon rushed towards Satsuki, with her rapier right at her throat. Sangeyama's bamboo blade split open, revealing a green sword much like the Bakuzan. Gamagoori towered over her, two fists right above her as Inumuta clicked a button and readied an enormous cannon from beneath Honnouji.

"How *dare you!*" Nonon said as *harshly* as she could. How fucking *dare you touch her-!*"

Ryuko however, didn't even seem all that fazed by the hit. Immediately, she pushed Nonon out of the way, before she moved underneath Gamagoori's legs and shoved Sanageyama's blade out of her face. She coughed once into her fist. "... I should have expected that." Ryuko said, simply. She moved her jaw a little, before it just reset itself with a loud *crack*. "... But then again, I really did just want to-" Her eyes widened as another fist came flying towards her face... but this time, she was prepared. She slipped her Bakuzan's scabbard up, and immediately, there was a sickening *crack*. Mako's eyes widened as Satsuki's arm was broken by the impact.

Her pupils dilated. Her breathing quickened... and then Satsuki's arm fixed itself in no time. "What the *fuck!*"

"You punched me once." Ryuko said. "But that was just a matter of my own naivete. I was prepared for the second hit."

"Fuck y-!" Suddenly, she was grabbed by the hair, and pulled upright. She let out a squeal as she was brought up... and Ryuko sighed.

"You want to talk? We *get* to talk." Ryuko let go. "But nothing more." Immediately, several pins hit the back of Satsuki's neck.

"The hell?" Satsuki tried to move, only to realize she was basically frozen. All she could move was her head and neck. "What the hell did you *do* to me?"

"Acupuncture needles." Ryuko said. "Nudist tech." She frowned. "Now... you can do *whatever you want to me* tomorrow. You can punch me. Hit me. Kick me... just don't *kill* me." Ryuko sighed. "And... you *know* why we did this."

"You turned me into your fucking *slave!*" Satsuki growled. "For what, the *greater good?!?*"

"... Yes." Ryuko said. "Yes. We did." She frowned. "Because that's really all we could do to convince you."

Satsuki paused. "... Are you serious? Are you fucking serious? I probably would have *joined you* if you just-!"

"But here's the thing. The only ones who know about this are you, the Elites, Mako and Nudist Beach." Ryuko said. "... And every single time I make any kind of plan, it runs the risk of it getting ruined by Nui. And, hell, I think it's already been ruined by this point." She pulled Satsuki closer by her collar. "I did it to keep everything close. To keep everything under wraps so that I could train *you* so that you could help me kill Ragyo when the time comes."

Satsuki just stared at the ground. She clenched her teeth... she could see the reasoning. Hell, she could *understand it*. If she was in that same position, she probably would have done the same, wouldn't she? "... I get it." Satsuki muttered. "But... it still gets me."

Ryuko frowned. "Hm?"

"I still hate it." Satsuki said. "I still feel like nothing I did even fucking mattered. I didn't actually accomplish a *goddamn thing*."

"Well, you did. You got stron-"

"And that's *it*." Satsuki spat. "This is a bullshit *training exercise* for something I didn't even *know* about."

Ryuko quietly nodded. "... hmph." She took a breath. "... But... you do know that you can still get rid of me and the others, right?" She leaned forwards. "You can *win*."

"... Doubtful." Satsuki said. "You're more trained than I am."

"You're a *life fiber being*." Ryuko said.

"An inhuman freak."

"No." Ryuko smiled. "You're human. With a little bit of extra stuff."

[=]

A/N: ruko and satki dun get along.

## 54

A/N: WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

[=]

Mako bounced around Satsuki as they walked down from the school.  
"... So, Satsuki... now what?"

"I dunno." Satsuki put her arms behind her head. "I... well, I still wanna kick their asses, but at the same time..." she sighs.

Mako stopped moving. "Ooooooh... nervous 'bout the fights?"

"Well, kind of." Satsuki said. "They're formidable opponents... even with-" ***LIFE FIBERS, MA'AM.*** "... my thing."

"Thing?"

"Condition."

Mako paused, before her eyes lit up. "Oh! Junketsu!"

"No, she's not talking about me, you fool." Junketsu muttered, before Satsuki just shot him a glare and moved up her scissor blade. "I-I WAS JUST STATING A FACT NO NEED TO BE ANGRY."

Satsuki sneered, before she folded her scissor blade and put it away.

Mako noticed it immediately. "Ooooooooooooooh, you can do that?"

"Yeah. I figured it out a while ago." Satsuki slipped it into her pocket and tapped it lightly. "It's a lot better than using the guitar case."

"But I *liked* it." Mako pouted, before Satsuki just pulled it off of her back.

"Well, I can use it for its intended purpose." Satsuki stuck her tongue out before she pulled an acoustic guitar out. She strummed it once... and immediately, they both cringed at how out-of-tune the guitar was. "... Okay, if I can actually learn to play it."

"You can play a guitar!" Mako shouted. "Ooooooooooooooh I have a friend with a guitar!"

"I'm no good at it, though."

"Still!"

[=]

It was an idyllic day in the middle of a town close to Honnouji. The city towered in the distance, as people rushed to and from work, be it for REVOCS, Sonny, REVOCS, Nintendo, REVOCS, Gainax, REVOCS or REVOCS. One man in particular rushed through the streets, with a suitcase in his hands. He was in the middle of a panic.

"I'm gonna be late!" He shouted. "My boss is going to be so *mad* if I'm late!" He let out a scream as he charged, straight towards his car. He did a flying jump... before a blur of smoke and pink *smashed* into his vehicle.

There was a small explosion of dust and smoke, followed quickly by a gigantic fireball, as he was sent flying backwards by the sudden *boom*. He tumbled across the ground, before he just watched his car burn. **"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-!"** He shouted as he stared at it in horror... before he saw a [small silhouette](#) among the flames.

A chill washed over his body as she slipped out of the flame, almost like a paper cutout, as she did a mild spin. "Ooooooooooh, I guess Nui messed up again!" She let out a giggle, before she tapped her head with her knuckles. "I really need to look out for that!"

His jaw stopped working as she stepped on a fender, her foot *bending* it as she walked away... then she saw the young man just staring at her in shock.

"M-Ma'am!" He sputtered as he saw her staring with her one good eye. "M-my car!"

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that~!" She giggled as she leveled her scissor blade at his face. "... It's a part of my job to get rid of witnesses."

"W-wait no-!" He shook his head. "N-No!" His eyes widened even further as he realized who this person was. "No!"

"Good night~!" Nui giggled, before she slashed the blade across his chest. Blood sprayed across the road, before she just sighed in relief. "Hm... odd. I don't remember the human body having this much blood." She let out a giggle. "It's refreshing!"

[=]

A/N: Nui's a monster. More news at 11.

## 55

Satsuki and Mako quickly met reached home. Satsuki let out a loud, tired yawn as she entered, with Sukuyo simply ironing some extra clothing. "Oh, Satsuki, Mako!" She smiled. "It's almost time for dinner!"

"Mystery croquettes?" Satsuki asked.

"Of course!" Sukuyo said. "It's not like there's a lack of variety with them!" She giggled.

"Heh." Satsuki grinned. "Thanks."

"Welcome!" Sukuyo said, before Mako tried to pass, only for a hand to grab her shirt's collar.

"... Eh?" Mako paused.

"Would you like to see your three-star outfit?" Sukuyo asked.

"W-what?!" Mako shouted.

"It's a part of Ryuko's plan for the festival." Sukuyo smiled. "And she already has an outfit ready for you."

"But... but I thought that it was supposed to be kept from me-"

"True. But it's good to have it in case, though." Sukuyo smiled. "And, if you want, you can use it briefly. You won't be able to wear it permanently, but it'd be nice to have, wouldn't it?"

Mako paused, before she looked over at Satsuki. "... It's to motivate me to do well tomorrow, right?" Mako said.

Sukuyo paused. "... Well-"

"I already have a motivation!" Mako pointed at Satsuki. "I want her to get better!"

Sukuyo frowned. "But..." She sighed. "Alright, Mako. Alright."

She nodded, before she walked off... and Sukuyo pulled up a comm. "She's not going to test it out before she wins."

"Well, that's unfortunate." Inumuta said on the other end. "... She'll need to train after tomorrow's fight, then." He turned away. "... She didn't even ask why you knew that?"

"Surprisingly? No." Sukuyo chuckled. "Then again, my daughter doesn't pay attention to details like that. I was just like her once~." She let out a wistful sigh. "She is a Mankanshoku, though... and she'll do what she can to get it."

"Alright." Inumuta said. "... Hopefully, the overnight training session won't *totally* drain her."

[=]

Ryuko shut the door to her room, and immediately, she locked it behind her. She was panting... terrified both of the conversation with Nonon and what it meant. She was making things *up*. She was *lying* again... and..."She likes me that way. She *likes* me." Ryuko sputtered. "Fuckfuckfuckfuck-" She shook her head as she just muttered to herself over and over again. "I... *fuck!*" She buried her face in her hands as she started to sputter. "I... god *damn it.*" She muttered. "... S-she liked me and I just *run away* like that and she's concerned and everything and *fuck!*" She stared at the floor, as Senketsu lightly nudged her arm.

"... You're worried about me, aren't you?" Ryuko asked.

Senketsu nodded... well, he nodded as well as he could while still being worn.



"Heh..." Ryuko frowned as she curled up against the door. "... I... well, I guess you're allowed to worry about an idiot like me, right?"

Senketsu shook his head, before he nudged her arm.

"I don't want a hug right now." Ryuko said, quietly. "... Right now, I just... I just want to be right here." She said. "... I want this to be over." She said. "Two more days... two days. Then she'll be dead... I'll get therapy." She said, quietly. "I'll get therapy and I'll be okay and I'll be able to stop keeping them away."

It really did look worried for her.

"I'm okay, Senketsu." She said. "Really." She curled up into a ball. "... Okay?"

It moved her arms, and gave her a hug with her own sleeves again.

"... Thanks." She said, quietly. "Thanks again, Senketsu."

### **[ONE DAY LATER]**

[The next day](#), when the students came to school, there wasn't a normal entrance. Rather, the entire courtyard had changed into an enormous arena, with six enormous pillars stretching from the ground. In the center, there was a platform, one with several screens on its sides. It towered over a stadium, and at the bottom was a gigantic series of panels.

Students from around Honnouji walked into the school in awe, before suddenly, the ground underneath them transformed into a series of steps to the arena. There were seats for no-stars, cushioned seats for one-stars, suites for two-stars... and atop Honnouji tower sat Ryuko Kiryuin in all her glory.

A series of lights erupted from behind her, before she let out a billowing shout. **"STUDENTS OF HONNOUJI!"** She screamed. **"THIS IS THE FINAL PART OF THE NATURALS ELECTION!"** She

pointed to the pillars, and upon each and every one, there sat the combatants. There was Inumuta, Nonon, Gamagoori, Sanageyama, Mako and Satsuki, all of them staring each other down as Ryuko brought out her blade. **"AND THIS IS WHERE OUR FIGHT WILL REACH ITS END!"**

**"ABOUT TIME!"** Everyone turned, to see Satsuki standing with her arms crossed. "Now how 'bout you shut the hell up and let us fuckin' fight!"

**"HOW DARE YOU!"** Gamagoori shouted, as he turned to Satsuki. **"HOW DARE YOU INSULT LADY RYUKO WITH SUCH AN INDECENT INTERRUPTION!"**

"I reserve my right to *call someone out* when they *keep blabbing!*" She brought out her scissor blade. "You just wanna hear yourself talk, don't you?!"

Ryuko snickered. "No. I don't. I was giving a proper introduction... but if you want a fight. Then *so be it!*" She brought her sword up... and as she did, one could swear that smoke rose from the tip of the scabbard, before she *slammed* it into the ground in front of her. The concrete cracked, before the platforms shifted beneath the combatants' feet.

"What the-"

**"SATSUKI MATOI!"** Ryuko shouted. **"IT'S TIME!"** Two bridges, one from Sanageyama's and one from Satsuki's, stretched to the center stage. **"NOW PROVE THAT YOU'RE WORTHY OF TAKING CONTROL OF THIS SCHOOL!"**

Sanageyama looked up at Ryuko, before he gave her a smirk. "I guess it's me first, then!" He turned to Satsuki.

"First down." Satsuki spit again. "I ain't fuckin' human, ya know?"

"You look human to me!" Sanageyama shouted. "Act like one! Sound like one! You look just as mortal, too!" He brought a bamboo blade out, before he *smashed* the platform beneath him. He did a soaring leap through the air as the bridge collapsed, before he performed a sliding landing. "So, Satsuki!" He grinned. "Show me what you *have!*"

"*Gladly!*" Satsuki pulled out the pin, and let it clatter against the ground. She let out a laugh as Junketsu transformed over her body, before she glared at him. "You're going down, *Monkey!*"

[=]

A/N: Oh, poor Ryuko. It won't be that easy.

"[First order of business!](#)" Sanageyama said, and as soon as his foot touched the ground, he let himself transform. Immediately, he was covered head-to-toe in armor, before he let his bamboo sword soar towards Satsuki's face. She parried it handily, before he just took a different one and smacked her in the face with it.

She was sent tumbling across the platform, as he let out a bellowing laugh. "Seriously?! So quickly down on your ass, are you!

**SATSUKI?!"**

"It felt like a fuckin' *pillow!*" She shouted back, before she just wiped her mouth. ... *A pillow filled with cement. FUCK, that hurt.'*

"Hmph!" Sanageyama grinned as he brought his sword back up.

"You can't touch me... but I can touch *you*." Every opening in his uniform flashed with a bright white light as he let out a scream.

"SECRET TECHNIQUE! **CLAIRVOYANCE!**"

**[HIGI: TENGATSU]**

"That's a load of shit. I sure as hell kicked your ass in that race yester-" She was cut off when a blade tapped her in the stomach. There was a blast of air from behind her body, and she *swore* that the sword had impaled her. "**FUCK!**"

"All that bravado, and for *what*, Matoi?" He grinned. "Now let's show you what I can do!" He moved so quickly with his regalia, that it seemed as though his image had multiplied. Satsuki swore that his image had become nothing but a blur, before she immediately heard a single word.

"**MEN!**" She was smashed upon the forehead, before he turned it into her stomach. "**DOU!**" She was sent flying by this hit, before he did a leap into the sky. "**KOTE!**" The third hit was onto her wrists, and this sent her into a terrible spin. Her scissor blade hit the ground

first, before Satsuki came next. The impact embedded her into the ground, legs straight up in the air, as the entire platform was actually sunken into the ground slightly.

When it crumbled, she finally was able to sit back up. Satsuki spit out some debris and grumbled in pain, as Junketsu looked up at her.

"That looked painful."

"You can't even *feel* pain!"

"Actually, yes I can. I felt it whenever Sukuyo used the bl-" They both jumped when Sanageyama *slammed* into the ground with a perfect three-point landing.

"Well, well, well!" Sanageyama said. "Still alive." He raised his bamboo blade. "But not for long!"

[illegible]

Ryuko groaned a little. "... This is going to take a while."

## [CHAPTER 11: THAT BLOOD'S FATE]

Ragyo tapped her cup of tea as she watched her daughter on the screen. She let out a relaxed sigh as she did so, watching intently as she let out a low chuckle. "... This should be interesting."

"Hm?" Nui popped up from behind her.

"My daughter is fighting her potential ally." She let out a low chuckle. "No doubt to test her skills and abilities."

"Ally?" Nui said. "Weird. She was trying to kill her when I met them last!" She giggled.

"It was an act." Ragyo said. "A well-done act, but an act nonetheless." She smiled. "And, like all acts, it'll be coming to an end soon enough." Ragyo turned off the screen.

"You aren't going to rip away the curtain yet?" Nui asked.

"No." Ragyo smiled. "... I'll wait until the right time. It isn't as though she'll be able to stop it, anyway."

$$[=]$$
[illegible]

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There was an enormous burst of wind and air as, finally, Satsuki stopped biting hits. She, instead, put up a desperate defense, as Sanageyama kept hitting her over and over and over again.

**"FINALLY BLOCKING?!"** He let out a laugh. **"THEN PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GET-!"** Suddenly, he was cut off when she parried him.

"Junketsu **KUBOU!**" Satsuki transformed one of her arms into a gigantic fist, and sent it soaring towards Sanageyama. The piston pumped once, before he simply raised his bamboo sword. Her punch was stopped in midair, but the blade shattered into a thousand tiny shards as the hilt was sent flying out of his hand.

"That's impressive." Sanageyama said. "But it's just brute *force!* I can see *everything you do!*" He turned into a blur again, as Satsuki just desperately looked around her, only for her to be hit over and over again by new bamboo blades. **"MEN! DOU! KOTE! MEN! DOU! KOTE! MEN! DOU! KOTE! MEN! DOU! KOTE!"**

Satsuki roared. "Stop-**OW**-fucking-**OW**-saying *that!*" Satsuki blocked the hits, as Junketsu looked up at her.

"You can't defend forever. Your blood can't take it."

"I *know!*" Satsuki shouted. "Do you have some kind of... !" She blinked as soon as she realized something while blocking. "... You're gonna have to trust me."

"Hm? What are you-" Satsuki botched one of her blocks, and her own scissor blade was sent right at the end of Junketsu's eye. The thing went through the fabric like it was nothing, and Junketsu immediately let out a piercing scream.

**"AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII--!"**



"For a piece of clothing, you fuckin' scream like a girl!"

**"I HATE YOU!"**

She ignored him and grabbed the white squares of fabric as soon as they started to fly. With a swift motion, she sent them flying at Sanageyama, and immediately, each and every one of his viewing ports was closed. The giant suit of armor seemed to freeze, before it merely lowered his bamboo blade. "Hmph." Sanageyama sighed. "... Blinding my all-seeing technique with a few scraps of cloth?" He smirked inside the armor. "Clever. I'll give you that."

**"NOW DIE, SANAGEYAMA!"**

He let out a laugh, before he sent a gigantic bamboo sword at her stomach. "But I can still *hear!*" She dodged it neatly, before she sliced it apart by her side. "... Eh?!"

"But you aren't *precise!*" Satsuki screamed. "You're finished!" Her scissor blade extended itself as she let out a final scream. **"SEN-I-SOSHITSU!"**

**[SEN-I-SOSHITSU]**

"... Hm." Ryuko muttered. "That didn't take long."

A naked Sanageyama was sent tumbling backwards, before he was sent flying onto his face. "D-dammit." He muttered.

"You're done, Sanageyama." Ryuko said, flatly.

He just glared up at her, before he stood up. "Don't you dare count me out yet! *I can still fight!*" Satsuki stared at him... then her eyes wandered and- she quickly looked away. She *really* didn't want to see *that*.

"Guy, I'm wearing a Kamui." Satsuki said, flatly. "If you can't beat me when you're wearing what's essentially a superpowers suit, you

really aren't worth fighting like this. Actually, you went down so quickly, I'm pretty sure you weren't worth fighting at all."

**"WHAT?!"** Sanageyama roared.

"Calm yourself, Sanageyama!" Ryuko shouted from above the arena. "This fight's over!" She glared. "... Satsuki may very well take your place because of your poor performance." There was a glint in her eyes. "Remember that, Sanageyama."

His eyes widened, before he just clicked his teeth. "Y-yes, Lady Kiryuin."

"That's the first round! Satsuki Matoi is the winner!"

There was a sound of cheering from the no-stars, as the one-stars and two-stars let out a resounding **"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"**

Jakuzure just shrugged as she watched Sanageyama walk down from the stage to the no-star seats.

[=]

A/N: That didn't last long.

[=]

"You know, you're making a really shitty impression for your girlfriend there!" Satsuki shouted as she dodged a barrage of flute missiles.

**"LIKE YOU'D KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, YOU FUCKING BRAT!"** A wave of musical notes and firepower ripped through the clouds above, before they crashed into the mountains in the distance. Satsuki did a roll between several of the projectiles, laughing as she did so.

"Sound and fury, *signifying nothing!*" Satsuki shouted as she tore a missile in half. "You're just a load of fuckin' *hot air!*"

**"YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THAT'S FROM, DO YOU!?"**

"It's only *basic high school shit!*" Satsuki screamed back as she let the explosion propel her towards Nonon's face. "Now take this! *SEN-I!*" She was smashed in the face by a barrage of notes, followed quickly by the rest of the ship. It smashed into her, before it sent her tumbling away like a ragdoll.

**"BAD IDEA, YOU SWINE!"**

"You just like to hear yourself talk, don't you?!" Satsuki smirked. She was going to milk the *hell* out of her rage. "What else would I expect from a short little *fuckwit* whose only claim to fame is the fact that her *hat* has to be included in the-!" She was smacked in the face several more times by several more missiles, as Nonon just screamed louder and *louder* and *louder*.

[=]

"This is becoming a high-altitude shouting contest." Inumuta mused. "I don't recall actual snakes being so quick to talk."

"Nonon's special." Ryuko said. "She's loud-mouthed, temperamental, obnoxious, a bit full-of-herself, good-hearted, a bit rough, kinda cu-" She caught herself when she was about to say that. "... Dammit."

"You were about to say the c word~." Inumuta said with a sing-song voice.

"I didn't."

"I recorded it."

"I demand that you *delete it*, Inumuta." Ryuko glared.

"I respectfully decline."

*"I am your superior!"*

"Not if someone beats you in the upcoming fights, you won't!"

**"INUMUTA!"**

[=]

"You're taking a lot of hits, Satsuki." Junketsu looked up. "Are you going to strike back anytime soon?"

*"Fuck you!"*

"I'll take that as a 'no'."

Satsuki brought out her scissor blade as she disappeared into the cloud cover.

"Hey!" Nonon tore it apart. "Where'd you go?!" She looked around, teeth clenched. "Where'd you go, you littl-!" Suddenly, there was a loud *clang* from on top of her hull. "Oh, for the love of-"

"Muda!" Satsuki roared as she stabbed into the hull.

"Mudamudamuda**MUDAMUDAMUDAMUDAMUDAMUDAMUDAMU**

**DA!"** As she stabbed, the hits got faster and faster, until she turned into a blur of blue and white. All the while, Nonon just growled.

"Useless?! I'll show you *useless!*" Two sound cannons burst up from the back, one in front of Satsuki and the other behind, before they *blasted* her with sound. She let out a shriek as suddenly, she was *rocked*. Junketsu looked up at her and blinked.

"Our connection's getting weaker! We have to *move!*"

"F-*got it!*" Satsuki said as she did a leap upwards. "**SHIPPU!**" She soared away from Nonon, before she brought out the scissor blade again. "There's gotta be an easy way to get through the hull!"

"I have an idea." Junketsu said.

"... Oh?" Satsuki smirked.

[=]

A/N: It's almost like I'm really on /v/. Trolls trolling trolls.

## 59

"Satsuki's in a pinch!" Mako shouted.

"We have eyes." Ryuko said, flatly. "We can see it."

"I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU COULD HEAR ME!" She screamed. **"I CAN BARELY HEAR AN-"** Suddenly a spurt of blood erupted from her ears. **"OOOOOOOOOOOOOW!"**

"That's why we have ear protection." Inumuta said, flatly. "We'll have to get the medical club to help you out later."

**"WHAT?!"**

"I said that you might need help!"

**"WHAT?!"**

"She can't hear anything anymore." Ryuko said, flatly.

**"WHAT?!"**

"I can tell."

**"I CAN'T HEAR YOU."**

[=]

Satsuki clenched her teeth as she slowly brought her feet back down. **"SENJIN!"** She shouted, and immediately, Junketsu embedded two footspikes into the ground. "Okay... I need to do *something!* There has to be some *plan...*" Her eyes lit up a little. "Wait... *idea.*"

"What, classic rock?!" Junketsu looked up.

"No... something that'll make her classically trained ears bleed." She took a deep breath... and suddenly, the sound was dissipated around her. "Focus on nothing. Nothing but *me*."

[=]

Nonon kept up her fire, even though she was almost certain that nothing was left. She kept up the barrage... before suddenly, there was an explosion of blue and pink from inside a cloud of dust. "What the...?" She stared at it... before the sound of [J-pop](#) hit her ears. "What the hell is *this*?!"

"Startup." Violins and a drum beat played as Satsuki stood up. She took a breath to calm herself as the music played around her, and she slowly stood up even as the footblades holding her down started to crumble and crack. "And... vocals." The ball of white and blue around her started to shrink as she let the vocals begin. They were somewhat low at first, and when they stopped, the ball shrank indefinitely... *before the instrumentals began*.

Suddenly, with the sound of a wailing guitar, Nonon felt herself being pushed back by the same power that she was just using. "W-what?!" She growled. "Stealing my powers, *too*?"

"Music isn't just yours, Jakuzure!" Satsuki smirked. "I get to use this power, *too*!" She stepped forwards as her own music pressed forwards. "And there's more than *one kind of music*!"

"Your kind is a shitty *insert song*!" Nonon screamed. **"USED ONLY BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT TRIGGER HAD THE BUDGET FOR!"**

"No!" Satsuki laughed. **"MY MUSIC IS THE SAME AS YOURS! IT FLOWS AND PLAYS, NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY! ALL MUSIC IS GREAT, YOU FUCKING ELITIST!"**

"I'll show you elitism! **YOU PATHETIC PLEBEIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-!**" Her words broke down into screaming as they both pressed forwards. The platform

grew more and more damaged, as the tower holding it up started falling apart.

Waves of musical notes and explosions erupted as missiles and debris flipped through the sky and into the air. Bits of the platform exploded, as the support began to collapse. Students of all kinds were sent flying, running and screaming as even the two-star suites were damaged.

[=]

Inumuta sighed. "She's gonna lose." He said. "There's no way around it."

"I saw this one coming." Ryuko said, flatly.

[=]

As the song reached its climax, Satsuki took a breath. "Do you hear my heart, Junketsu?"

"Of course. Wrapped in life fibers... it really does feel... natural." He looked up. "... I'm sorry, by the way."

"Hm?" Satsuki looked down.

"You didn't deserve it. I've been mulling it over... you didn't deserve my hatred."

"Heh." Satsuki smirked. "Thanks... you're still a piece of shit shirt, though."

"And you're a terrible human being."

"But I'm not-"

"Don't do that to yourself." Junketsu said. "Right now, we have a fight to finish."

"Right!" Satsuki pulled her blade back, and suddenly, she found it *much* easier to move. "Final move! **DECAPITATION MODE!**"



### **[DECAPITATION MODE]**

The text broke apart in the sound, disintegrating as the music shredded it apart. "Your symphony is over! **SEN-!**" She took a step forwards, before a jet of blue burst out of a vent on her back. **"-!!"**

Nonon's eyes widened as her hat began to break down, before it finally exploded. "N-No!" She screamed. "No!"

**"-SOSHITSU!"**

And with one swing, Nonon's uniform exploded into tiny shreds of cloth. She was sent tumbling backwards as her hat tumbled afterwards. It fell apart, with the bones of her dead pet monkey clattering against the ground.

**[SEN-I-SOSHITSU]**

Mako stared in horror at the sites, before she shook her head. With a loud *Hallelujah*, she punched a fist upwards, shattering the screens above her head. **"ENOUGH!"** She shouted. "You may think it's enough to stop a Mankanshoku, but it's not enough to stop *this* Mankanshoku!" She shouted. "Nothing gets between this Mankanshoku and what this Mankanshoku *wants!*"

Inumuta just sighed. "Impressive that you lasted against them. It usually takes *years* of desensitization before you stop being shocked by those! But I suppose I can't just rely on mere psychological warfare!" He smiled as his clones linked their arms together to lock Mako in a hemispherical cage.

#### **[PROBE REGALIA: ANALYTIC CAGE OF CLONES]**

This is the fucking stupidest name holy shit.

He moved in, and started to analyze. "Okay... so her strategy is..." She simply bashed against the clones surrounding her with a bat, before she eventually felt it shatter against one of them. She simply tossed it away and let it explode in a fireball, before she brought out an axe. Then a sword, a crowbar, a knife, *several* knives... eventually, she was down to a chainsaw. "... Hit it with stuff. Not much of a strategy." He sighed. "It's hard to come up with a strategy when there is none." He sat, and just watched Mako try out her different weapons, one at a time. He relaxed. "... Maybe I can catch up on that fanfic..." He smiled. "That's an idea." He immediately started typing on every single one of his keyboards as Mako just kept hitting the clones fruitlessly time and time again.

His image flickered.

[=]

"The hell is he doing?" Satsuki muttered.

"He's relaxing while your friend's doing pointless nonsense." Ryuko shrugged. "She got what she wanted, so there's really no point to her fighting anymore. I think he's just doing this for fun right now."

"Fun? What *fun* is there in..." Satsuki paused. "... Well, I did trick a few bullies from middle school into chasing around a squirrel for several hours, only for them to realize that it was a ploy just so that I could jump on one of their heads and beat the rest to a pulp."

"... What kind of childhood did you even *have*?" Ryuko muttered.

"... Uh... kind of a terrible one. Anyway, water under the bridge."

"Not really." Ryuko said. "You need help."

"Pot meet kettle."

[=]

Mako sighed as she kept hitting the clones... before she gave up. She sat down, staring at her hands, then the clones, then the ground, then at Inumuta, who was just reading a fanfiction. She paused... before she noticed that one of the things that she tried using on the clones was a drill.

And she got an idea.

She quickly grabbed it, and with a rapid spin, she brought it down to the ground. With the strength of a two-star uniform, she quickly started digging her way down, dirt and dust grinding as she moved... but then something caught the back of her collar.

"The fanfiction-reading clone was a clone." The real Inumuta said. The clones around him from the cage disappeared. "... You looked at my clone, which was a clone, that was definitely not me."

"E-EH?!" Mako shouted. "B-but why?!"

"Because I could." He smirked. "By the way? Admirable effort on your part. But I can't be swayed like Gamagoori, and you can't

overpower me like you friend could." He smiled. "You succeeded at one thing, though. You got your uniform... so why don't you consider this an initiation?" He spun her around his head. **"NOW GET OUT OF MY ARENA!"** With a final spin, he prepared to throw her. And even as she dragged a chainsaw across the side of his uniform, the teeth fruitlessly bounced off, tearing themselves apart before she was sent *flying* across the surface. She bounced once, twice, and a third time, before she was sent tumbling over the edge.

And with that, the match was over.

**[VICTOR: HOUKA INUMUTA]**

A/N: I don't even know.

## 61

Meanwhile, Satsuki was ready to deal the final blow on Inumuta. Her scissor blade twirled high above her head as she prepared to bring it *down*. "Now *pe-!*"

"I forfeit." Inumuta said, flatly. "I'm done."

"... Eh?!"

"Oh." Ryuko looked over. "Oh, good. I think that marks the last one." She said as she proceeded to stand up. "Inumuta!"

"I know. I'm heading over to the bleachers now."

Satsuki planted her scissor blade into the ground and let out a *loud* sigh. "Now, are we going to have a *proper* fight?"

"Of course." Ryuko said. She took one step onto the bridge, before she did a flying leap into the air. The thing disintegrated under her foot, as she did a twirling leap onto the platform. Her landing *destroyed* another chunk of the platform, causing debris to rain down as she stood with Senketsu. "Ready?"

"Uh..." Satsuki shook her head. "Fuck *yeah*, I am!" She said with a grin. "Let's *go!*"

[=]

Sukuyo, Kinue, Aikuro, and Tsumugu sat on top of Honnouji tower. "Alright... any news anywhere?" Kinue asked.

"No." Sukuyo sighed. "I checked everywhere with a few others for signs of Nui's shenanigans." She shook her head. "It cut into my time with Mataro! Who knows what kind of trouble he could get into?"

"I suspect it was a trick." Tsumugu muttered. "Probably just for the sake of messing with everyone else."

"I wouldn't doubt it." Aikuro said. "We wasted a lot of money and ammunition trying to suppress her."

"And *several* starched bullets." Kinue finished. "Several fucking *starched bullets*."

"Oh, speaking of..." Aikuro turned. "How are things among the families of the deceased?"

Sukuyo's expression dropped. "Other than still mourning? There isn't much else to say." She said. "... And my daughter is still feeling the effects of it."

"... PTSD." Kinue said.

Sukuyo paused. "... I don't know. I'm not a psychologist."

"Sounds the part." Tsumugu said.

"I know." Kinue said. "I mean... hell, I still have a few nightmares and flashbacks. It's something I can cope with but it's not really ever going to go away." She frowned. "Just... well... give her support. She really needs it."

[=]

"EEEEEEEEEEH!?" Mako whispered. "S-so Satsuki's part life-fiber-alien-thingy?!"

"That's right." Gamagoori said.

"... And there's a chance that she might be Ragyo's daughter." The entire group blinked, and noticed Inumuta sitting right next to them, already in a track suit.

"You got here fast, Puppy." Nonon smirked.

"Well, I wasn't injured and all I needed to do was change." Inumuta said. "The advantages of-"

**"COWARDICE?!"** Gamagoori screamed.

"... A smart retreat." Inumuta said.

**"Bull-fucking-horseshit."** Nonon spat.

"That sounds disturbing."

"You're definitely a coward!" Sanageyama shouted.

"Now I *know* you're just trying to chafe my hide." Inumuta adjusted his glasses. "I go to *2chan* and *4chan*. There's nothing you can say to me that I can't-"

A smile crept across Nonon's face, before she said two words as quietly as she could. *"Filthy casual."*

Inumuta paused. "... What?"

"What are you?" Nonon leaned forwards. "A... *filthy casual?*"

Several seconds passed as Inumuta slowly realized what she said. And within a few seconds, his left eye started to twitch. "Why... did you use an old shitty m-"

"Much meme. Wow." Nonon snickered. "There's no need to be upse-"

**"STOP. STOP WITH THE SHITTY MEMES!"**

"The memes are over-"

**"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"**

**[INUMUTA COUNTER STRATEGY: OLD MEMES]**

[=]

A/N: git gud scurb. wat ringz u got

Satsuki blocked the Bakuzan tornado with the scissor blade, and immediately, she noticed that she was heading towards the ground.

**"I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE GROUND!"** Ryuko screamed. **"MAY YOUR RELATIONSHIP BE INTIMATE!"**

"I don't fucking *think so!*" Satsuki screamed again. **"SHIP-!"** She screeched, just in time to notice a blade sinking hilt-deep into her stomach. "... Oh, goddammit!"

"I can't do this with anyone else! But *you'll do just fine!*" Ryuko clutched the blade, as they both started falling to the ground.

"This is bad, Satsuki..." Junketsu looked up. "So... are you willing to lose?"

"No!" Satsuki clenched her teeth. "I won't-!" She blinked. "... Wait..." She grinned. "Actually... I have an idea, Ryuko."

"Oh yeah?" Ryuko blinked, before suddenly, Satsuki did a spin, and *grabbed* Ryuko. "Wait, what?!"

**"SHIPPU KUBOU!"** Suddenly, the grip on Ryuko turned into one of *iron*. The Bakuzan embedded in Satsuki's stomach fell to the ground unceremoniously, as Satsuki held on. "I'll just *piledrive you!*" Satsuki cackled. **"HOW'S THAT SOUND!?"**

"That'd be a good idea..." Ryuko smirked, before she immediately gave Satsuki a smile. "Well... *would* be." Suddenly, two shoulder pylons stretched into Satsuki's body, before they *latched* themselves onto her back. **"WE'RE GOING DOWN TOGETHER, SATSUKI MATOI!"**

The mass of Ryuko and Satsuki started to boost towards the ground in a stream of red blood and blue flames. **"CLEVER!"** Satsuki



laughed loudly. "That's actually pretty ***FUCKING CLEVER!***"

They streaked towards the ground as they both kept their grip on each other. Ryuko let out a loud scream as Satsuki decided to play chicken. They glared at each other, seemingly beckoning one of them to let go... and neither of them did.

They *slammed* into the ground. A cloud of dust, dirt and debris was sent flying as anything that was *left* of the arena was promptly torn to itty-bitty pieces. The pillars, already knocked on their sides earlier in the fight, were sent *flying* through the walls of Honnouji, and the announcer box was embedded in a part of the wall. Even the Elites, caught in their conversation, took pause to look at the gigantic crater left by Satsuki and Ryuko's impact.

"Whoa..." Sanageyama muttered. "We missed that."

Gamagoori blinked in surprise, Mako climbed up onto his back, Nonon ran forward, and Inumuta just watched.

"That... is a mess." Inumuta muttered.

[=]

Satsuki coughed in the center of the crater. Junketsu was splayed out on her chest, having removed himself from her body. She looked to her left and saw Ryuko in the same position, with a tired-looking Senketsu on top of her. "So..." Satsuki muttered. "... Was that a draw or...?"

"I don't know." Ryuko groaned. "I don't even know."

"*Ryuko!*" Both of them looked up to see Nonon in a track suit.

***"RYUKO!"***

"Nonon?" Ryuko muttered, before she felt the tiny Nonon doing a flying leap right into her chest. "*Nonon-!*"

"Are you okay, Ryuko?!" Nonon shouted with a hug. "Are you alright?!"

Ryuko pushed Nonon off. "I'm okay, I'm okay!"

Nonon paused, before she realized what she just did. "O-OH, I'm sorry for touchin-!"

"No, that's okay." Ryuko slowly stood up. "... That's okay. You were just concerned for me. Don't apologize for that."

Satsuki sputtered as she looked to the sky. "... You got a lesbian crush? Dammit. I just have a straight friend."

"Silence, you." Ryuko glared, as Mako did a flying leap into the crater.

"*Satsukiiiiiiiiii!*" Satsuki saw Mako falling to her, before she crashed right into her stomach.

"Oof-!" Satsuki spit out, before she saw Mako just rubbing her face into her neck. "H-hey, Mako."

"Satsuki!" Mako shouted. "Are you okay?!"

"I'm good." Satsuki muttered. "So... uh... any idea who won that last one?"

"Not a clue." Ryuko said, flatly.

[=]

A/N: Nonononononononononononon

## 63

[=]

Five minutes later, Satsuki and Ryuko were heading towards of the elevator. "First day on the job... well... if things go well, this'll be both your first and last week on the job."

Satsuki sputtered. "Huh? Why?!"

"The festival."

"Okay, I keep hearing about this fucking festival. Mind telling me what it is, perhaps?"

"My mom has a long, stupid name for it." Ryuko said, flatly. "But the gist of it is that she'll be here, surrounded by my students."

"So your army." Satsuki said, flatly.

"Correct." Ryuko turned back. "We attack her when possible... and we behead her."

"Hm." Satsuki didn't seem fazed by the idea. "Bitch needs to die, I've heard?"

"Yeah... bitch needs to die." Ryuko said it coldly as she moved.

"Anyway, we're going down past the detention mines."

"Say, what's the purpose of them, anyway?"

"An escape route." Ryuko said. "We save as many people as we can if the plan fails and COVERs attacks."

"Because of that fuckin' Nudist club?"

"Because of Nudist Beach, yes." Ryuko turned. "We have an extensive network underneath Japan. New subways, tracks, planes,

trains and automobiles, all designed to fight and combat Life Fibers. Courtesy of dear old mom's wallet and the help of the Takarada Conglomerate."

Satsuki snickered. "Oh yeah. I think I ran into them in Osaka."

"Why the hell were you in Osaka?" Ryuko turned.

"I went there after a misdirection. I also ran into a gang wandering the Kanto plains."

"Sanageyama's boys?"

"Eh?! Those were his?" Satsuki sputtered.

"Yup."

"... Hm." Satsuki shook her head. "Anyway... you're working with the Takarada Conglomerate. I thought the Kiryuins-"

"I'm barely a Kiryuin. I'm only called that to keep up appearances." Ryuko turned back. "... The name stuck, unfortunately. Anyways... the Kiryuin Conglomerate can go die in a fire for all I care. REVOCs, too. Monopolies are hardly healthy for business, let alone worldwide monopolies. Have you even seen the forums full of people complaining about the monopoly? It's ridiculous." As she said that, the doors in front of them opened. "But the point is... we're getting help. We have a ship, several airplanes and multiple anti-life fiber weapons and several anti-life fiber blades."

"Like my scissor blade?"

"The scissor blade is incredibly hard to break." Ryuko said. "We don't have anything quite as strong... it took almost as long for *it* to come into existence as Junketsu did. The only thing that even comes close is my Bakuzan, and even that has a limit." Ryuko turned. "When you sliced off Nui's arm, it fell off, right?"

"It didn't regenerate instantly. She had to restitch it." Satsuki said.

"Yup." Ryuko frowned. "But I'm guessing that Ragyo fixed that by now. Anyways, most life fibers can be cut with just one of the blades. However, with stronger life fibers and life-fiber enhanced humans..."

Satsuki was about to open her mouth, when Ryuko just glared. Satsuki just shrugged and stopped herself.

"Are cut, they regenerate immediately. Cut them from both sides, though? They're cut for good."

"So we just need to cut Ragyo with two blades and the bitch will die?"

"Exactly." Ryuko said. "I'm trained to fight with just one sword."

"And I'm not trained at all." Satsuki said. "Just... well... kinda well-learned."

"You fought a *lot* of people, if I recall correctly."

"That I did, that I did." Satsuki smirked. "Sometimes fun, sometimes horrifying."

"... were you ever injured?"

"Never that badly." Satsuki said. "... And when I did... it didn't even regenerate instantly."

"Hm... maybe that's because you never were in any real mortal danger until recently." Ryuko turned her hand around. "Anyway, back on topic. We need to figure out a new plan."

"Why so?" Satsuki asked.

"Because we have five elites, and two leaders. I think my mother will be amused..."

"And hopefully very dead?"

"Hopefully that, too."

[=]

"Okay, Mankanshoku." Inumuta clicked several times on his tablet.  
"Your first order of business is to try this new suit out." Mako nodded.  
"So... mind if you throw a punch?"

Mako turned to see a dummy made of steel pop out of the wall. With a shout, she gave it a *fierce* punch, and immediately, the dummy's head was knocked off of its shoulders.

"Nicely done, Mankanshoku!" Iori said, right beside him. "Now... we're going to try out your transformation. Now, yours is a little strange, but I'm confident that you'll get used to it!"

Mako nodded. "So... uh... how do?"

"How do... what?"

"How do I do it?" She said. "Transform! *Transform!*"

"Well, you just need to shout out the name of your Regalia... Spirit." Inumuta adjusted his glasses. "Shout out 'Spirit Regalia'."

"Oh!" Mako nodded. "Okay!" She took a deep breath. **"SPIRIT REGALIA!"** There was a glittering of red light as she transformed. She stood triumphantly, standing with her longcoat in the wind as she discovered... that her suit hadn't changed at all. "Hm?"

"Transformation was a success." Inumuta said, as he gave Iori a fist pump.

"Hm?!" Mako shouted. "I'm not different!"

"Look above you."

Mako paused... before she slowly turned to look. Above her, there was a gigantic, panting bulldog made out of red power and energy.

Its teeth glowed red, the eyes spilled a bright light, and the thing seemed to positively *glow* with life fibers. **"WHOA!"**

"That is the power of your Spirit Regalia!" Iori said. "Now test it on this thing!" Immediately, a barrel came flying out of the wall and straight towards her. Mako punched at the barrel, before the Spirit above her promptly *shredded* it with his teeth.

"I... I can do that!" Mako shouted. "I felt that!"

"That's the power of Spirit Regalia." Iori said. "It can act as your barrier and shield... it's not self-aware or capable of acting on its own; you have to make it move yours-" Suddenly the bulldog leaped towards them, filling up the entire window.

Inumuta jumped, as Iori just nodded. "... That didn't take long for you to grasp."

**"IT'S SO COOL!"** Mako shouted. "Doggy! Hi doggy!" It barked *loudly*, with a sound that resembled crunching metal more than any kind of dog, as she tossed it a treat out of nowhere. "You're so *cute*!"

"She scares me." Inumuta said, flatly.

"Just a little?" Iori said.

"... Just a little." Inumuta shook his head.

## 64

Jakuzure stared at Mako as she tore apart barrel after car after plane, train and automobile. "She's really enjoying her suit, isn't she?"

"It's a Stand." Sanageyama said.

"Eh?" Both Gamagoori and Jakuzure moved closer.

"It's a Stand. I read Jojo's Bizarre Adventure before I lost my sight. That's a damn St-"

**"It's a Spirit!"** Houka screamed. "It is a *Spirit!* It's a manifestation of her fighting *Spirit!*"

"That's essentially a Stand, though."

**"SPIRIT!"** Iori popped up right next to him. "It's her spirit and *nothing more!*"

"I know a deliberate homage when I feel it!" Sanageyama shouted back. **"YOU DON'T NEED TO HIDE IT!"**

They spoke in tandem. "IT. IS. A. **SPIRIT!**"

**"YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYBODY!"**

"... Wanna leave, Toad?"

"Gladly, Jakuzure." And quietly, both Gamagoori and Nonon left the room as the argument heated up.

[=]

With a *slam*, the door was shut, and Gamagoori and Nonon were left outside. It was starting to get dark. "... So what now?" Nonon asked. "We have another elite and she's a bit of a ditz."



"A bit?" Gamagoori asked. "She's a foolish child. One who leads with her stomach more than her other feelings. She's impulsive and slacks off, and before she became a club president, she was not even a blip on the radar..."

"You still have a cruuuuuuuush."

"She's willing to admit all of her faults and can work towards a greater purpose." Gamagoori smiled. "There's nothing to be ashamed of when it comes to liking her."

"She was able to beat you pretty cleverly even though she was a ditz." Nonon snickered. "... Kinda wish I could do that..."

"What, kiss one of us?" Gamagoori raised an eyebrow.

"Kiss Ryuko. Or even just hug her."

Gamagoori paused. "... She does think of you highly."

"She thinks of all of us highly, Gamagoori." Nonon said, quietly. "I like her a lot... but she might not even like girls."

"Did you confess, yet?"

"Almost let it slip. I don't think she caught on, though."

[=]

"And then she said she *liked me!* Except she didn't because she stopped herself but *hah she did a terrible job of hiding it!*" Ryuko sat, looking disheveled as she was talking to Satsuki. In one hand was a bottle of rum, and in the other was the Bakuzan's sheathe. "It was fuggin' *awful!*"

"Whaaaaaaaat you gonna let 'er down?" Satsuki was just as slurred, if not a little more. "Cuz she's a *cutie*. A reaaaaaaally cutie cute." She giggled. "... I mean, you're an attractive woman n' such."

"Not interested." Ryuko said, flatly.

"Fair 'nough." On the table was the piece of paper from earlier, looking more than a little torn apart. It was scribbled on with various different notes, before there was a large stain of wine and rum.

"I'm thinkin', I'm *thinking!*" Ryuko rubbed her hair. Senketsu's eye seemed to roll about as she moved. It was just as drunk as she was.

"I have an idea." Junketsu said, voice slurred and dull.

"Oh yeah? Wassat?" Satsuki hiccuped.

"You could build a spessship." Junketsu muttered. "A spessship to Mahz and put the original life fiber on it."

"It's just gonna *fly back.*" Satsuki hiccuped.

"But *space.*"

"But nothin'!" Satsuki took another swig.

"Hey... *hey.*" Ryuko snickered. "What about a trip... *to the ocean?*"

"Naaaah that's dumb." Satsuki said. "Oh! I could swim."

"What'd that accomplish."

"Nothing. I just swim."

"Oh, you *dumbass.*" Ryuko started laughing.

[=]

A/N: It's fun to write people when they're drunk.

## 65

[=]

Everyone from across Honnouji City gathered at the enormous stadium atop the school. Rows and rows of people lined rows and rows of seats, and among them, in the center, Ryuko and Satsuki stood. Satsuki's hair, in a departure from her typical decorum, was well-dressed and groomed.

She twitched at the feeling. "It's too *clean*." She muttered.

"Just get past it." Ryuko said. "Just wait for her to..." Suddenly, [a ray of yellow light](#) erupted from the ground in front of them. "Here we go."

An enormous vision of Ragyo Kiryuin emerged from the beam, and as soon as it appeared, Satsuki had to resist the urge to burst out laughing. The image was a gigantic, grinning *clown*. Ragyo looked like a fucking *clown*.

"It's high fashion." Ryuko muttered. "Don't question it."

Ragyo rose from the platform, and with it, she let out a burst of rainbow smoke as she exhaled. "Welcome, one and all, to the **GRAND SPORTS AND CULTURE FESTIVAL!**" She let out a loud, prideful laugh. "I am so *elated* to talk to my daughter and her new subordinates..." She turned. "Satsuki Matoi and Mako Mankanshoku." She had a smirk on, and Satsuki immediately felt a chill run down her spine.

Ragyo turned forwards. "Now... I see that everyone is wearing their uniforms?" She smiled. "I'm glad... REVOCs put quite a bit of work into preparing them." She walked down the runway, past everyone. "My daughter?"

Ryuko didn't comment as Ragyo passed by.

"Nonon, I see that you've been treating her well?"

"Of *course*." Nonon said. She didn't bother to hide her displeasure.

"I would hope so. You love her that much don't you?" Ragyo waved a hand, as she passed by Inumuta. "How about your work? Have you continued it?"

"Naturally." Inumuta bowed. "I can't resist a challenge."

"Hmph. I would hope not. That would be *most* disappointing." She passed by Sanageyama. "Your headband covers your eyes."

"They're sewn shut."

"Now where's the logic in *that*?" Ragyo laughed condescendingly, as she passed Gamagoori. "Still working as the shield?"

"It's what I do for Lady Ryuko."

"Don't you mean Lady Kiryuin?"

"I serve her." Gamagoori said.

"Why, I can hardly blame you." And finally, Ragyo passed Mako. "And what of you? You're the newest one... Mako, was it?"

"You said my name!" Mako said. "Earlier! Before now!"

"Energetic... if a little..." She looked at the bags under his eyes. "Underslept. Were you overworked? How pitiful. A youth like you shouldn't be caught up in a thing such as this."

"It's for Satsuki! I'll do anything for her!"

"Except for be her girlfriend?" Ragyo said. "Well, I can tell by her body language. She *likes* you."

Satsuki blushed, before she shook her head. "It's not important!"

"Flustered blustered." Ragyo laughed as she clicked her tongue.  
"So... shall we begin the festival?" She gave them an insidious smirk. "... I think we should." The entire stadium fell into an eerie silence... before Ragyo pressed a small button right on her palm. "... Engage."

[=]

Suddenly, the entire stadium froze... and then their clothing started to wrap them. There was screaming and shouting as it started to envelope them, and all the while, Ragyo let out a loud, *thunderous* laugh. Satsuki had to resist the urge to move, and Mako herself looked horrified the entire time, before she swallowed the bile at the back of her throat. She saw her family getting swallowed up.

But she *also* saw her mother giving her a thumbs up as she was getting wrapped. She took a breath and relaxed, even as the stadium turned into an echo chamber of screaming.

A few short seconds later, it was over. And once again, the stadium was calm and still. Ragyo sighed in relief as she looked around. "... Ah... beautiful *beautiful* silence..." She chuckled lowly. "It really is a thing to behold, isn't it?" She turned. "My daughters?"

"Daughters?" Satsuki muttered.

"Why yes, I did mention daughters." Ragyo let out another laugh. "Satsuki Matoi... how interesting it is that I never caught on before. Especially interesting since you were raised by that foolish man. Isshin, was it?" She walked towards her. "... I do sincerely hope that your plan to usurp me wasn't *that blatant*."

Everyone stiffened at that, as Ragyo let out another laugh. "Oh, it *was*?" She turned around once again. "How *dro-!*" Suddenly, she was cut off. A spray of blood erupted from her mouth... and in her chest was a blue scissor blade. "... Oh... not e-even going to let me *f-finish*, are you?"

"Why would I?" Behind her, Satsuki stood. "... All you're going to do is inflate your own *fucking ego*."

"How unladylike. How dare you tr-**HRK-!**" She was cut off when Satsuki lifted Ragyo above her head.

**"RYUKO!"** Satsuki screamed, before said girl *stomped* on a nearby button.

"The trap's set!"

"Oh, you *foolish girls!*" Ragyo laughed and *laughed*, as she was sent flying towards the cross, before she grabbed it with both hands. The trap itself was *snapped apart*, ripped and torn as Ragyo slid across the ground. "You foolish, *foolish girls!*"

[=]

"So... first part of the plan?"

"Let her gloat." Ryuko said. "We let her gloat hardcore. She gets to wrap everyone in their own tiny COVERS." Ryuko looked at her. "... And since most of the city is populated by nudists? The results should be... interesting, to say the least."

[=]

Suddenly, all around her, the COVERS exploded. "What the-" From inside each and every one of the cocoons, a group of barely-clothed people, wielding small, anti-life-fiber weapons flew out. Ragyo's eyes narrowed, before she took her cross and *smashed* a group of them across the face. "You really *are* more foolish than I thought!" Ragyo shouted.

Ryuko took a step forwards, and with it, a loud *tap* echoed through the stadium. And with that, a [red light](#) shined behind her. "Foolish? *Foolish?! Is that all you can say, you piece of garbage?!*"

With that, Satsuki ripped a pin out of her glove, before she *rushed* forwards as a white blur. Ragyo cackled, before a gigantic fist slammed into her face. **"SHIPPU KUBOU!"**

**[SHIPPU KUBOU]**

Ragyo tumbled through the subtitles, sending shards of blue flying everywhere before she tore two blades from the cross. "Using your own *sister* as a tool?!"

"No." Satsuki said. "I'm not your daughter. I'm not her sister. My name is *Satsuki Matoi!*"

"Don't think I don't recognize you from when my precious *Nui* ripped your heart out of your chest!" Ragyo cackled. "I saw it *clearly!* I remember you so *clearly!* I thought you had *died!*"

"That's so fucking *bullshit!*" Satsuki screamed, before Ragyo caught the scissor blade with one hand. She laughed as she held it... but when she tried to break it, the blade seemed to just vibrate. "Hm?"

### **[KAMUI SENKETSU: SYNCHRONIZE]**

Suddenly, a grapple smacked Ragyo in the face, before she caught it with her teeth. Ragyo smirked as soon as it happened, and when Ryuko dragged herself in she had a fist already out. With a smooth motion, she *slammed* Ryuko into the dirt, before she gave her a vicious *kick* to the stomach. "Oh, how I used to enjoy our time together, Ryuko." She let out another laugh, before Satsuki sliced away an arm.

She let out a scream. "Stop fucking *laughing!*"

"But this is so *amusing!*" Ragyo cackled, before, just in front of her, Nui slammed into the ground. "Now, be a darling and fight someone who's a little more *fair*, will you?" She pulled the arm back with the single strand left, and with that, she reattached it quickly.

"Y-You-!" Satsuki screamed, before a red scissor blade came down in front of her. "*Shit-!*"

"Hi, Satsuki~!" Nui laughed. "Did you miss me?"

[=]

A/N: Watch as everything goes completely nuts.



Ragyo let out a cackle as she leaped backwards. "Well, now... how about I make something *interesting* happen?" Suddenly, threads of all kinds spread across the arena, as multiple people were caught in the web. One-stars of all kinds ripped away their white uniforms, revealing black and red underneath, only to be caught in the web.

"You're all under *my control*." Ragyo laughed, as she raised her arms. **"MIND CONTROL TECHNIQUE! THREADS OF FATE!"**

**[MIND CONTROL TECHNIQUE: THREADS OF FATE]**

Suddenly, the army of one-stars froze, and encircled her. "I hope you enjoy how it feels to have your own army under *my control*!" Ragyo cackled, before she sent them *rushing* towards Ryuko. Swiftly, she dove under them, as she screamed.

"I won't hurt them! *You'd like that, wouldn't you?!*" Ryuko let out another scream, before Satsuki *plowed* her way through the crowd.

"Come *on!*" Satsuki shouted, as both she and Nui slammed their blades against each other time and *again*.

"Ooooh, you're so *easy to provoke!*" She giggled. "Are you gonna puke again? Maybe I can kill a few more students! I think Mako'd like that~!"

*"Fuck you!"* Satsuki shouted. "How *dare you suggest that!*"

"Why... how about this?" Nui grabbed a mind-controlled student, before, without effort, she *tore him in half*. There was a spray of blood as Nui laughed, before Satsuki charged straight through it.

"I think you're a *monster*." Satsuki spat. "I think you're a complete and utter *monster*."

"Well, you're the same kind!" Nui said with a giggle.

[=]

"... You said I was human the other day." Satsuki said. "... Well... I'm more like kinda clothing kinda-a-person."

"I think you're a person!" Mako said. "Even with that weird kinda-humanish thingy!"

"We're all of the consensus that you're human." Ryuko said as she sipped her tea. "... Stop that. It's becoming old hat."

"It's reaaaaaally old." Nonon said with a yawn. "If you weren't human, I don't think you'd be enjoying these s'mores."

Indeed, they were all sitting on top of Honnouji tower, with a makeshift campfire, a few tents and a series of sleeping bags. "... I can't believe we're camping out."

"It's a fun activity." Gamagoori said, before Mako just rubbed up against his chest. "... Occasionally, we do this kind of thing to get away from the indoors."

"Right to the outdoors of Honnouji. So that you're not *actually* getting away." Satsuki rolled her eyes.

"We have a job to do." Inumuta said. "Don't blame us."

"Well... seriously, though." Satsuki turned. "What do you think makes me...'human', so to speak?"

"Other than your human-y bits?!"

"Other than that." Satsuki said.

"For starters? You're not a remorseless sociopath." Ryuko said. "You actually have a concept of morality and are willing to fight for it. You haven't killed anyone, even though you had chances to, and you *like* Mako."

"Uh..." Satsuki blushed. "... Okay, maybe a little."

"Don't worry." Ryuko waved a hand. "Your non-secret is safe with us!"

Gamagoori grabbed Mako possessively, before Satsuki let out a bit of a laugh. "Don't worry... I know she likes men."

"I could try with both!" Mako shouted, before Satsuki waved her own arm.

"No, don't worry. I'm just glad to see you happy!" Satsuki said... before suddenly, she felt Sanageyama putting his hand on her shoulder.

"That's proof that you're human." Sanageyama said. "So... ease up on it, will you?"

"What he said." Nonon muttered, before Ryuko smiled.

"Now, rest up. We've got a few more days to kill."

[=]

"Heh..." Satsuki clenched her teeth. "If I were the same *kind*, that'd make me an unlikable little *shit*, now wouldn't it?!" Just as she said that, Junketsu looked up. **"SHIPPU SENJIN!"**

[=]

Ryuko slashed at Ragyo several times, before a flurry of multicolored missiles came streaking towards her. Ragyo sliced several of them without flinching, before another few smashed her in the face and torso. On the ground, Sukuyo held two massive missile launchers, and right behind her, several more Nudists launched their own salvos.

"You're not gonna lay a *hand* on her!" She shouted. "She's my daughter's *friend*!"

"Parental love is *so unfashionable*!" Ragyo shouted, before two feet connected with her face. Kinue spun after the hit, before she flung

a grenade. "Really?" Ragyo muttered. "A grenade? That isn't enough to kill me." She slapped it away... before she noticed that Kinue was still smirking.

"Look at what's connected." Right behind her, a series of thin threads were connected to a whole *cluster* of grenades. Each and every one of them was primed, and each and every one of them had a pin removed, thanks to Ragyo's dismissive slap. Her eyes widened, as she saw Tsumugu retreating behind her.

He had a shit-eating grin.

"... You pathetic little monke-" She was cut off when an enormous explosion sent her flying across the arena.

[=]

A/N: Kaboom.

Ragyo let out a cough full of dust, before she emerged from her crater. She brushed herself off, before she was promptly met in the face by a thorn-covered fist. "Really?" She said as Gamagoori held it there. "That's all you're planning?"

"No," Gamagoori said. "It's only the first part."

"Eat Bach, you ***BITCH!***" Nonon screamed, as flew right in front of her face in a much, *much* smaller Symphony Regalia.

Ragyo was blasted further into the crater by a barrage of missiles and music, before, on the other side of the arena wall, Sanageyama held his bamboo blade up high. **"MEN!"** With that, Ragyo was smashed in the back of her head. **"DOU!"** He hit her waist. **"KOTE!"** With that, he smashed her wrists, before Ragyo let out another laugh. He slipped out another bamboo blade, before they were both stopped by her hands.

"Really? With your discount uniforms?" Ragyo smiled, before she was sent flying into a gigantic cannon. And on top of it was Inumuta, typing like mad on a holographic keyboard.

"Discount?" Inumuta sighed. "That doesn't mean 'poorly made'." With that, the cannon fired, sending Ragyo through the hole and out the other side. And when she did, she met the mouth of a gigantic red pitbull.

"A dog?" She muttered, before the jaws closed over her.

**"YOU'RE A JERK!"** Mako shouted. "You're a huge *jerk*!"

**"WAN!"** The dog let out a scream with a loud, *low* human voice, before it started speeding up. **"WAN! WAN!"** The bites increased in speed and ferocity, before the barking grew faster.

"WANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWA

**NWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWAN  
NWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWANWAN!"**

And even as holes filled her body, Ragyo laughed. "Really?! A *dog*?! My daughters thought that a dog could beat me?!"

"I'm not a dog!" Mako shouted. "I'm *Mako Mankanshoku!* Former head of the *Fight Club!* Girlfriend of **IRA GAMAGOORI!** And I am going to **KICK YOUR BUTT!**" With that, the teeth shut themselves, before they passed through Mako and straight into Ragyo's face. With that hit, she was sent flying backwards, before her feet dragged across the ground... and she let out a low, horrible laugh.

"Really?" Ragyo smirked. "The four of you?"

"HEY! It's *FIVE*!" Mako shouted, before Ragyo sent a needle flying towards her face. She dodged it with a yelp.

"Mere *humans*? Helping out your dear, *defiled* leader?"

Nonon's eyes widened at the mentioning of it. "Y-You-!"

"What is it to you? That one worthless girl was raped?" Ragyo smirked. "Does it really matter *all that much* to see such a *pathetic toy* ruined?"

With that, Nonon rushed forwards. **"HOW DARE YO-!"** She was caught in the face by a hand. before she was *slammed* into the ground violently. The earth around her ruptured as blood sprayed from her mouth and nose.

Ryuko saw what happened, and immediately, she started moving. "Nonon!" She screamed, before a mass of her own students moved in front of her. ***"No!"***

Ragyo grabbed her by the neck, before Inumuta rushed forwards. "You *bitch!*" He shouted, before Ragyo punched him in the face

without a flinch. His holographic facade shattered, as Ragyo's grip on Nonon's neck tightened.

"You're far, *far* too young to be involved in this." Ragyo laughed. "Or, at least, you look the part. Why do you think Ryuko would ever want someone like you, when she has already experienced something like *me*?"

Nonon's pain disappeared, as she struggled against the grip. She let out a choked, pained voice. "F-Fuck, y-!" She squeaked as Ragyo's grip tightened again.

"I think you need to learn your place." Ragyo said, as she slowly put a hand on top of Nonon's head. "Farewell, Jakuzure. Your parents won't be too concerned-" Suddenly, a pair of bamboo swords passed in front of Ragyo's face, with one sweeping down and the other sweeping up. "... What?" She muttered... before suddenly, her hands slipped off.

Nonon fell to the ground, choking violently, as Sanageyama held his swords out... and the bamboo [covering fell](#). "Did you honestly think we'd be up against you without a **CONTINGENCY PLAN?!"**

Sanageyama screamed, as he raised two shimmering, green blades above his head. **"MY SWORDS ARE OF THE SAME KIND AS THE BAKUZAN!"**

Ragyo stared at the stumps that were her hands... before she let out a laugh. "Oh, you *did* fool me there... I must admit, that was rather clever." Her hands disintegrated. "... Was Nonon going berserk part of the pla-" Suddenly, she felt a flute missile the size of a forearm being embedded in her chest.

"No." Sanageyama said. "Ryuko likes to... 'wing it', so to speak. We make a general idea... **AND WE BUILD ON IT IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE!"**

With that, Ragyo was sent flying as Nonon caught her breath. She cracked her neck, as she clenched her teeth. "Shit..." She held her

neck. "*Shit.*"

[=]

Ryuko stared at her own students... before Satsuki was sent *flying* through them. Nui let out a giggle as she turned herself into a whirlwind of red, sending students and limbs flying. Satsuki's eyes widened as she cut a bloody swath through them, and she raised her blade to protect herself.

"So much *defense*, not enough *offense!*" Nui said with a laugh.

"What, are you afraid of vomiting blue? Scared of going *mad* again?" Nui giggled some more.

"I'm *already mad!*" Satsuki yelled, before Junketsu's eyes narrowed.

"I can feel her *rage!* I can feel her *fury!* And it is a *tempest!*" Junketsu shouted.

### [HER FURY IS A TEMPEST]

"But even then, ***I'M STILL IN CONTROL!***" Satsuki screamed.

### [I'M STILL IN CONTROL]

Nui laughed *hard* at that. "Isn't that a comforting lie?" With that, she sliced apart the subtitles. "You're not in control! But *you'd like that*, wouldn't you?" She poked Satsuki on the nose. "It's *cute*, really! I think it's absolutely *adorable!*" With that, Satsuki sent a slash *right* through Nui's stomach. She let out a squeal... before she promptly reformed herself. "My, my... I suppose it's a good thing that I got upgraded since last time... or that would have put me in a *bind~!*"

"Oh, just shut the fuck up and *die* already!"

[=]

A/N: Hueh.



Ragyo laughed *loudly* as a spray of blood emerged from her severed hands. She stood out from her new crater, as nudists all around her came to fight. She laughed again... before she did something else.

She cut away her arms, with two long, life-fiber based blades that emerged from the platform... before a series of rainbow threads wrapped around her shoulders.

"I suppose it was always time for a mid-season makeover." She said with a sigh. "I do hope you all realize what you're doing." The Nudists crowded her, with all manner of grenades and weaponry. She brought her new arms out by her side, and immediately, they transformed into blades. "It's not fashionable to go out like *lemmi*-" She was cut off, when a collar made of hardened life fibers grabbed her by the neck. "What the-!" She grasped at it for a second, before she was *yanked* to the floor. The back of her head *slammed* against the ground, before she brought her new hands to the collar. "You cannot *seriously* think that this will stop me!"

"We don't." Sukuyo appeared above her head with a smile on her face. "But this will!" She took out a pair of life-fiber knives, and *plunged* them into Ragyo's chest. She crossed her arms, before she *tore* them away. With that slice, Ragyo's chest was *sliced* open, exposing her ribcage and organs.

"Y-YOU!" Ragyo screamed, as she tore the collar off of her neck. **"A MERE HUMAN!"** Ragyo grasped Sukuyo's head, and held it high. **"A MERE, DISGUSTING PIG!"** She clenched it tightly, as the woman struggled against the grip. **"DIE!"**

"Mere human *this!*" With that, Ryuko *slammed* Ragyo in the side of the face with the pommel of her sword. "That's *Mako's mother*, and she's *more of a mother than you could ever hope to be!*"

"Mama!" Nui screamed, before the scissor blade embedded itself in her chest.

"Scared for your precious Ragyo?" Satsuki said. "You *should be*." And with that, Satsuki threw her into the sky.

**"JUNKETSU! SYNCHRONIZE! KUBOU SHIPPU SENJIIIIIIIIIIIN!"**

**[KUBOU SHIPPU SENJIN]**

The mass of blades and jetstreams *ripped* into Nui, as Satsuki took her scissor and shouting something new.

**"JUNKETSU! BLENDER!"**

**[BLENDAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH]**

She became a whirlwind of blue blades and death, and she started to slice Nui to ribbons. The girl screeched as she was cut apart over and over again, and in a moment of weakness, she let go of the scissor blade.

Satsuki laughed in triumph, as she grabbed it without hesitation.

"Goodbye." Satsuki said, as she brought the two blades to Nui's sides.

"Y-you... !" Nui started to shake. "N-NO! **NO!**"

And then Satsuki sliced.

[=]

Ragyo clutched at her own open chest, before she coughed. "Looks like... things... will need acceleration." She said with a low chuckle... before she turned forwards to see Ryuko rushing towards her with two swords outstretched. She let out a low cackle... before she raised a hand to Senketsu. "By the way... you don't seriously think you can become friends with him, do you?"

"I already have." Ryuko said as she slid her Bakuzan against an anti-life fiber knife. "I trust him to help me when I need it. I trust him to be

there when I need him, whether it be at home or in *combat!*"

"Then riddle me this?" Ragyo grinned. "Why is he *still in my control?*"

"W-what?!" Ryuko shouted, before suddenly, Senketsu stopped. Ryuko's eyes widened, as Senketsu's eye started to shake. His eyepatch rumbled, as the Kamui locked itself up.

"How interesting..." Ragyo laughed. "You gave him more coverage to preserve your modesty." Ragyo stroked Ryuko's chin. "... That's adorable."

"G-get your hands *off of me!*" Ryuko shouted, even as she was frozen by the Kamui.

"You can't handle the clothes as they are... so you changed them?" Ragyo laughed. "... Pathetic. Now *watch this.*" Ragyo moved her finger once, and immediately, the covers that were on top of Senketsu were violently *ripped away*. "I could have used the extra coverage! It could have *easily* enhanced the mind control, but those bits weren't even *life fibers*, now were they?!" Ragyo cackled, as Senketsu started to shake. She walked slowly towards Ryuko. "Now's about the time that you give Senketsu to its proper owner... isn't it?"

[=]

A/N: AND DO THE CREEP. AND DO THE CREEP.

And with that, Ragyo grabbed her by the neck. "Now... *know your place.*" With that, Ragyo gave her a punch to the face, followed by another and *another*. She started pounding Ryuko into the arena floor. Her every movement splattered blood everywhere, both from Ryuko and the wound in her chest. Ryuko felt her strength disappearing with each hit, as Senketsu seemed to freeze on her body. "You are such a *pathetic little cunt!*" Ragyo shouted. "You are but a toy, and you fancy yourself a *princess*, don't you!?" Ragyo cackled, before she stroked her daughter's body. "Now... *give it to me.*"

There was a loud scream, followed by an explosion. The top of Nui's torso, as well as what remained of her arms, fell from the sky, as Ryuko was sent flying backwards. "**RYUKO!**" Satsuki screamed, as she brought her scissor blades together. "**RYUKOOOOOOOOOO!**"

Ryuko looked up, even as she was being stripped of Senketsu. "S-Satsuki-?"

"How adorable." Ragyo smiled as she slipped the Kamui onto her body. "She's really going all out? Even after..." She saw Nui hit the ground... followed by the life fibers of both her lower torso and her arms being absorbed. "... **Y-YOU-!**"

**"FUCK YOU!"** Satsuki brought her blades down, only to watch as she blocked them with her new arms.

"So quick to attack after I cut down *your dear sister?*" Ragyo licked her lips, barely suppressing her rage. "How *petty*. Now... you've never faced something [quite like this](#)." She clicked the three tabs on her arm. "Kamui, Senketsu." She smiled.

**"TRUE SYNCHRONIZATION."**

## [TRUE SYNCHRONIZATION]

She cackled as Senketsu changed and transformed. Her body was covered from head to toe in armor, as a pair of black, armored wings emerged from her back. **"NOW BEHOLD THE TRUE POWER OF A KAMUI, WORN BY ITS PROPER OWNER!"** She threw Ryuko across the arena. **"YOU WILL KNOW TRUE FEAR, SATSUKI MATOI!"**

[=]

Nui's body lay on the ground. Her legs and arms were absorbed... and she spat out blood. Even in this state, she couldn't help but shake with uncontrollable rage. She stared above her, before she noticed a single white suit floating.

She smirked at the sight. "... Hello."

[=]

**"RYUKO!"** She flew through the air, before she was caught quickly by a flying Nonon. "Ryuko!"

"N-Nonon?" Ryuko muttered weakly. "S-she..."

"You're okay, now!" She said. "We..." She gulped. "We... we need to go! Things are getting worse!" She looked up. "Th-they'll be here any moment!"

"COVERs?" Ryuko muttered. "... Of course they will." She looked up. "... I can't push you away right now." She smiled thinly. "... I guess it's nice." She said... "... I heard you before, by the way."

"W-What?!" Nonon blushed.

"Before. I know what you meant."

"Wait, you did?!"

"Yeah." Ryuko muttered. "... I just want to sleep." She said. "... I really just want to sleep."

"You'll be able to." Nonon held her closer. ***"I'VE GOT HER!"*** Nonon screamed. "Let's go!"

"What about Satsuki!?" Mako shouted.

"Satsuki can take care of herself." Gamagoori said.

Mako stared. "I really hope so."

[=]

A/N: Spoiler: Nope.

# 71

[≡]

Nui laughed on the ground, even as she lay there. The bloodflow had finally stopped, and coming for her was a single suit of COVERS. "Now..." Nui said lightly. "... Let... me... become... *one*."

And with that, it opened its maw and gobbled her up, before it started a hasty retreat back into the sky.

[=]

Ragyo gave Satsuki a vicious punch across the face, before she sharpened her fingers. Immediately, she *plunged* them into Satsuki's face and eye, and *ripped*.

Satsuki screamed as blood poured from the open wound, before she brought her scissor blades up. Ragyo caught them by her fingers, before she effortlessly ripped them from Satsuki's hands. She gasped in surprise, before she jumped. **"SHIPPU KUBOU!"**

**[SHIPPU KUBOU]**

A gigantic, jet-powered fist *smashed* Ragyo in her face, as both scissor blades were sent flying out of her hands. She tumbled across the ground, before she let out another cackle. "You aren't the only one!" Ragyo said. **"SENPU ZANKAN!"**

**[SENPU ZANKAN]**

**"SHIPPU SENJIN!"** Satsuki let the blades on her uniform whirl as she brought her scissor blades to her sides. "You *disgust me*, Ragyo **KIRYUIN!"**

"Why don't you call me mother?" Ragyo said with a chuckle. "Don't you *love me*?!"

"I know about you!" Satsuki said as she watched Ragyo fly towards her. The first hit was blocked, before she countered with a flurry of

strikes. "I know *exactly what you are!*"

"A transcendent human?" Ragyo laughed.

**"NO!"** Satsuki shouted. "You are a *rapist! A narcissist! A murderer!* And the one who **GOT MY DAD KILLED!**" Satsuki let out an angry, furious scream. "He wasn't there for me! I *know* he wasn't! But at least *he wasn't you!*" Satsuki screamed. "I said before that I thought my mom *killed herself* because of the fucking *freak I was!*" As she spoke, her swings hit harder and *harder*. "Now? If what you say is true..." Ragyo cackled again. **"I WISH YOU DID!"**

"Oh, you're so easy to anger, Satsuki Matoi!" Ragyo laughed. "You're so eas-!" Suddenly, both blades hit her ears, as Satsuki brought them together. The hit immediately stunned her, as Senketsu stumbled around in a daze.

"I've had enough of your condescending *bullshit.*" Satsuki brought her hand into the open hole in Ragyo's chest. "Now take *this!*" And with that, Satsuki brought the jets on her legs to Ragyo's abdomen. **"SHIPPU! HEARTPULL DRIVER!"**

### **[HEARTPULL DRIVER]**

With that, Satsuki *pulled* Ragyo's heart from her chest, before the rest of the woman was pulled right behind her. She let out a scream of agony as she was sent dragging across the growing layer of COVERS above the school. Several of the uniforms were shredded as Satsuki slung Ragyo around. "Y-YOU-!"

"Stop saying *that!*" Satsuki screamed, before she *threw* Ragyo into Honnouji Academy's main support spire. The impact *shredded* it, sending it crashing down onto the city below. Several two-star mansions were destroyed on impact, before it kept falling past one-star apartments and into the slums.

The heart quickly retreated back into Ragyo's body, even as the wound refused to heal, before Satsuki came rushing forwards through the newly-made cloud of dust.



Ragyo cackled, before she blocked the hits from the blade. She grabbed Satsuki by the neck, *crushed* it, and immediately tore the poor girl in half with a swift tear.

Satsuki let out a cry of agony, before she let gravity take her down. She reattached herself promptly, only to feel a foot *slamming* into her back over and over again. "I'm not going to be the one that dies today, Satsuki Matoi!" She cackled. "I could let you live, but what would be the *point?!'*" They hit the slums, collapsing several buildings on impact. "To let you ruin another one of my plans?!"

"You're saying that as if you'll actually *survive this!*" Satsuki shouted back. "That's *not going to happen!* I refuse to make it happen!"

"Really?!" Ragyo cackled, before she teleported right behind Satsuki. "Now try that without a spine?" She sent a hand flying towards her, before Satsuki immediately turned without flinching.

"Bad move." Satsuki said, flatly, before she grabbed Ragyo by the collar. "Now, let me tell you exactly what I think about this." She grabbed Ragyo's heart again, before she *dragged* her across the ground. "I *hate you!*" Satsuki screamed, before she sent Ragyo flying upwards past the industrial area. "*Everyone* hates you!" She *threw* Ragyo into a nearby apartment. The throw was so hard and so *violent*, that she was sent flying out of the other side of Honnouji city. "And by all means, *you and your stupid fucking fibers-!*" Satsuki brought her blades out as she flew after the flailing Ragyo. "**CAN ALL BURN IN THE DARKEST PITS OF HELL!**" She pulled the blades back. "**DAI! SEN!**" She ripped them open as Ragyo watched from her place in the air "**SO!**"

"So arrogant." Ragyo looked at her with a laugh as she brought her arms up again. "Do you think you could beat me with such a weapon?" She brought her arms up, before Satsuki *charged* forwards with an enormous burst of speed.

**"SHITSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!"**

## **[DAI SEN-I-SOSHITSU]**

[=]

Deep beneath the Kiryuin manor, there was a low rumbling. A single COVERS, slightly bigger than the rest, had a body inside of it.

The ruined, barely-living body of Nui Harime. "F-fast..." Nui muttered, as she slowly turned towards the Original Life Fiber. "... B-but now?" She giggled lowly. "... Now... I c-can finish M-Mama's w-work."

[=]

A/N: Mysterious.

Both Ragyo and Satsuki seemed frozen in the air. The scissor blades were right on top of Ragyo, as they stood in the air... and then Satsuki coughed blood.

Right in her stomach were two sharpened arms, both piercing through her back.

Ragyo let out a low, *low* chuckle as more and more COVERS filled the sky.

"It's such a shame." Ragyo said. "It is *such* a shame that you are to die right here..." Ragyo smiled. "You could have been *my daughter*. I would have been *proud* of you." Ragyo reached a hand out to Satsuki's cheek. "I could have... done *something* for you." Ragyo smiled as she moved her face closer to Satsuki's.

Satsuki's eyes widened as more blood spilled out of her mouth... then she smirked. "A-actually..." she smirked. "... I'm not dying." Satsuki *coughed* again, this time with more force. Immediately, specks of blood and matter were sent flying into Ragyo's eyes, and she let out a shriek. She tore her arms out of Satsuki's sides, leaving behind the middle so that she could properly recover. And with that, Satsuki brought her scissor blades together... and *sliced*.

[=]

Nui's body was absorbed into the original life fiber... and the COVERS that weren't yet released were let loose. Any REVOCs worker in the area was immediately consumed, as the original life fiber itself rose from under the ground. Dirt and debris was sent flying, as the pillar of living, breathing thread emerged.

[=]

Ragyo's decapitated head stared in horror as Satsuki held her in the sky. By now, it was the evening, and the sun shined brightly. "... How

does it feel, Ragyo Kiryuin?"

Ragyo's body disintegrated, as Senketsu floated down, unharmed.  
"Y-y-y-y-y-y-!"

"You were outsmarted." Satsuki said. "I mean, fucking really. I wouldn't just rush in for no reason." Satsuki's grip on Ragyo's head tightened. "... And I don't feel any qualms about killing you."

Ragyo stopped... before she chuckled. "... Well, I can say that it is a good thing that we are not so foolish as to go without a backup plan." Her head smiled, before a COVER swooped down and devoured it handily. The COVER started retreating, as Satsuki watched.

And over the horizon, Satsuki could see something in a distant part of Japan. Something *enormous*. "... What the *fuck*."

[=]

"It's alive." Aikuro said as he and the other nudists watched in awe and horror. "I-It's here and it's *alive*!"

[≡]

Nui emerged from the top of the new life fiber with a loud cry and a sigh of satisfaction. She let out a *loud* laugh as the life fiber grew into the land, slowly flattening itself as it covered more ground. Buildings crumbled and collapsed, as individual people were impaled and consumed. The COVER with Ragyo's head retreated back into the original life fiber, and with that, a rainbow glow started to emerge from its center, as Ragyo's laugh echoed throughout Japan.

**"I AM!"** Ragyo cackled as the top of the fiber changed to that of her glowing face. **"FUSED WITH THAT WHICH IS SACRED! I AM THE GENESIS!"** The life fiber exploded, as COVERS all across Japan started to descend.

**"I AM THE COCOON PLANET! I AM THE END!"**

**[GENESIS OF THE COCOON PLANET]**

**[FORMER REVOCS CEO: RAGYO KIRYUIN]**

Nui smiled as the mass spread across the world. She let out a loud sigh of satisfaction, as her new, improved body stood naked atop the life fiber. "... Beautiful."

[=]

Satsuki watched as it quickly consumed the land, and immediately, she started to make her way down. She grabbed Senketsu as it was falling, and it looked traumatized more than anything. Satsuki held it closely, as Junketsu looked up.

"I can hardly believe you managed it."

"Yeah, well..." Satsuki grimaced as she watched the life fiber in the distance. "... I think I might just have made things worse."

[=]

A/N: Oh dear.

The Original Life Fiber let out a cackle, as it started to slowly expand. The entirety of Tokyo was consumed by a wave of Life Fibers, as buildings and material collapsed and fell. Debris spread as the land itself was consumed. Nui Harime laughed as she walked across, and the Nudists that were left in the city could only watch in horror before they were devoured.

**"I CAN FEEL IT!"** Ragyo shouted. **"I CAN FEEL THE POWER! I CAN FEEL CEASELESS ECSTASY!"** She let out a loud, joyful cry. **"I CAN FEEL THE PLEASURE!"** She laughed again. **"I CAN FEEL EVERYTHING!"**

And in the distance, everyone in Honnouji evacuated. Gamagoori took one look back. "... I hope she got out." He muttered.

"Toad!" Nonon shouted. "We need to go!"

"I understand." He said, before they all left.

### **[FIVE DAYS LATER]**

Most of Japan had already been consumed. What was once a thriving nation was now an enormous, pulsing mass of life fibers. Instead of land, there were faces. Hundreds of thousands of faces... all of Ragyo Kiryuin.

They all opened their mouths in ecstasy, gasping in a chorus of cries and laughs. And among it all was Nui Harime, standing atop them in her own special outfit.

"... Oh, mama." She said with a smile. "... Do you think it's time to punish the little monkeys?"

There was only a scream of joy in response.

"... I think so, too." Nui smiled.

## [CHAPTER 14: MG]

A plane flew over Osaka, on its way towards the rest of Japan. In the midst of its flight, it was grasped by fibers, as they kept the momentum of the plane. The occupants, seemingly ignorant, were grasped out of the plane. They didn't seem to notice as they were quickly consumed, with one of them still playing on his phone even as he was taken apart by the fibers.

The land let out a shudder of joy, as Satsuki Matoi stood on the wall separating them from the rest of Japan. "... That's fucking terrifying."

"Just a little." Beside her, dressed in a boy's uniform, was Ryuko Kiryuin. "I didn't anticipate this at all."

"Who did?" Beside *her*, was Nonon Jakuzure. "... At least we were able to get people out in time." A COVER started to descend, only to be cut down by several hundred fired needles. It was promptly shredded, before the pieces fell to the ground. They were sucked into a nearby vacuum, and sent to a tank in the middle of the city.

And right next to said tank were two people. One was Houka Inumuta, and the other was Shirou Iori. "That's another one. We have enough for uniform maintenance." Inumuta said.

"Good." Iori said. "... Any news on what the life fibers may be doing?"

"Other than being creepy, no." Sanageyama crossed his arms, revealing himself to be next to *them*. "They seem to be biding their time."

"I don't trust it." Gamagoori said, revealing himself to be next to *him*.

"I don't either!" Mako shouted, as she slid out from nowhere onto Gamagoori's shoulder.

[=]

A/N: Neither do I!



"So, what's the plan?" Takarada said. "O'er than, ya know, leavin' the city and gettin' the fuggoutta here befo' we all go unda?"

"Good *god* your accent is thick." A Nudist said. "It's annoying as *fuck*, man."

Kaneo simply took a knife out of his coat and threw it past the poor Nudist's face right into a nearby computer screen. The man froze, as Takarada adjusted his glasses. "My accent is *thick*, but I ain't a fool." Takarada smirked. "Nyway, we gots shit to do."

"Right." Gamagoori said. "Are the final preparations of the Naked Sun complete?"

"Ssentially." He said. "We got all the civvies on board just 'n case.."

"Good." Gamagoori turned. "... Mankanshoku?"

Mako looked over at him. "Mmm?"

He picked her off of his shoulder, and put her nicely on the ground. "... You know what the plan is, right?"

"Yup!" Mako smiles. "We help anyone left to escape, and if we're stuck, we're stuck, right?" Mako asked.

"That's it." Gamagoori said. "We're fighting both an unstoppable force and COVERS." He turned. "... You do realize how difficult this will be, right?"

"We heard your pillow talk." Inumuta said.

**"WE'VE ONLY CUDDLED!"** Gamagoori shouted, as Mako leaped onto his hand.

"You're actually a big softie!" Mako giggled.

"Well, whatever." Inumuta adjusted his glasses. "... There's also the matter of Nui herself."

"We know." Just as he said that, Ryuko, Satsuki and Nonon all brought themselves to where the other Elites were. "Nui's a big problem." Satsuki adjusted Junketsu.

"Understating the obvious again, Matoi?"

"Maaaaaybe." Satsuki muttered.

"We haven't seen much activity from the life fiber mass, but that's probably because our surveillance was shot down. Again." Ryuko sighed.

"I looked around, but I had to retreat." Nonon said. "The life fibers have an *incredibly* long range."

"And it's only growing." A new voice said, as Kinue and Tsumugu were lifted by way of their own platform. "... It's not quite as efficient as Ragyo's initial plan, but it will still have the same end result."

"Consumption of the planet?" Satsuki asked, flatly.

"Of course." Ryuko said. "It's all she cares about, anyway." She seemed exceptionally bitter. "Also, is the little bastard still on the ship?"

"... Senketsu does have emotions, you know." Satsuki said.

"Yeah? Like what? 'Deceitful' and 'Full of *shit*'?" Ryuko glared.

"No!" Satsuki said. "Look, just because-"

"Just because what? Just because he *froze up* and let her-!" Ryuko clenched her teeth. "... It... *Fuck*."

"She's dead now." Satsuki said.

"No! She *isn't*." Ryuko said. "She's more alive than ever! And it could have been finished but *no!* He just froze up and let me get *t-t-t!*" She choked on her words again, before she took a deep breath. "*F-Fuck!*" She muttered.

Satsuki sighed. "... You know, maybe you should have a break."

"I... actually, that sounds like a good idea." Ryuko muttered. "... Excuse me." She went onto another platform, before she brought herself back down.

And with that, the platform in the center of the city was left in an awkward, uncomfortable silence. Inumuta leans back in his chair. "... Jeez."

"... She's been bottling that for the past few days." Satsuki said. "It was just a matter of time."

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A/N: Ragyo a shit.